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OF

Sports and Pastimes



S. Barker

VOL XXX.



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BAILY'S MAGAZINE

OF

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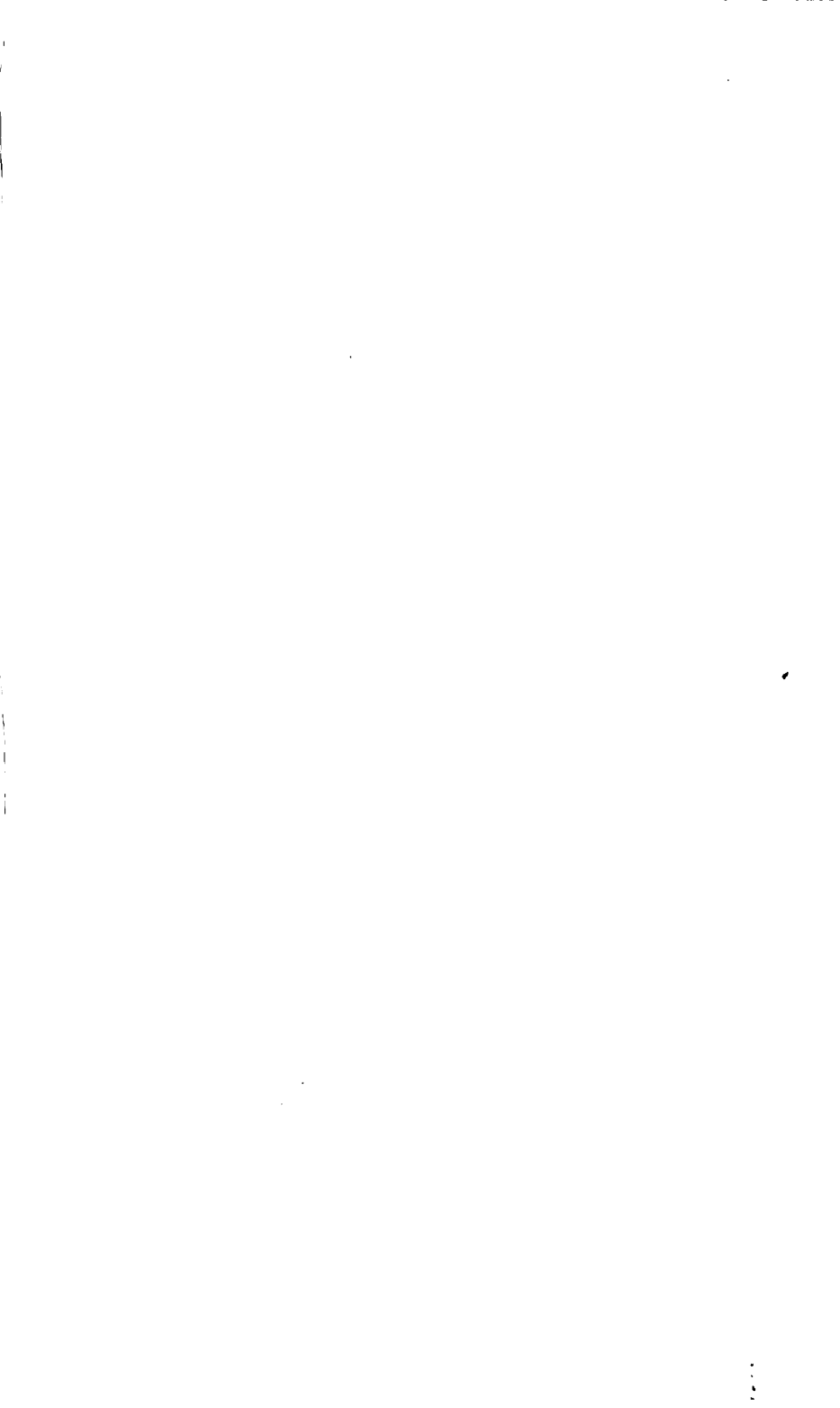
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BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

VISCOUNT FOLKESTONE, M.P.

OF French extraction, the Bouveries—descendants of a certain Laurence des Bouveries, who settled in Kent, to avoid religious persecution in his own country, towards the latter part of the sixteenth century—have, like so many other of our ennobled houses, raised the fortunes of the name on the broad foundation of commercial prosperity. In the City where merchants are princes, and its traffickers the honourable of the earth, the Bouveries had long held a distinguished position, and when in 1747 the then representative of the family was called to the House of Peers by the title of Viscount Folkestone and Baron Longford, the act of the Crown was felt to be only a fitting acknowledgment of high character and distinguished position.

Since then the Bouveries, as Earls of Radnor, have settled themselves in Berkshire and Wiltshire, their residence in the former county, Coleshill House, near Highworth, coming into their possession through the heiress of Sir Mark Pleydell, the wife of the first Earl. They have been politicians (the grandfather of Lord Folkestone was remarkable for a liberalism somewhat in advance of his time), lawyers, country gentlemen, and good sportsmen, and the subject of our present sketch has fairly inherited the family tastes and pursuits. Born in 1841, he was educated at Harrow and Trinity, Cambridge; was entered early to hounds, as become his father's son, and now goes well with the Vale of White Horse. For the last year or two Lord Folkestone has had a few horses home-trained upon the Berkshire downs, but the claret body and orange sleeves are not often seen, and when seen they have not been in the van. He is one of the few good sportsmen who love the sport for sport's sake; he never bets, and therefore he ought to win. We will hope that, even with his small stud, there is a good time coming.

Lord Folkestone entered Parliament in 1874 as one of the members for South Wiltshire in the Conservative interest, and de-

livered a good maiden speech on the Women's Disabilities Bill. He married, in 1866, the only sister of Mr. Henry Chaplin, M.P.; he is a Deputy Lieutenant for Berks, has served his country in the Berkshire Militia, and is a member of the Jockey Club. Exceedingly popular in society, Lord and Lady Folkestone are ever welcome guests in the distinguished circles in which they move and which they help to adorn.

THE NEW LAWS OF RACING.

THOSE who looked for momentous changes and sweeping reforms in the composition of the revised racing code of law must regard the promulgation of the new Turf constitution with considerable surprise and disappointment. Such men might, indeed, have recollected the conservative tendencies of the Jockey Club, and the indisposition existing (among its older members, at any rate) to overthrow venerable institutions and to obliterate ancient landmarks; and they probably overlooked the fact that, in all previous attempts to legislate for altered times, the old spirit of opposition to new-fangled notions propounded by their junior associates had manifested itself by the rejection of very mild measures of reform indeed. But we are willing to believe that, on the present occasion, the conscript fathers approached the task of setting their house in order with a zealous determination to put on one side ideas steeped in traditional Toryism, and to postpone their own cherished convictions to the public weal. The draft scheme has from time to time been permitted to appear in the 'Racing Calendar,' thus, in a certain degree, challenging that public criticism of which our Turf legislators might cherish a holy horror if attempted to be applied directly to their counsels; and by this means the way has been felt to certain modifications of the former code which it was felt would be both wholesome and acceptable to the racing subject on whose behalf their work of recasting and remodelling was undertaken. The Committee did their work well and thoroughly; and when the result of their prolonged deliberations and not unfruitful conferences was submitted to their colleagues, very little was found requiring modification or excision, and that only in relation to minor points. Whether or not any *adlatus*, skilled in transposing and codifying, was summoned to their councils, it is beyond our purpose here to inquire; certainly the work bears the impress of some master-hand in its clearness of expression, no less than in its simplicity of arrangement.

Jockey Club legislation has been successful in that it has not attempted too much, but has proceeded with caution to carry out its scheme of regeneration. The Committee also did wisely and well in commencing their work by removing or abating certain noxious excrescences which had been suffered to mar the growth of the noble tree they were interested in preserving in all its pristine vigour and grandeur. Their first object was to excise all those pernicious and unsightly fungoid growths and cankers which had infested

trunk and branches, thus enabling it 'gaily to burgeon and broadly 'to grow,' and to acquire the strength necessary for shaking off parasitic deformities and for promoting a vigorous habit. Instead of ruthlessly cutting the tree down to a few truncated branches, and grafting thereon entirely new stocks, they were content to try the effect of a little judicious lopping and pruning, carefully cutting out the dead wood, and encouraging healthy shoots to come to the front. The spade, and not the axe, was laid to its roots; the old crust of its parent soil was broken, and light and air let into dark places about its undergrowth. This judicious method of treatment of a constitution ancient but tough, if somewhat overtaxed and neglected, is far more likely to insure ultimate restoration to hearty life than those tentative measures of pulling down and building up afresh which found advocates in certain places. We make a clear start under the new charter, and let us hope that good fruit will speedily be apparent in a general elevation in the tone of sport, in an increment in high principles and chivalry, and in the lessening attacks of those noxious influences and associations which have done so much to drag through the mire the good name and fair fame of the most widely popular of public recreations. Let us hope to have, in some degree, 'Rung 'out the old, rung in the new,' and to find 'sweeter manners' prevailing under the 'purer laws' propounded by the supreme Council of the Turf.

Before entering into such detail as may come within the scope of a short article, we may briefly sum up the effects of recent legislation as tending (1) to bring the lower grades of racing up to a certain standard, below which the recognition of the higher powers will not be accorded; (2) to extend the powers of stewards relative to delinquents; (3) to regulate the nomenclature of horses, and establish identification of ownership; and (4) to limit the abuses of assumed names. It can be perceived at once that the tendency of these and other minor enactments is to cut the ground as much as possible from under the feet of those who would degrade racing, and that a serious blow is aimed at a class of meetings, which so far from promoting the interests of sport are a clog upon its reputation, and seriously affect the claims to practical utility for the sake of which many of its baser associations are tolerated among us. The minimum amount of added money required to 'float' a meeting, the delegation of extra authority to its supervisors, and the measures taken to provide against 'ringing the changes,' in all its branches, both as regards horses and their owners—all these provisions and restrictions have manifestly been framed with an eye to the ultimate elimination of the 'dangerous classes' on the turf—promoters of 'ramps' and gate-money meetings, pettifogging owners and trainers, and the wretched crocks and screws which are their instruments. All this is as it should be; and our only regret is that the line has not been drawn at a far higher qualification than that which now enables the *canaille* of the Turf to enjoy their little day without molestation. Still we must be thankful for small blessings, and if we may congratulate ourselves on

only one 'tinpot' meeting being disestablished in the course of the season, one assumed name the less, or one cripple relegated from the training stable to his proper sphere of life on the cab-rank—we may nevertheless consider the good work of purification begun, and look forward to its advance if only in the 'long result of time.'

The virtual power intrusted to the Jockey Club of abolishing any meeting, by prohibiting its advertisement in the Calendar (in all other cases a condition precedent), is emphatically a move in the right direction; and nothing less than 300*l.* could reasonably be demanded as a daily quantum of added money, half of which is to be devoted to supplementing races of not under a mile in length. This rule may involve a certain amount of hardship in the case of local hunt and county meetings, which all who have assisted at these harmless appanages of sport must regret; but with these must fall, if they do not mend the error of their ways, other gatherings for which we cherish no such regard. Their speedy abolition we are not so sanguine as to expect, but they must be respectable if they mean to exist, and in many cases a curtailment of days devoted to racing must happily ensue, for sport nowadays is apt to be tediously prolonged to enlarge the receipts of managers and others, who spread the limited dole of added money very thinly over two slices, whereas it is hardly sufficient to cover one. The powers of stewards of meetings certainly stood in need of enlargement, being primarily far too limited to control and punish evil-doers; and now that these officials are permitted to appoint deputies, there should be no such thing as an empty steward's stand, nor a hurried and undignified search after gentlemen who are willing and even anxious that their names should appear in the list, but who will not undertake the duties and responsibilities as well as the distinctions of office. What we require is a few men, experienced in racing law, who will be found at their posts without fail; and at Ascot, Doncaster, and Goodwood this plan has been found to work admirably; whereas at meetings of infinitely less importance we frequently find a long list of accommodating patrons willing to lend their names to enterprising Clerks of Courses, but mostly conspicuous by their absence when their presence is most required.

In any reconstruction of racing law it was certain that provision would be made against the confusion which has arisen in many cases of late years, where owners have entered and run identically-named horses. In the future either an entirely fresh name will have to be selected, or a numerical suffix be attached to the name of every racehorse which bears a cognomen previously adopted; and as the system has worked well in France, it must be hailed not only as abating a grievance more than sentimental, but as effectually closing the door against any fraudulent practices which an unfettered licence in naming might bring into play. Still more salutary are the provisions relative to assumed names, which have so increased of late years that some control in this department was absolutely needed. Needy adventurers, will, like Mr. Gladstone, 'think once,

'think twice, and think thrice,' before putting down a cool 'pony' for the privilege of hiding their light under a bushel; and proprietors of half one leg of a metropolitan plater will not be in such a grand hurry to figure as 'owners of horses' under a title which entails so considerable a yearly outlay. There may be very good and substantial reasons in certain cases for concealment of a connection with the Turf, but the practice must be considered as vicious in principle, and unsatisfactory in the highest degree. For not only does it furnish the flimsiest disguise in cases where any sort of a racing reputation has been set up by 'great unknowns,' but it acts as a cloak to petty schemers and plotters, under which to conceal their identification with the numerous tricks and dodges in the concoction of which they are continually engaged. It is significant, too, that the lower we travel down in the scale of owners and horses, the more frequently do the assumed names of the former, and the changes of names of the latter become apparent, so that the late action of the Jockey Club in the matter is amply justified in striking at the very root of the evil.

Though an assumed name may be changed at any time on payment of a 'pony,' the person desirous of so doing is inhibited from assuming the assumed name of another, and is also debarred from the highly objectionable practice (which has not infrequently been resorted to) of trading on some real name and reputation. Neither can more than one assumed name be registered at the same time (not an uncommon device among members of the Turf 'Long firm'), though the practice is said to have found favour in higher places some few years ago, when the career of a reputed pluralist in names was distinguished by many and marked successes. A most useful and salutary rule, too, is No. 26, which enacts, 'That a horse cannot be entered in the real or assumed name of any person as his owner, unless that person's interest or property in the horse is at least equal to that of any other person.' This will, of course, not affect the many 'sleeping partnerships' which exist, but it will at once place obstacles in the way of 'ringing the changes' among various 'rings,' who combine for the purposes of chicanery; though we can see nothing in it to prevent the friend or accomplice of a defaulter taking upon himself the ostensible ownership of horses otherwise proscribed from competing in races, and entering and running them as his own. The perpetual exhibition of the forfeit list at places where racing men do mostly resort should at least have a deterrent effect, even if it fails to insure payment of arrears; and by means of this public gibbeting all over the country, innumerable disputes arising out of objections will be obviated, and a further spoke put into the wheels of those who have hitherto gained an infamous means of livelihood by lying in wait for disqualifications, or wilfully incurring them in order to profit by the promotion of beaten horses to the rank of winners. Clerks of Courses will be on the alert to save their 'tenners,' and soon the names of defaulters may be 'familiar in their mouths as household words.'

Scattered up and down through the new rules are many emendations, which may be regarded as feelers put out to test public sentiment, and as outriders of reforms intended to be introduced at periods best suited to the temper of the times. The extension to six furlongs as the minimum distance to be compassed by three-year-olds is a move in the right direction, and every extra furlong added will bring consolation to the hearts of 'Senex,' and others of the old school of racing men, who might feel inclined to advocate more sweeping measures, at the cost of a revolution on the Turf. 'The value of prizes not in money must be advertised;' and really some regulation of this kind was called for, as we have seen second-hand trumpery palmed off with the coolest effrontery in the shape of fifty or one hundred-guinea cups, rescued from the stores of 'my uncle,' and furbished up so as to be 'equal to new.' Another excellent rule enacts, that 'No person shall, without special leave from the Stewards in writing, be admitted to the weighing-room except the owner, trainer, and jockey, or other person having the care of a horse engaged in the race.' We shall be curious to see how this rule is enforced, but there can be no question as to the necessity for keeping the very restricted space at present at the service of Clerks of Scales more select; for in too many cases the business of weighing is impeded by the intrusion of interlopers, busybodies, and loafers having no pretension to the right of entry, but mere hangers-on for the purpose of 'ear-wiggling' jockeys, pumping officials, and sniffing out disqualifications. A regular clearance of such nuisances should now be effected, and we trust that the restriction may be rigidly carried out, to the exclusion of busybodies and *chiffonnières* of gossip and scandal. The powers of the Starter are extended as much as possible, so as to enable him to establish a more perfect system of control at the Post; but, after all, external aid can be of very little service, and all must be left, as before, to be accomplished by firmness, forbearance, and good-temper.

In order the more effectually to put a stopper on the little game—heretofore carried on too successfully—of 'hunt the slipper' among gangs of forty thieves and others, by means of which the ownership of an animal can be shuffled from one to another, the second clause of the 38th rule empowers Stewards to call for, from an ostensible owner, 'proof of the extent of his interest or property in the horse;' thus disconcerting the operations of those 'dummies' who are content to run under their own names the disqualified horses of 'pals' in the forfeit list. And we rejoice to find that to the person who 'willfully enters, or causes to be entered, or to start for any race a horse which he knows to be disqualified,' a heavy punishment is meted in the shape of a warning off all places where the Jockey Club Rules are in force. Jockeys' fees have been regulated with an eye to the prevention of disputes between master and servant, and the law is clearly laid down as to 'priority of retainers;' a question hitherto involved in some obscurity, but now made as clear as day. But, although merely incidentally connected with the digest of racing

law, the insertion of rule 50, 'All fines shall be paid to the Bentinck Benevolent Fund,' is surely one of the happiest features of the new code. Only recently does any action appear to have been taken in connection with an institution which has been unaccountably neglected for many years past, albeit excellent in principle, and one which seems bound to enlist the sympathy and support of all to whom racing is either a means of livelihood or a source of pleasure. Up to within a short time ago no advocates seem to have been found for so excellent a charity; and this is all the more surprising, considering that in kindred sports benefit societies and provident clubs have long since become institutions. As an example, we have only to look at that flourishing and well-managed foundation, the 'Hunt Servants' Benefit Society,' with its large body of subscribers, energetic direction, and admirable administration of funds. Its flourishing condition contrasts strangely with the former status of the Bentinck Benevolent Fund, though the objects of each are identical, namely, to render timely assistance to those either temporarily or permanently disabled from following their calling by accident or old age. It cannot be said that hunt servants possess any greater claim upon those to whose pleasures they minister than the employés of a racing stable, on whose behalf it may be further urged, that whereas huntsmen and whips may reasonably look forward to a long life in the service they have chosen, many a jockey is compelled, owing to the 'burden of the flesh,' to retire from his profession long before the prime of life has been attained, and if he has not the good fortune to blossom into a trainer, too often subsides into the dregs of society which are the pests of racecourses and the bane of sport. To accidents jockeys are at any rate equally liable as the hunt servant, and they likewise labour under the disadvantage of having, most of them, left home early in life in obedience to the demand for light-weight lads and jockeys, and thus possess not even the chance of a limited education enjoyed by fellow-workers in the cause of sport in another field. Surely the influence of wealth among owners of racehorses and followers of the Turf should make itself felt in the direction of building up some provision for trainers, jockeys, and stable lads in sickness or old age, and there should be no difficulty in attracting the liberality and benevolence which undoubtedly exist in racing circles to contribute towards a 'Turf Benefit Society,' having for its nucleus the Bentinck Benevolent Fund. That institution will, we trust, speedily increase both in wealth and importance, and become the means of furnishing the foundation for an edifice such as we have suggested above. The recognition of its necessity is a first step which we hope has been taken by the insertion of the rule as to fines above quoted; and we cannot doubt that the rest will speedily follow, should the idea be taken up and worked out by those who, by their position, influence, and resources, are best able to remove from the Turf the reproach of indifference to the interests of its servitors.

HOW THE FENIANS STOPPED THE BATTUE.

AN invitation to shoot at Blank Hall early in December meant a great deal more than shooting, and might be interpreted into a cordial welcome at one of the very nicest country-houses in England, where the most agreeable society might be enjoyed, and where everything was so admirably ordered that the happiness and enjoyment of every soul under the roof of the old mansion was insured.

Mr. Blank, or 'Squire Blank,' as he was called in the neighbourhood, was as prosperous and happy as any man in England could be. He represented the third generation of a family who had purchased the estate when George the Third was King; and no matter whether the commercial house which the grandfather founded was interested in beer, or banking, or indigo, or opium, or anything else, there was, and is, a great commercial house in London, known as "Blank and Co.," in which the owner, for the time being, of the Blank Hall estate has a large share, plus a very fine rent-roll.

Squire Blank was the Hon. Member for Blankshire, but—just as his eldest son is now doing—the Hon. Member, when he left Oxford, went into the London house, and worked hard for five and twenty years, until his son was fairly launched in the business, from which he released himself, as regards work, at fair middle age, and settled himself down to a very useful parliamentary life and the duties of a country gentleman. Although voting regularly with his party, extreme partisanship in politics never was his failing, and his house was a rendezvous for well-educated people of all creeds, politics, and religions; and as he looked after everything and everybody himself, he was real master of everything and everybody, and nothing was ever out of gear.

Though not what would be called a great game preserver, there were always two great shootings; one at the beginning of December, and another after Christmas; and the events were talked of long beforehand, as in the first great shooting, after three days in the big coverts for the house party, many of the tenants and some of the tradesmen of the principal town had a day; and as it was death to a keeper to sell a head of game, all the neighbourhood had an interest in the distribution of the day's bag, down to the cottagers, who got plenty of rabbits.

One beautiful clear December morning, the shooting party who were staying in the house, and neighbours who had been invited, were doing justice to an ample breakfast, and as the home coverts were to be shot there was no particular hurry. Inside there was a regular babel of voices proceeding from the mouths of as motley an assemblage as ever tenanted the Ark.

The Dean of St. Hatcham's was deep in consultation with Mr. Doomsday, the old black-letter lawyer—a great authority on archæology and church architecture—and a well-known author, on the question of the tomb of a Crusader, whose legs were not

crossed, according to usual custom, and were planning an excursion to inspect the church and to interview the Crusader and to examine some brasses after breakfast. The young ladies were preparing a charade for the evening with one of those useful ladies-gentlemen guests who never shoot, hunt, or fish; young enough to dance or act in charades when wanted, and old enough to play whist or take in a dowager to dinner; men who put up croquet hoops or lawn-tennis, manage a luncheon party in the woods, and ready to go with a sketching party, or lionising party, and, withal, well-bred, good-tempered, and generally favourites. Two dear old fogeys and Mrs. Dr. Crab, one of the new lights, conspicuous for a curiously-arranged head of hair and octagonal spectacles, were deploring the ignorance of the age, because people would not eat toadstools and all fungi, consoling themselves, during the discussion, with game-pie stuffed with truffles.

The shooters were deep in argument on centre fires, rebounding locks, double-grips, choke-bores, and dogs; and the old parson, a good old-fashioned shot, and his friend the old half-pay officer, who stuck to their muzzle-loaders and were content with any quiet corner, on the chance of a stray shot or two, and who did not care about going with the modern school who had two guns and a loader, sang the praises of the good old days.

The lady of the house—who, by-the-by, was a peer's daughter—had taken after her husband, and was indefatigable in making everything go straight, planning excursions for riding or driving—for the stableyard contained everything from a four-in-hand break down to charming little donkey-chairs, for old ladies who were content to keep within the grounds—or some other amusement.

Outside the windows might be seen groups of keepers, beaters, retrievers, and hangers-on anxious for a job, at whom some of the guests, young officers from the barracks and so on, who were enjoying their first real shooting season, were looking anxiously and grudging the time which, to their mind, was being wasted.

The arrival of the letter-bag made a new centre of interest. The letters generally were pretty numerous, and the bag being unlocked, they were sorted for distribution.

The Honourable Member had as usual a large number of letters, as most Members of Parliament have, as they know to their cost; and although not given to answer them all on post-cards, as a certain great Statesman does, whether they relate to the expediency of the formation of a Liberal Association by three so-called working-men at the hamlet of Minimo Minor, or the cheery song, 'Could a man be 'Secure,' sung by an old bellringer forty years ago, when the bells were rung for that great Statesman—when first elected as an M.P.—Mr. Blank never went out till he had read all his letters, and answered those which pressed.

'Who could have sent me this letter?' he inquired, half aloud, half to himself, taking up a letter of about eight inches long by four inches in diameter each way.

Instead of opening it to see, Mr. Blank did what most of us would have done, and turned the parcel round and round, and looked at it in wonderment. 'Oh! post-mark, "Dublin!"'

'Oh! Charles dear!' screamed Lady Mary Blank, 'put it down 'at once! it's the Greek fire which the police warned us of! We 'shall all be blown up!'

To make this part of the story explicit, it must be stated that a few years since, during the Fenian conspiracy, when Clerkenwell was blown up and the Manchester murders were done, the police had discovered a Fenian plot for assassinating obnoxious Members of Parliament and public men by sending Greek fire through the post in boxes, in opening which an explosion would take place and kill all who were near, and special instructions had been sent to all who would be likely to be subjected to such a risk to send all letters of bulk, which bore the Irish post-mark, to be opened at the police-station.

Never was there such a rush from a well-spread breakfast table. Old dowagers tumbled over lispig dandies. Dignitaries of the Church forgot the solemn regulation step which accords only with gaiters and shovel-hats, and rushed from their chairs; and even two or three officers who were present, and who had been under fire in their time, turned pale.

Now although the master of the house was the Honourable Member for Blankshire, his wife was indisputably the Speaker at Blank Hall.

'James,' she said, to one of those prize footmen who belong only to the great, 'take that parcel to the police-station directly, and 'desire the inspector to open it.'

Now even a six-foot footman is mortal, and although for a consideration—such as good wages, a good table, with agreeable society in the kitchen—he will condescend to wear a green coat, a red waistcoat, yellow legs, with powder in his hair, as if he was an allegorical representation of a green-finch, a robin-redbreast, and a yellow-hammer, with a dash of the miller about his head, still for all that a footman is just as fond of his existence as a duke, and James the footman valued his existence as much as any other man.

'If you please, my lady,' said James, 'I decline to do it. If the 'parcel would blow up master it would blow up me.'

This remark was unanswerable. At last James's courage and gallantry were appealed to, as the ladies were in danger; so—after much thought—James left the room, and returned with the largest breakfast tray, and, taking up the tongs, he lifted the obnoxious packet off the table, and, putting it in the middle of the tray, he carried it out of the room into the butler's private pantry.

Now the butler, who had finished his breakfast-room duties, was a very proper butler—a venerable, well-to-do man, like a bishop on half-pay—who ruled the servants' hall with almost episcopal dignity. The Squire was his own butler's tenant, as a nice little house in the park, which the old Squire had left to Mr. Corkscrew for his life, with a view to a future home, was let by Mr. Corkscrew to the

Squire for his head gardener. The butler frowned, for James had entered without knocking, and had disturbed Mr. Corkscrew in his perusal of the morning papers, which he always ran his eye over before laying them on the library table.

'Oh, Mr. Corkscrew!' exclaimed James, 'here *is* a go! Here is a parcel of Greek fire sent from Ireland to blow up the house.'

The butler looked at James, looked at the parcel, and at the open door, and fairly bolted, followed by James.

'My lady says I am to take this to the police-station,' whined James.

'Do as my lady ordered directly,' answered Mr. Corkscrew.

'I won't,' said James, 'if my place depends on it.'

'I think,' interposed Mr. Corkscrew insinuatingly, 'James, the tray might be placed on a wheelbarrow and wheeled down to the police-station.'

'I decline,' said James, 'to wheel a barrow, with or without Greek fire on it.'

Possibly James was right, as wheeling a barrow would spoil the delicacy of touch which enables a footman to know a half-crown from a florin when dropped into the palm by a departing visitor.

A happy thought struck James. 'Suppose, Mr. Corkscrew, we told the stable-boy to wheel it down.'

'Good,' answered Mr. Corkscrew.

'Here, William,' shouted James from the back door; 'master says you are to wheel something to the station with me.'

Now if Mr. Corkscrew ruled James, James ruled the stable-boy, and the obedient lad, without inquiry, got a wheelbarrow and ran it up to the door; but the moment he knew what was in the parcel he positively declined the job.

Eventually, after a long conversation between Mr. Corkscrew, James, and William, it was determined to charter an outsider to wheel the barrow, and a village boy who came with a message to the house was pressed into the service, and for the moderate sum of twopence undertook the office of wheeling the barrow, without the remotest idea that he was running the risk of wheeling himself into the next world.

The tray was placed on the barrow, which was pushed by the boy, who cheerfully whistled an ear-piercing popular air in honour of his newly acquired capital, and followed at a respectful distance by Mr. Corkscrew, James, and the stable-boy.

The house stood on an eminence, approached by a winding road, and the visitors saw the procession of four appearing and disappearing at intervals, until it was lost to view.

The police-station was reached in due time, and James, whose courage had risen somewhat after the first fright, was equal to the occasion. He insisted on seeing the inspector and no one else, and warned policemen A. B. and C., who were in attendance, on no account to touch the parcel if they valued their lives. James was fond of mystery, and made the most of the story to the inspector.

'Wheel that barrow into the back yard, boy!' said the inspector. The boy obeyed.

'Brown'—to policeman A.—'fetch a bucket of water. Jones'—to policeman B.—'go to the baker's and borrow his longest peel, and 'get a couple of drying poles from the laundress.'

Now a peel is one of the long poles with a kind of shovel at the end, which the bakers use in drawing the loaves out of the oven.

The orders were fully carried out, and the inspector, with the baker's peel, and policemen A. and B. with the drying poles, lifted up the fatal parcel and dropped it into the bucket.

'Let that parcel remain there for three hours,' said the inspector, 'and see that no one goes near it, and call in constables C. and D., and you four keep guard!'

The butler, the footman, and the stable-boy, being inoculated like most human beings with curiosity, thought it their duty to remain, and, as may be presumed, their prolonged absence caused much excitement in the house; and one by one the visitors strolled down. The shooting party was put off, the morning papers were left unread, and everything was out of gear.

Three hours had to be killed, and a company of gentlemen, keepers, and beaters had nothing to look at but a bucket guarded by four policemen, who marched up and down with an important regulation step. Of course it was a point of honour for every one to stay, and the day, *qua* shooting, was dead and gone. Men with time to cut to waste are just like schoolboys. Unlimited bread-and-cheese and beer from the village inn made the police, keepers, and their adherents happy. Half a pack of dirty cards, with a washing-tub for a whist table put in a corner, provided materials for a most eccentric and noisy rubber at penny points, with a deal of bye betting on the odd trick, for some who were accustomed to a new pack every rubber, and the silence of a thick-carpeted room, and noiseless waiters who glide about like ghosts.

Bullseye, a reclaimed ne'er-do-well—formerly an inveterate night poacher, but now a protégé at the Hall—at the instigation of Mr. Leathers, the head keeper, gave to some of the younger members of the party a few of his experiences on 'the mill' for poaching, and related with much comic humour how he always sent the governor and the head warder of the county gaol a hare each, on his release, to announce his safe arrival after his temporary banishment; and, moreover, aided and accompanied by a companion on a withy, home-made whistle, he indulged the company with an intricate village cut-and-shuffle dance, which in his wilder days had earned for him much fame and beer at country fairs.

At the end of three hours the inspector returned, and took charge of the proceedings, and taking the baker's peel himself, and intrusting A. and B. with the long drying poles, and, assisted by C. and D., the parcel was removed from the bucket to the ground; and the paper cover, which was saturated with water, was pulled in two.

'Don't tear the top of the cover, men,' said the inspector; 'it may be required for evidence.'

The cover was displaced as quietly as possible; the parcel contained some substance of a woolly nature.

'I believe it is gun-cotton,' said the inspector.

No explosion occurred, however, and a consultation ensued:

'I think,' said the inspector, 'we had better pull it to pieces. It can't do much harm now. Here goes.' And, suiting the action to the word, he took the parcel up, amidst the breathless silence of the lookers-on.

The parcel seemed very like a wet carriage mop of cloth and shreds, and out tumbled a letter, which, although saturated with water, was legible. It ran thus:—

'Messrs. ——— and Company, of ——— Street, Dublin, beg to thank the Nobility, Members of the Legislature, and their friends for their patronage during the past season, and take the liberty of sending some patterns of Irish Tweed trousers, for autumn wear.*'

TABLEAU.

<i>Right C.</i>	<i>Centre.</i>	<i>Left C.</i>
Sportsmen, Keepers, Beaters, &c.	Empty bucket. Peelers with long poles. Trousers patterns.	Sportsmen, Keepers, Beaters, &c.

CURTAIN.

Mitcham, Feb. 1877.

F. G.

* All of the main facts are literally true.

BY THE SAD SEA WAVES.

MONTHS have passed since we lounged with our old friend over the rails by Rotten Row, and noted day after day the world as it then and there revealed itself; and the harvest and hunters' moons have come and gone, when we find ourselves by the sad sea waves. Here our friend is wanting to throw in his quaint and pithy remarks on men and manners, and, as we may say, shoot folly as it flies. His absence is felt the more that in a crowd we find ourselves alone. What lists it to us that Brighton is full (for we confess that maritime London is the scene of our perambulations), that the 'Grand' has not a bed to let for love or money, that 'The Ship' is manned to the last berth, Markham's *table d'hôte* will hold no more, and the 'Albion' even regrets not the days of the Squire, when he or Tedder were wont to bring the team of chestnuts to the minute? The band on the West Pier may play its most ravishing airs (by-the-way, can people at Brighton do nothing without the accompaniment of a band?); the ladies may display the most voluptuous of tresses

and the daintiest of boots—ay, such tresses and boots as we have seen old bewigged and bepainted gallants content to hunt from morn till dewy eve like a sleuth hound, and hunt in vain ; Mutton's may set forth its most inviting bill of fare for lunch ; the rinks may beckon, and the Pavilion display its treasures, yet we mourn as David for Jonathan, for what a rich fare is set before us, and who is there to season the dishes ? We are almost inclined to turn away in despair, and despite the smell of fried fish, which, save in certain back streets in Birmingham which we have sometimes traversed in taking a short cut to Bingley Hall, we have never elsewhere found so potent as in this vicinity, enter the Aquarium and pass an hour or two with the sea-lions ; nay, we have taken the rash resolve, but a huge poster warns us that between certain hours a band will play, and that some Madame or Mademoiselle is engaged to let off a series of musical fireworks, so, involuntarily putting our hands to our ears, we beat a hasty retreat. From the time we set foot in Brighton our ears have had no rest. A German band horribly out of tune played us to bed, but not, alas, to sleep ; another, only seven times worse, woke us with a ' hunting chorus ' at untimely hours ; a man with a bagpipe enlivened our morning dip ; and another with a flute, which discoursed anything but sweet sounds, made the street hideous during breakfast ; and as we took a constitutional to the racecourse, a hurdy-gurdy literally and truly played us out of the town. No, let us drown the everlasting din as best we may in the rattle of traps and rolling of wheels in the King's Road, play the cynic on our own account, and vent our spleen by being as ill-natured in our remarks on those disporting themselves therein as a constitution in which the milk of human kindness, with all the cream left on, is the principal characteristic, will allow. Amiable as we naturally are, there is soon something to stir our bile and arouse our ire. We allude to the ever-plodding cab-horse ; hour after hour we see him toil his weary round, first with one party, then another, four inside and too often one with the driver, each and all of them sitting up with that self-satisfied smile that people who think they are, to use a vulgar phrase, ' doing the thing,' are wont to assume. Let us hope that they ride in ignorance of the torture they inflict on one of man's noblest and most enduring servants. As to those who send out and drive these miserable creatures hour after hour, if there is justice in heaven or earth, they must have a black score against them some day. We have seen blown and leg-weary racehorses, we have seen hunters done, as Whyte Melville says, ' crisp as a biscuit,' but we never saw horses reduced to the hopeless, helpless, despairing sort of pace, scarcely able to raise one foot before the other, of the Brighton fly-horses. Our blood has fairly boiled to see them plod turn after turn over ground which to them must be drearier than any treadmill. The flymen also for exuberance of charge and power of language are well calculated to give a London cabby weight and lose him, and we heard of one who, having run into a gentlemen's carriage and considerably smashed it, asked ' What the —— he wanted to bring

' his — carriage down there for, wern't those to be hired in the ' town good enough for him ?'

Mr. Colam, Mr. Colam ! when will you and the old ladies of both sexes behind you cease to strain at gnats, and swallow the largest of camels as your daily fare ? But let us change the scene, and gaze at the pretty girl on the blood upstanding bay, who moves to her hand like clockwork, and wonder, as well we may, how, with such a horse, hand and seat, she is content day after day to range from Cliftonville to Kemptown and back again ; but what will not women do to be looked at ? and though there are downs galore at hand, what girl would care to gallop over them with no one to look on, were the going twice as elastic as it is ? No, better a hard road and admirers therewith—but we need not carry out the simile. Ah ! here comes one that it will lift the cloud from our brow to meet, a jolly young Milesian, that we have seen ere now at Crick or Coton House, and eke at Leamington, unless our memory fails us. Ay, another walks leisurely across from the 'Grand,' a tall, fresh-looking man, who had as good a stud and as good a cook as any one, and we hope has still ; but he has gone to fresh ' woods and pastures new,' and we wot not of his doings as formerly, though we did see him very often with as smart a team of white-legged chesnuts in town as any man need wish to sit behind. He is cheery as ever, and it is a pleasure to greet him once more only to bring back the remembrance of bygone days. Then we see lucre again, filthy lucre, and much of it. The sons of Mammon hang to each other as birds of a feather flock together. There is one more rich, more vulgar, and perchance even more disagreeable than his companions. He would gladly give untold gold for the one thing his money cannot buy, position, in the chase of which he migrates from place to place and country to country, always a discontented man, because just as the object of his ambition seems within his grasp some vulgarism crops up, people shrug their shoulders, turn away, and, like the mirage in the desert, the castle he had been building vanishes just as it appeared to be reached. Here he is great, for, like its big elder sister on the Thames, Brighton is ready and willing to fall down and worship mammon, even the mammon of unrighteousness, provided that purse-strings are unloosed and treasures scattered within its gates. Go to, the honest Sussex men have not adopted the dolphin and flying-fish as their emblem for nothing.

But enough. A different turn-out catches our eye, as a grey and chestnut, going as carriage-horses should do, trot gaily past with a victoria behind them, the inmate thereof taking things easy, as if the world went well with him. We may turn and note them, for from head terret to tire of hind wheel all will be found in the perfection of taste : not that taste which consists in going to a dealer for a pair of horses to match, and a carriage-builder for the most fashionable thing he can turn out to run behind them, but the combined taste and judgment which knows how horses should be

matched, put together, and driven. You may learn a world of driving lore in half an hour's chat with the dark gentleman who sits in that victoria as if he was content to let his servant take him where and how he likes. Nonchalant as he appears, there is no keener critic alive, as Mr. Gooper and many of our best coachmen could testify, and his opinion is sought far and wide on horses, harness, and all driving matters. You should hear the withering sarcasm with which he derides the crusade against bearing-reins, and his list of the accidents that have occurred from want of their use, by horses rubbing their bridles off against the pole, and in other ways. But, mind you, it is the use, not the abuse of it, he advocates—a distinction which all horsemen will at once appreciate—and no man would sooner condemn the tight gags which keep horses in hours of torture to please the vanity of a fat, overfed coachman than he would. We will just glance at his horses ere turning to himself as he pulls up to shake hands with the big, stout man who was a noted whip in the days when Plancus was consul. The grey—you may well look at him—is a hunter, though his owner says he will never hunt again, and two noughts with a biggish figure before them have ere now been given as value received when he passed into fresh hands. The chestnut, who matches him capitally, is not only perfection in harness, but also as a charger and lady's horse, and the pair between them have a somewhat interesting history. But their owner—who is he? Well, formerly a London parson, a south-country landowner, a good fox-preserved, and a few years ago a very neat man over a country on a four-year-old thoroughbred when hounds ran hard. He is probably as well known as most men of the day, albeit it may not be in ritualistic circles, for, on his own showing, he cares little for the Clergy List, but tells with great gusto the tale of a boy once meeting him in Brighton and congratulating him on seeing him again looking so well. 'Much obliged, my young friend, but who may you be, that you know me so intimately?' was the not unnatural rejoinder. 'Don't you remember me, sir? Why, I am 'Punch's boy, and I have seen you in nearly every street in London.'

Another character on the stage, one driving a tandem, a bay and black, and driving it badly withal, for the leader is pulling the whole concern, and the wheeler not putting an ounce into the collar, as is evident to all but the man who handles the ribbons. What a glance that old gentleman driving a pair of blue roans, in the mail phaeton with red wheels and under-carriage, gives as he passes them! the wrong man in the wrong place is patent enough to him, for he knows as much of driving as of banking, perhaps more (though he ought to be well up in both), as he drives all day and every day. Possibly, later on, we shall see him with a pair of bays in hand, settled down a little now, though fine steppers withal; a few years ago they could go the pace, and were perhaps not quite such a comfortable lot for a nervous man with bad hands as could have been desired, as they have played tricks even with their owner.

Two men on horseback, the one on the strong roan, almost the

backbone of two hunts as regards smoothing difficulties and oiling the wheels at those little hitches which always will and must occur. The roan, also, is not without a history; bred in Lincolnshire, he passed into the stables of Charles Symonds, whence he was sold to a London man, who soon became so frightened of him that he roundly declared he would not attempt to ride him across the road. The man now in the saddle bought him, has always ridden him in plain snaffle, and never yet knew him do anything wrong or show a sign of temper. So much for hands and nerve! The man he is chatting with, not altogether unknown in sporting literature, is taking a month on the downs to get him into condition for harder work hereafter in the shires, and you may lay your life that their talk is of hounds and hunting.

Yet another horseman catches our eye in the crowd, and we note the rider of a handsome bay mare, whose plausible smile so forcibly recalls the words of Shakespeare:—

‘That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain.’

And we will concede that it may be so in other countries than Denmark. Peradventure Og, king of Bashan, and his friends would not have disputed the point, for wherever the chosen race penetrated in their later wanderings, it scarcely contributed to the welfare or happiness of those amongst whom they came, and the old traditions which sent them wealthy out of Egypt, and which cost Saul his kingdom because he would not forego them, are still acted up to in the present day. The man on the bay being a most eminent member thereof. But let us turn aside and see the Arundel Coach start, and mingle for a time amongst the crowd of idlers which surround it. There is one face, at least, well known in sporting circles, and though the hoar frost begins to be apparent in his locks, and illness has handicapped him pretty heavily of late, few will deny that ‘The ‘Doctor,’ as he is familiarly termed, has played the game all round, and pretty successfully too. Near him is a young lord, who has also made a heavy bid for notoriety in that way, between polo, coaching, authorship, and a few other little accomplishments, which are characteristic of Young England in the present day. The coach appears to load well and be in great favour with the Brighton people, and if they like it, having no intention to ride thereon ourselves, we may well be satisfied and say it is a good turn-out.

Go to the old Ship and see the Brighton—a coach which a man who understands all the minutiae of the road tells us is very first-class and capitally horsed all through. Verily the team now ready to start are of a stamp to make any one stretch the commandment not to covet other men’s goods very far indeed, and to see Thorogood handle them is a treat; but then ‘there are not many such ‘men now on the road,’ says our informant, who knows all about it; adding, ‘If you watch them come in to-morrow night, you ‘will see a little grey pony in a kind of village cart, which goes out ‘beyond Preston to meet them; and then, let the pace be as good

‘as it may—and it’s pretty good, I can tell you—acts as advance-guard into Brighton.’

More teams yet to be seen; for here, by Styx! comes the very one our old friend, more than twelve months ago, pointed out in the Park, and described its load as having a look of Monmouth Street about it. We never can be mistaken in the flashy, weedy team; the man sitting on the box, as Birch Reynarson would say, ‘as if ‘he had taken a brisk cathartic,’ and hauling at their heads like a butcher’s boy pulling tripe out of a bucket. The load, too, has not much changed its character since last we met, and the sea air has served to rub but little of its seediness off.

A pair of ponies—a grey and blue roan—succeeds, some of the best we have seen, good steppers withal, and neatly turned out and driven. A young lady (very young) on a stout piebald, with a groom; and a man riding a hack that, did he look but old enough, we should set down as the original of Mr. Soapy Sponge’s Cow, but poor Surtees could never have seen this one.

A stroll to Mutton’s, and luncheon; a glance at the photographic establishment a little to the west of it, where a look into the windows at once tells us that animals are made a speciality, and an admirable picture of the late Mr. Morritt behind his four roans, true to the life, chains us for a time to the spot; and then we turn round to meet full front a certain lord, whose whip’s place a year or two ago, to his own black and tans, was by no means the first place of that sort that he had held. One led to a peerage; the second ended in his taking a step in his own kennels and carrying the horn himself, and right well are both himself and pack known in the Blackmore Vale and on the Dorsetshire Downs, though, since these notes were taken, he has occasionally forsaken the west to try whether Mr. Coupland and Tom Firr can give scope enough to one who always liked to go the pace.

A fair-haired lady, whom we have often seen to great advantage at Islington, rides by with a whole bevy of lady pupils round her; and then comes one who, however able she may be to act her part on any stage, is in more apparent danger on a side-saddle than ever appears in the part which has proved her greatest success. Good old Queen Bess would have laughed her representative to scorn *a cheval*. Another notoriety, perchance like ourselves taking mental notes of the throng, for he has since then given us his views on this very scene—racily, of course, for he cannot be otherwise than racy, save when he commits the fatal folly of touching on sport and descends at once to twaddle, as in a certain memorable description, written some years ago, of a fox-hunt in the neighbourhood of Rome, which caused no end of amusement, but not exactly in the way it was intended.

More equestrians—one who must be worth a little fortune to his horse-dealer, whoever he may be, and whose queer-coloured steed has no doubt run into three figures, with a highish one to start with; neither this, nor the combined aid of Sheward, Poole, and Peel, can

aid his attempts to look the gentleman; they only recall the lines of Byron—

‘You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet.
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?’

But Grecian heroes are as little thought of as Spartan coin would be in the present day, and Plutus has deposed Jupiter in the

‘Clime of the unforgotten brave’

with a vengeance. Riding with this descendant of the Hellenes is a young, slim, hatchet-faced man, on a short-tailed black, whose cognomen amongst Brighton *habitues* is such a sure index of the estimation in which he is held that we refrain from repeating it.

Let us leave the King’s Road for a time, and wander up the Old Steyne towards Preston, the one really rural-looking road that leads out of Brighton. It is ten to one but on arriving at Preston we see polo going forward, and almost an equal certainty that some really good players are engaged. A fitter spot for the game could scarcely have been chosen than this long, level meadow shaded by high elms, and as we watch the various changes as the ball flies first towards one goal, then the other, the race for it, the deft stroke forward or back, the quick turn, the bully, and the rough work that is gone through, we feel that it is essentially a game that Englishmen should play—a game that requires horsemanship, pluck, decision, quickness of hand and eye, and a certain amount of indifference to danger, which must make it hold its own while we are the true descendents of the old Jarls and Vikings. Dangerous! yes, of course it is. So they say is football as played at Rugby; but why do all our boys, in spite of anxious mothers and unwise tutors, hang to the Rugby game, and prefer to stand out rather than play the Association, as we have known some few youngsters in our time do? Talk of danger, why don’t we play cricket with a worsted ball? We should like to see every boy stuck on a pony and taught to play polo as soon as he was old enough to go to a public school; if he did not turn out a horseman after that, let him walk for the remainder of his days, and serve him right. It is cruel to the ponies, is it? The best answer to that is the love they soon get for the game. Properly bandaged, they do not suffer more than a hunter would in the same time from blows in crossing a stiff country.

Let us as we return, although comparisons are odious, step into the Pavilion grounds and watch a party of men and women (we beg pardon, gentlemen and ladies) solemnly knocking balls about at croquet, and we fear flirting at intervals. Paterfamilias, if horn and hound have ever raised your blood to boiling pitch, if you have ever like Malcolm Græme pressed up the steep hillside for red-deer or grouse, say from your heart in which game you would soonest young hopeful, the pride of your house, engaged, Will you say croquet?

God forbid, if England is to hold her own. Ah! by-the-way, another notable, as we live; two men apparently mad, and trying to knock each other's brains out, as it seems to us at a distance, were they not divided by some netting, and one of them an authority on whist and other games. Let us approach and see if they are really possessed. All right, they are merely doing something extraordinary with a ball, which a bystander kindly explains to us is playing badminton, or lawn-tennis—we cannot quite make out which. Well, it must be good exercise if they can only stay at it, and better fun than those old women of both sexes are having with mallets and hoops at the other end of the grounds. Shall we go to the rinks? Nay, my friend, we have done enough for one day, and moreover the sun is setting, and purple shadows coming across the sea warn us that dinner is an institution which an Englishman must not forget. Yet as we view that sunset, we must linger a moment and give a passing thought to one with whom, years ago, we worked, whose last words were almost written amidst the beauties of this very scene, and who, kind, genial, brilliant as he was, came here to die almost a youth.

N.

FRANK RALEIGH OF WATERCOMBE.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MORE than two years had elapsed after the events recorded in the last chapter, when Frank, now doing duty with his regiment at Capetown, received an order from his commanding officer to repair to a military outpost on the extreme north-east frontier of the colony, to relieve a brother-subaltern invalided home from that station. Longing after wild sport, and a closer acquaintance with the big game of the interior, no better news could have reached his ears; and although only three days had been given him to get his kit and ammunition in order, he would have started in three hours rather than have sacrificed the opportunity of seeing a country he had so long looked upon as an Elysium on this side the Styx.

Hitherto the greater part of his time had been spent at Capetown, either in drill, garrison duty, or social reunions, remarkable only for their monotony and killing dullness; or, at outposts, situated in a region, the mountains of which were like burnt loaves, and the plains like the floor of a brick oven; where drought prevailed and vegetation flourished not; consequently where game was not sufficiently abundant to supply even the wants of the poor Bushmen, whose diminutive forms and hunger-stricken looks convincingly proved the poverty of the land. But, much as his luck was envied by some of his brother-officers, and loth as they all were to part with him, there was not one who did not heartily

congratulate him on the realisation of his wishes, and the pleasant prospect that now lay before him.

'You're welcome to my big Lancaster,' said one; 'it takes, as you know, an ounce ball, and with plenty of powder will crack the ribs of a rhinoceros like so many matches.'

'And to my smooth bore,' said another; 'warranted to carry shot or ball equally well.'

'Above all,' suggested a third, 'don't forget to harden your lead; for if you fall in with elephant or rhinoceros, an ordinary bullet will only flatten on their bones instead of crushing through them. And here,' he added, handing him the following old Indian receipt; 'that will teach you how to manufacture the harder and heavier material.'

'To twelve pounds of lead add one of quicksilver; when the lead has been melted in a cauldron, take out a ladleful at a time, and add to it a proportionate quantity (1 to 12) of the quicksilver, stir the compound well with a red-hot poker, and when thoroughly amalgamated pour it into a mould.'

'One word more,' continued the last speaker; 'never fire point-blank at the forehead of an African elephant, for the skull being convex and helmet-shaped, the ball will glance from it as from the point of an iron wedge.'

Frank's preparations were soon made; but before we follow him to the distant and isolated station to which he had been appointed—a region inhabited by Kaffirs, scarcely less wild than the beasts they hunted—it will be necessary to revert to his position at home, and the change that was taking place in his father's views on the subject of his son's engagement with Mary Cornish.

Soon after Frank's departure for the Cape, Miss Caroline Cuthbert, who, it will be remembered, was niece and housekeeper to her bachelor uncle, the Rev. Waldron Barker, the Rector of Buckbury, despairing of matrimony with one of her own class in life, had accepted the attentions of an aspiring bagman, and, to her uncle's intense disgust, had eloped with him under circumstances, he, the uncle, could never forgive. In front of the Red Lion, and in face of the whole town, she had taken her seat beside him on the box of his travelling phaeton, laden with goods; and, moreover, having been privately married by licence elsewhere, had given a guinea to the bellringers, who, without asking the permission of the Rector, were ordered to ring a peal, and announce the happy event to him and his parishioners at the same time.

Now, Waldron Barker, being a large landed proprietor, a magistrate for the county, and the rector of a valuable town living, the advowson of which was vested in his own family, had long been regarded as king, priest, and prophet in that district; it was natural enough, therefore, that he should view the conduct of his niece as a personal outrage and a public scandal. Hitherto, according to conjecture, Miss Cuthbert had occupied a prominent place in her uncle's will; but now, it was confidently whispered among those

who knew him best, that if her name were mentioned in that document, it would be as the inheritor only of a single shilling.

Not a week had elapsed after this untoward event when Barker, smarting keenly under it, and still nursing his wrath, although to no human being as yet had he spoken a word on the subject, ordered his horse to be saddled, and mounting him in the stable-yard, rode direct for Heathercot.

Mary Cornish was out on the Moor riding Taffy; but the fair widow, her mother, being at home, greeted his arrival with the warm cordiality she had ever felt towards so true a friend; for, since the death of her husband, the kind-hearted parson had not only cheered her with his sympathy, but had guided her by his counsel through many a strait of worldly trial; and as to Mary Cornish, he had long looked upon her as a little daughter.

‘I am glad to find you alone,’ he said; ‘for I have been so mortified of late, that I doubt if I have courage enough to mention the matter before a third person, not even before Mary. But vent it must have; so pray pardon me, if I select you to be my safety-valve, as I find it impossible to smother my indignation any longer.’

‘It’s a sad business, indeed,’ responded the widow, anticipating, with a sympathetic sigh, the tale of scandal he was about to unfold: ‘Of course, I have heard it on all sides, but always with more regret on your account than for the foolish woman whose unseemly conduct has given you so much pain.’

Encouraged by this prelude, and feeling secure both of the confidence and sympathy of his listener, the parson then made a clean breast of it, decanting the whole stock of his troubles to the last drop; and finally dwelling with especial dread on the lonely home-life to which he should henceforth be condemned. How much farther he might have committed himself on that point it is impossible now to say; for Mary, coming in from the moor, and rushing up to welcome him with her wonted delight, brought the current of his conversation to an abrupt check, and turned it at once into another channel.

Already had his afternoon visit been prolonged till the waning sun, now casting a glow of light on the craggy and sombre tors of the surrounding hills, had left the valley of Heathercot wrapt in shade. The night-jar was on wing, uttering its grating cry, as whirling and twisting round the oak trees, it pursued the moths and fern-webs flitting among their branches. Darker and darker grew the vale, nor were the golden tints of autumn longer visible on the hanging woods. As her visitor, however, seemed still inclined to linger on, it required little or no persuasion on Mrs. Cornish’s part to induce him to stay and partake of their evening meal; indeed, Mr. Barker, from their long friendship, might have been sure of a welcome at that table without even waiting for an invitation at all.

The fair widow having left the room for a few minutes to make some little change in their knife-and-fork tea, a sudden exclamation

from Mary, who was standing at a bow-window commanding the entrance gate at the foot of the lawn, announced the approach of another visitor, not altogether unexpected, it would seem, by the disconcerted girl.

'It's that man again, I declare,' she said, with an audible sigh; 'that odious Dr. Twigg; what on earth can he want here so often, pestering us with his company? I only wish mamma would take courage, and once for all say "not at home" to him.'

'He's no favourite of yours, Mary, that's evident; but what does your mother say to his visits? they may not be so unwelcome to her as to you.'

A crowd of thoughts crossed the parson's mind as he put that question to Mary, and looked for an answer with an interest too palpable to be concealed.

'Mamma is too good-natured; and, as you know, shrinks from giving pain to any one; but I verily believe she dislikes the doctor's visits quite as much as I do. He must be a great hypocrite, I'm sure; for, although he smiles, and smiles, and is painfully polite to mamma, I know for certain that he's frightfully cruel, pulls bunches of hair out of his pupils' heads, and nearly kills them at times by knocking them down with a dictionary. I couldn't like such a man, however amiable his manner might be.'

An ordinary observer of the human countenance might have seen a gleam of hope lighting up the eye of Barker at that moment; but before he could express an opinion as to whether he considered that estimate of the doctor's character a just or an unjust one, the heavy tread of the pedagogue was heard in the hall, and immediately, in full conversation with Mrs. Cornish, he entered the room. For a second or two he appeared dumbfounded—'*vox faucibus hæsit*'—as by the dim light he discovered the figure of a man filling the arm-chair he was wont to occupy, but could not instantly make out who he was. 'My sight, I believe, is failing me,' he said at length, 'and must be bad indeed not to recognise at once the Rector of Buckbury, and so old a friend.' They then shook hands with much apparent cordiality, though it cannot be doubted that as they did so, a strong suspicion shot like an electric flash through the mind of each as to the object of the other's visit, that object being one and the same—the hand of the fair widow.

'Like brothers tried,' however, they sat down socially together, played several games of quadrille with unflagging interest, and, if the flame of jealousy had already been kindled in their hearts, they at least had the good taste not to allow a spark of it to affect their outward demeanour in the presence of the fair hostess.

'We've not set eyes on you for more than a month past,' said Mary Cornish, addressing Mr. Barker especially, as the two gentlemen rose to depart; 'but now'—this she added in an undertone, alluding to his lonely home—'you must come and spend the long winter evenings with us very often. Mamma will be so glad to see you, and so shall I.'

‘And we’ll have some nice gallops over the moor, Mary, and talk about some one who is now far away over the seas, but who, I trust, will soon be home to bless you and cheer us all with his company. You shall see me soon again.’

A gentle pressure of the hand was all the reply the true-hearted girl could venture to give, for the violence Frank had endured under Dr. Twigg’s rule ever haunted her memory, and she shrank instinctively from even alluding to her hero in the presence of the man who had treated him so cruelly.

For some weeks antecedent to the meeting of the two gentlemen on that occasion, a rumour as to the object of Dr. Twigg’s frequent visits to Heathercot had been privately circulated in the neighbourhood, and, although it had not yet reached Barker’s ears, the Rev. Llewellyn Powell, his curate at Blackydown, had heard it from Mrs. Cornish’s gardener, who, on the unquestionable authority of her own maid, had gone so far as to say, ‘Dr. Twigg was a-going to be married to his mistiss; that he’d a-bin a-courting her for years, and ’twas high time zummüt should come o’t.’

Now, although there was just a colouring of truth in that statement (for doubtless the doctor had so aspired, and had many times proposed for the lady’s hand, but had as often been refused), there was quite enough background for the eaves-dropper, which, in fact, the maid had been, to paint a fine picture upon it. Hence originated a batch of troubles affecting the ladies at Heathercot for many a year to come, and tinging poor Mary’s prospects with a cloud of sadness for the rest of her life.

Llewellyn Powell, who, it will be remembered, had been Frank’s *fidus Achates* at Buckbury, his private secretary, his tutor on the stream, his guide, philosopher, and friend, had kept up a regular correspondence with his old chum from the day he quitted school to the period at which we left him preparing to start on a hunting expedition in the country of Dingaan, a warlike chief of the Zulus, to whom Frank had obtained an especial introduction.

In the next budget of news, therefore, conveyed by Powell’s pen, the very important information brought by the gardener was of course included; and, as the former, in his fishing excursions on the Heathercot brook, had repeatedly fallen in with the doctor in that neighbourhood, he added his own conviction that, in this case, rumour for once would prove to be true. Alas! little did he suspect the keenness of the cut he was then inflicting on Frank’s feelings; for more and more had the sense of degradation caused by Twigg’s brutality grown upon him of late, insomuch that he absolutely loathed the very mention of the tyrant’s name.

The baggage waggon conveying the guns, ammunition, and personal kit of himself and a brother-officer, called Lockwell, who had obtained leave to accompany him, had already left headquarters for some hours, when, just as Frank and his friend, mounted on a couple of wiry little steeds bred in the colony, were about to follow on the same track, letters from England were announced, and after a

short detention, handed to them before they quitted the barrack-yard.

‘A letter again, I declare, from that good fellow, Powell,’ exclaimed Frank, as his eye caught the well-known handwriting of his friend among the packet addressed to him; ‘I hope he has killed the first woodcock in the country, or landed that big trout he talked about when he last wrote; for he has always something pleasant to relate in the sporting line.’

‘So he has, Frank; but pray reserve it till we reach our night quarters, and give me the benefit of it then,’ said Lockwell, between whom and his brother-subaltern a community of goods had long prevailed, even to sharing the good or bad news of each other’s letters. ‘The best column in “Bell’s Life,” is not half so great a treat to me as one of that man’s letters; he seems so thoroughly to understand the noble science of venery in all its varieties, and to treat his subject as if he really loved it.’

Accordingly, after supper, when their horses and oxen had been duly secured, and the Hottentots who accompanied them were giving sonorous tokens of the sleep they were enjoying after their day’s labour, Lockwell lighted his pipe, and calling on Frank to produce Powell’s letter, he begged to hear it from beginning to end.

As it turned out, however, never as yet had so unwelcome a task fallen to Frank’s lot; for, instead of the usual interesting details on the subject of sport, the letter contained little else beyond the gossip relating to the engagement of Dr. Twigg to Mrs. Cornish, the most sickening news it could possibly have conveyed. Still, as there were no secrets between the friends, Frank struggled through it bravely; although, as Lockwell could not fail to perceive, his voice became tremulous with emotion long before he had arrived at the last word.

‘This is an unexpected blow, and one that cannot but affect my future life unfavourably,’ he said, at length, with an unmistakable air of pain and vexation. ‘No, it cannot be; I’d rather have a Kaffir for my father-in-law than that beast, old Twigg; and if he comes to live at Heathercot, I’ll never again cross its threshold.’

‘Nonsense, Frank; you’re a deal too fond of that girl to dream of breaking with her on that account; nor can you do so with honour on such a plea, however odious the man may be. At all events, I should do nothing in a hurry; for this engagement may turn out to be mere moonshine, the creation of a fanciful brain, rather than a real fact; so wait awhile, I say, till you have it authenticated by some member of your own or the lady’s family.’

‘It’s too true,’ responded Frank, despairingly; ‘I have seen them together on more occasions than one, and the form of Proteus himself couldn’t have changed more rapidly than did old Twigg’s on coming into the presence of the fair widow; one moment he

' might be seen scowling on us like a scaly dragon ; the next saw
' him transformed before her into a bland and silver-tongued courtier.
' Powell, too, is not the man to depend on mere idle gossip ; for
' he confirms the report by his own experience, having repeatedly
' seen the old sneak in that neighbourhood, doubtlessly going to or
' returning from the lady's house. No ! the very idea of Twigg's
' becoming dictator at Heathercot, and my step father-in-law, is so
' repugnant to my feelings, that I'd flee to the ends of the earth
' rather than own him in either capacity.'

In vain did his friend Lockwell plead that the lady's-maid, gardener, and even Powell might all be wrong in their conclusions ; that the doctor might have other motives than those of matrimony for visiting the lady, and that, at all events, it was Frank's duty to ascertain the facts of the case from Mary Cornish herself, before he broke off his engagement with her on the sole information of Powell's letter. No argument, however, sufficed to remove the unwelcome thought from his mind that, on his return home, he should find ' old Twigg and his big dictionary ' ruling the roost at Heathercot, and settled there for life,—the home he had himself fondly hoped to occupy during his father's reign at Watercombe ;—and so deep-rooted did this conviction become that often it would haunt him in his dreams ; nay, even when engaged in stalking the wildest beasts of the forest, the vision of his early tyrant would rise before him and effectually mar the pleasure of his sport.

During this fever of vexation, which gave him no rest by night or by day, he had advanced so far into the wilds of Kaffraria that, unless he had despatched a special messenger for his letters to Capetown, he could neither hear from nor communicate with the civilised world. Meanwhile, the first impression made by Powell's startling news, instead of being gradually weakened by the strange and exciting scenes through which he was daily passing, continued to gain a yet firmer hold on his feelings, until at length, overpowered by the horror of becoming son-in-law to Dr. Twigg, he came to the resolution that, no matter what the cost might be, he would break off his engagement with Mary rather than be connected with such a man.

With this determination, which, to do him justice, he had arrived at with much pain and many misgivings, his first work, on reaching the station, was to write an elaborate letter to Mary Cornish, wherein, after expressing his unqualified antipathy to Dr. Twigg, and the strong repugnance he felt at the prospect of becoming a connection of his, he concluded by hoping her happiness would only be temporarily disturbed if he asked her to consider their engagement as henceforth at an end.

The letter, however, it so happened, never reached its destination, owing to the bad faith of the Kaffir to whom it was intrusted ; nevertheless, Frank, not being aware of that fact, continued for months wandering in pursuit of sport, even to the sources of the Limpopo, a well-wooded and mountainous region inhabited by the

Bahurutsi and Bakone tribes, under the full impression that it was all off between him and Mary, and that no tie stronger than that of friendship could for the future exist between them.

More than once did Lockwell, his honest and true-hearted companion, attack him on the subject; and one night when he was moralising with strong emphasis on the faithlessness of man to woman, Frank cut him short by saying, 'The body of that beast, I tell you, interposes an impassable gulf between us, and whatever remorse I may at first have felt, I am daily becoming more and more satisfied that, with regard to my future happiness, I have only taken a necessary step.'

'But what of the poor girl's happiness, Frank? You have probably wrecked that for life,' persisted Lockwell, who was a firm believer in the immutability of woman's first love.

The roar of a lion at that instant gave no time for an answer; and as the shrieks of a Kaffir at the same moment fell on their ears, there could be little doubt that, notwithstanding the bright fire and strong circular palisade, within which the oxen and men were all lying dozing or asleep together, the beast had cleared the fence and at once seized his prey. Happily he had selected one of the former, but as the ox, with the lion on his back, rolled headlong against a Kaffir just waking from his sleep, the man yelled with fear, believing himself to be the victim on which the lion had pounced.

To bring two rifles to bear on him from the front of the waggon was the work only of a few seconds; but more than a minute elapsed before either Frank or Lockwell dared to touch a trigger, lest in the panic that ensued, men, cattle, and lion being mingled in one mass together, they should miss their mark and kill one of the men. With a mighty crash, however, the oxen, no less than eighteen in number, burst through the fence; then the Kaffirs, released from the danger of being knocked down and trodden to death, bravely picked up their assegais and in another moment prepared to attack the slayer as he stood astride of his victim tearing at his flesh, cracking his neck-bones, and growling defiance at the foes that would dare intrude on his feast. Crack, crack, however, went the two rifles simultaneously, and the lion, making a tremendous somersault clean over the nearest Kaffir, fell dead at his side.

After that event, discovering the insecurity of both fire and fence as a protection against the assault of a hungry lion, the Kaffirs took to the trees by night, and flatly refused again to encounter the risk of sleeping on the ground in the face of so watchful and dreaded an enemy. Nor were they singular in adopting this mode of aerial habitation as their only safe refuge in a land literally infested with lions; for, on advancing still farther towards the Keishan Mountains, great was the astonishment of Frank and his friend to find gigantic trees bearing on their branches a whole colony of huts, the human rooks passing from one to the other with as much confidence as if they had wings and not hands and feet alone to trust to. The Baobab, or

monkey-bread tree, is the one chiefly selected by the Bakones for this purpose, and so broad and beam-like are its branches that no less than twenty huts, each inhabited by a distinct family, are sometimes constructed in a single tree.

Moreover, it would almost seem as if Nature had intended that the baobab should be thus tenanted; for, in addition to the refuge it affords by night to its inhabitants, it provides them also with one of the first wants of life in a most remarkable way.

The colossal trunk, which is sometimes a hundred feet in circumference, is very liable to decay, and, as that process commences at the head of the bole and continues downwards, a vast reservoir is formed in the centre of the tree, which, being filled with water during the rainy season, proves a treasure of priceless value in that arid land: for, being protected from the rays of the sun by a covering of dense foliage, it keeps for a long time perfectly sweet and pure. The fruit, too, which is farinaceous and resembles a thick cucumber in appearance, is eaten by the Bakones in times of scarcity only, although it is eagerly sought for and devoured by their more agile neighbours, the monkeys of the adjoining trees.

High mountains covered with majestic woodlands up to their very summits, deep glens and valleys now fresh with verdure, streams brimming with clear and excellent water, and wending their way in many a tortuous course towards the Indian Ocean, characterise the lovely country into which Frank and Lockwell are now penetrating in pursuit of sport. But the lion rules the land, 'monarch of all he surveys,' preying alike on man and beast with little or no dread of either. Hence the native, powerless to oppose him, and living in hourly terror of becoming his next victim, takes to the trees by night as his only refuge; and even by day a sense of the danger to which he is exposed is the ever-present and ruling thought of his mind.

'What a life to lead is that of these poor Bakones,' said Frank, as he sat on the floor of a tree-hut twenty-five feet above the ground, and was helping himself to some locust-flour which one of the many woman-tenants of the tree had pressed upon him. 'Well may it be said, Jack, that one half of the world knows not how the other half lives. I should like to form an alliance with these wretched people, bring our regiment to their aid, and, for the sheer sake of humanity, do battle with their enemies—the lions—for the remainder of our time in Africa.'

'It would be a delightful campaign,' responded Lockwell, 'and one that would bring far more honour, if not glory, to the British arms than potting Kaffirs in the Waterkloof, and robbing them of their hereditary soil.'

To recount the many startling incidents of our travellers' sport, and the vast variety of game they met with, from the elephant of the forest to the gazelle and ostrich of the plain, would be at best but a tedious repetition of the tales already so well told by Cornwallis Harris, Gordon Cumming, Sir Samuel Baker, and other

African hunters. But one encounter with a lion, out of whose jaws Lockwell escaped by the skin of his teeth, so far exceeds any adventure described by those gentlemen, that, although the particulars will still be remembered by many an old soldier of that period, the record of them in the next chapter will, as we believe, interest all who love sport and admire heroism.

HUNTERS' CERTIFICATES.

If ever there was an animal on the face of the earth which deserved the title of Jack-of-all-trades it must certainly be the English hunter. He is the perfect Man Friday of the age. There appears to be nothing which is not within his scope save, perchance, the feat of carrying fourteen stone across country. It is true that men even with long purses, who require a full-sized saddle, and stand somewhat more than five feet one in their boots, complain that horses which can live through a fair run and come again in anything like decent time are scarcely to be had for love or money, yet the animal yclept the hunter was perhaps never so obtrusive as in the present age. Go where you will he stares you in the face, and you may meet him trotting round the tan at Islington with as much propriety as if he had served a full apprenticeship at Astley's, or sidling and capering up to the post at some spring meeting in a fashion which would go near to kill an honest country gentleman of the Standish-Sawyer type with vexation if he displayed the same proclivities at the covert-side. We do not say 'funk' because your country gentleman does not funk; though he may decline to submit to the chance of breaking his neck on an ill-tempered and worse-broken weed, it is because he knows his own value to his country and family; but if the said weed got into his hands when it was a case of saving life by the despatch he could use, we fear he, the weed, would fare ill did he fail to do his best. The enlightened foreigner who is bent on a horse-buying journey in England may well stare and stand aghast (if hunters are his hobby) at the different specimens which would come under his notice during a sojourn of a few weeks amongst us. We will just suppose he goes to Lincoln, Liverpool, and other places, the programmes of which are to be found in the sporting papers during early spring. He will to a certainty see on the card a hunters' stake, two miles on the flat, for horses which have been regularly hunted. Being an intelligent man, as we suppose him to be, on reading down the list of entries it is by no means unlikely that he will come to, let us say, Mr. Sharp's Bayonet, four years old; Mr. Flat's Blunderbuss, four years old; and it is not a certainty that he does not find a three-year-old amongst them. Our intelligent friend may chance to point to their age, and ask us where these juveniles have been hunted, and how they can be qualified to compete in a race of that kind. With the proverbial politeness of

our race, we shall probably use a strong adjective in connection with the word *stultus*, and inquire what the — is the odds when they were hunted, or where, so that our friend Brickfield only pulls through and we land the fifty that has been put on at 5 to 1. Another time we can peradventure enlighten our visitor, but other thoughts weigh heavy on our mind just now.

The 5 to 1 chance having been landed or floored, as it may happen, we meet our intelligent friend at a show, and he very probably, on seeing Class No. 1 paraded, suggests to us what different-looking animals meet his view from those which performed as hunters at the spring meetings. We feel a little taken aback, and say, 'Well, you see, different men like a different style of horse: those you saw racing are, as a rule, ridden by light-weights; these belong to heavy men, and are of a different class.'

Intelligent foreigner turns to his catalogue, and sees, let us say, 'Millionaire, eight years old, by Surplus, dam by Capital, grand-dam by Check. A perfect hunter, and up to seventeen stone.' He is a grand horse to look at—perhaps not so good about the shoulders, or with quite that freedom of action we should like to find under us crossing Naseby Field—but still a grand horse. Intelligent foreigner is struck with him—especially with the price asked—and reflects what a fine thing it must be to possess such a horse. His reflection, however, does not prevent his running his hand down the legs and sinews, and making a mental calculation as to the amount of work they can have undergone, and yet remain as fine as the day their owner was foaled. Now comes another poser, as he gets into his work in cross-examination, in a way that Ballantine might envy: 'You say that; in hunting the fox, your hunters go over all kinds of ground; take leaps, charge hedges, brooks, go up and down steep hills. How can a horse regularly hunted do this, with fifteen or sixteen stone on his back, and at eight years old show no sign from blows, thorns, over-reaches, and other accidents?' and perhaps, pointing to his ribs in derision, 'How can he do this when carrying a weight of meat which would credit a Christmas bullock, over and above the sixteen stone on his back?'

If John Bull has not already sold his horse, he may again relapse into strong adjectives; if he has a comfortable cheque in his pocket, he probably pats his friend on the shoulder, and tells him he does not yet understand our ways and customs.

So much for spring and summer; we will now endeavour to show what the intelligent foreigner may see in the autumn and winter.

Let us take a cub-hunting fixture in the Midlands; time, say seven o'clock in the morning; Master, huntsman, and whips all intent on the work of the young entry; a few of the keenest of the field on cobs, in shooting-jackets and gaiters; a stud-groom on a new purchase, just sent home from John Darby's, taking a feeler; a farmer or two, and, as sure as you live, a species of half stable-boy, half rough-rider, on a weedy, spindle-shanked thoroughbred, scarcely up to the weight of a pair of boots such as our fore-

fathers indulged in. A snaffle-bridle, martingale, and heavy blue bandages, no less than the rider's impertinent air and light ash-plant, which is of no use at a gate, even would the horse allow his rider to use it either to open or push back, proclaim the racing hunter out to qualify. Mind you, the man has no more intention of touching a gate than a lady going to a Drawing-room has of walking through the mud in white-satin slippers. He will let it fall to in your face with the greatest *sang-froid*, and grin at you should it catch your horse's chest or your own knee. If you watch him, you will see that he takes the earliest opportunity of calling the Master's attention to his horse being out, and walks him quietly home as soon as his object is achieved. Doing this the prescribed number of times constitutes what, by a nice fiction, is considered being regularly hunted. Should he kick a horse or man, which is by no means improbable, it makes little difference, and the certificate is produced in due time; but if a hound is the recipient of his favours, matters become worse for the general public, as the scene has to be changed, and the brute may perhaps go on into the regular season before he becomes thoroughly qualified. Not that the system is altered, for he is only walked to the covert-side and back again, sometimes in his sheets; and for that matter, a Kisber or Petrarch might well qualify for a hunters' stake, with no more chance of injury than on their straw beds.

Now let us see how the show-yard hunter is qualified, and then perchance our intelligent friend will find out why and wherefore his legs are not knocked about. Here no certificate is necessary; you have only to call him a hunter, and your word is taken at once. Consequently we need not seek the covert-side for him, though he is occasionally to be found there, with a mild gentleman on his back, whose inclination for displaying prowess in the jumping line is about on a par with his steed's proficiency. As a rule, a snug box, or a shed with a small yard attached, wherein he can indulge in his *otium cum dignitate*, is the likeliest draw for your show-yard hunter during the winter months. In spring he comes out with the butterflies, and ranges in all his glory from Dan to Beersheba, until it is time once more to retire into winter quarters.

When he has been sold at an enormous price per pound you occasionally meet him in the hands of a man who, with five-and-twenty horses in his stable, and a stud-groom at a salary which would make the mouth of many a parson or editor water, tells you that he has 'nothing to ride,' though you see him out day after day with three horses, changing from one to the other as a rule every quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, in order that the public may think what a hard man he is, though a mild trot through gates and gaps is about the extent of his performance. Generally speaking, your show-yard hunter does not aspire to even these questionable honours, but when he has achieved his ribbon-getting mission retires into the well-merited oblivion from which he sprang. If these facts are doubted, let any one take a pencil with him to Tattersall's during

the summer, as we have done, and carefully record the prices as well-known weight-carriers from the stable of a hard-riding man, and merely show-yard horses, come under the hammer. If that does not open his eyes, his case is hopeless. Perhaps a racing hunter played out and a show-yard hunter who is getting a little stale are about the most useless incumbrances, after a bad wife, that any man could possibly be hung up with.

If hunters' stakes are to do any real good and tend to improve our breed of horses, there must be a material alteration in the way they are conducted. At present gentlemen who hunt regularly are generally called on by the Master or some enthusiastic farmer to subscribe to the annual hunt races at the end of the season, to which appeal every true sportsman gladly contributes, for it is only the mangy 'give-nothing-to-nobody' individual, who on principle declines to support racing, who refuses. Races of this class are, or ought to be, got up for the benefit of farmers regularly hunting in the district, and were really in former days confined to them. But what is the modern state of things? Open races are introduced, and the stakes find their way into the pockets of the owners of these spurious hunters, which are also invariably instruments of gambling, and for whose benefit hunting gentlemen do not wish to contribute. Owners of such horses have their Kingsburys, Bromleys, Streathams, &c., where Greek meets Greek, and they can play their little game in congenial company. Amongst hunters and in farmers' races they have no business.

How are they to be kept out is the question? Before proceeding to answer it, let us call attention to a few more facts as they stand, and ask our readers to turn to the pages of 'Bell's Life in London,' October 7th, 1876, and October 14th, 1876, where they will see records of certificates granted. Also the 'Racing Calendar' of October 12th and 19th, where names of horses, owners, and by whom the certificate was signed can be seen. It will thus be seen that these certificates were signed before a single pack of hounds had commenced regular hunting or advertised their meets. Last season we saw a stilty animal walked up to a meet in Hants, to which the Master's attention was called, and when that was effected, the said stilty animal was at once slowly walked back to the place from whence he came without even waiting to see a covert drawn. This season we saw a fiery chestnut getting in every one's way with the North Warwickshire, to which the rider, trying to soothe it and patting its neck, said, 'No, no, we don't mean to gallop after them.' Now is not this a rank farce? and, unless altered, had not certificates better be done away with altogether? We should then get rid of the nuisance (a very serious one) of these animals in the field.

We may now glance at the remedy which strikes us as being the most easily put in practice, and the most feasible withal. It has been shown that certificates are granted ere hunting has really commenced. Supposing Masters were to return to the old rule, which obtained early in the present century, when, as most readers of 'Baily' will

know, horses that were to run for the Plate given by George the Third of blessed memory, had to be absolutely up at the take of six deer, and for each take could claim a ticket from the huntsman on the spot. Having completed their number, they were entitled to start.

The late Charles Davis used to say to those who wished him to take notice of their horses and give them a certificate, 'After 'I have taken the deer, sir, I will look at him.' This was quite right. Mr. Villebois, who kept the H.H. for thirty-seven years at his own expense, in the good old days of real substantial M.F.H.s, never would grant a certificate unless a horse had been up at the death of at least three foxes. We remember a capital story of the late Lord Palmerston on this subject: he was out with a pack in Hants when they had a run late in the day and marked their fox to ground. He was very energetic in recommending the Master to dig, saying the hounds richly deserved their fox, and that he would stay with him until they got him out. The truth was he had a horse qualifying for the Hunt Cup, then run for on Winchester racecourse, and this fox if got out and killed would just complete the number of deaths which entitled him to start. We have shown that certificates are now granted long before hounds actually begin regularly hunting. How can a horse at that time have been regularly hunted? Masters of hounds are greatly to blame for their good-nature, and do much harm in encouraging these so-called hunters, and when asked for a certificate, they would do wisely to answer as Davis did. On no account should they be granted before the 1st of January at the earliest; we think the 1st of March would be better still; and a horse should have been out with hounds at least six times, and have been in at the death of no less than three foxes, one chopped in covert not to count if January the 1st is taken, if March, much the better date, double the number for each. Both Master and huntsman might be provided with cards, signed by one or both of them, certifying the fact. This would, to some extent, improve the morality of the Turf, or, if that is too strong a term, expunge a certain class who now lay themselves out for hunters' races, help to improve the breed of horses, and make a hunters' stake of far more interest to hunting men than at present. We hope that our suggestions may be adopted by Masters of hounds like the Duke of Beaufort, the Duke of Rutland, Lord Hardwicke, Lord Zetland, &c., who are members of the Jockey Club, to whom the public look for reform and protection in these matters. In spite of being considered slow and of the old school, we must record our opinion, that, for such races as this, at any rate on the flat or over hurdles, a return to the old-fashioned system of heats would be no bad thing. We know what our thoroughbreds and hunters were in the days when long distances, high weights, and heats, were universal in all but a few races. We know, alas, too well, as an old sportsman, and a good one, pointed out in 'Baily' in the January number, what they have become under the rule of light weights,

short distances, and handicaps. In spite of Admiral Rous, extra speed for half a mile, and height gained in leg, not body, are not altogether unmitigated advantages, except perhaps to the noble army of layers.

GLIMMERS FROM LIMMER'S.

THIS once famous hotel and fashionable 'drum,' like 'the last rose 'of summer,' has long been 'left blooming alone;' and, to carry the simile somewhat further, there are none of its kindred now 'to 'reflect back its blushes, or give sigh for sigh,' although I fear it has caused many of the latter—bitter ones—to swell in the breasts of the noblest. However, it is at last dismembered, dispersed, condemned, and will shortly be obliterated, and a by-gone, and, save for a few tales told on its 'going out,' by the veterans of the 'light 'brigade' of 'Tom and Jerry' dare-devils, to rescue it from oblivion, it would never be heard of again. *Sic transit gloria—Limmer's!* This *rendezvous des farceurs* has been of late so minutely described by various journals that its outward and visible signs, as well as its inward and *spirituous* frequenters, have been made familiar to all. My story therefore needs no preface.

It was a winter night in the early part of February, London was 'snowed up,' and the general dullness of all things gave a greater pretext for the jovial meetings at Limmer's. It was nightly crowded by its Corinthians, and full houses made it the more enjoyable. There were present on this particular occasion many noble sportsmen, counts, colonels, captains, and countrymen, besides a host of general seekers of a *dernier ressort*, where time is not included in the reckoning, and conviviality has the additional charm of good company.

The conversation had turned upon horses, the most familiar and best discussed topic amongst men. Wine, women, and spicy anecdote had each their special supporters, at last came the popular subject of dogs. Of course every one had the best pointers, setters, and retrievers in the world, and the wonders that had been performed by them far surpassed any previous canine field accomplishments. Fancy dogs and pets also became a hot subject for discussion, as each owner jealously declared he possessed the most approved specimen of its breed ever seen. One gentleman, however, the son of a most eminent surgeon, became so energetic and excited in the praises of his own little Skye, that by way of enforcing belief in its perfection and beauties on others, he boldly challenged any one to produce its equal in London for a 'pony,'—in non-sporting English, twenty-five pounds. This he repeated several times, each time more boastfully, with more assurance, and stronger emphasis. Next to me sat an old and esteemed friend—tall, thin, pale-faced, with a peculiar expression of coolness, cunning, and drollery, and the very

perfection of neatness in dress ; it was the then celebrated Captain Duff, generally known as Billy Duff, likewise Slender Billy. His eccentricities in the pursuit of excitement amidst the haunts and dens of the lowest thieves and vagabonds, and in the face of all their dangers, was well known. The most accomplished boxer of his day, most daring and plucky in his adventures, of gentle and fascinating manners, and in conversation most amusing and witty, accompanied with a not unpleasant lisp, and admired in good society as being one of the most refined and elegant men of the day,—the one great drawback to his company was, that when 'out' he was too brimful of mischief, a portion of which was sure to run over, and not improbably be put in force to one's own undoing. His extraordinary vagaries, and many 'hair-breadth 'scapes' both at home and abroad, would doubtless form a most amusing and enlightening volume. Removing his cigar, he whispered to me :

'I have an idea, old fellow, that we ought to accept that 'challenge.'

This idea, which was most alarmingly funny, having been communicated to me *sotto voce*, I laughingly replied that I thought we ought, and that if he wished it I would do so.

He immediately rose and said : 'Charlie' (for it was Charlie Guthrie, the surgeon), 'I'll book that challenge of yours on certain 'conditions.' Eagerly the latter asked :

'Why, what conditions do you want, Captain ?'

'It's just this,' replied he, in his peculiarly dry, droll way, and with his usual insinuating lisp : 'You see, Charlie, my boy, I 'haven't got a Skye, and don't know for certain where I can 'get one good enough to show against yours. As there must be 'some somewhere, however, if you will make the match on these 'terms, "*that you will show your dog against any Skye I can get*," 'we'll write it down, and say done.'

'Oh ! certainly,' said he, joyfully, 'if you like to chance it, Billy ; 'I have not the slightest objection to that.'

'But,' replied the Captain, 'you must give me two or three 'days' grace, for I shall have to toddle about for one, no doubt.'

'Very well,' quoth the self-confident Charlie ; 'suppose we make 'it to come off on Thursday evening, nine o'clock, and to show 'here ?'

It was then Monday. So after a few hints from others, and a little sporting patter and chaff, just to keep the game alive, the match was made and booked on the above terms, the chief addition being that either failing to show within an hour of the time specified should forfeit the pony. Umpires and referee were quickly agreed on, and all amicably and pleasantly arranged.

Considerable wagering of course followed ; and had it been quoted at Tattersall's, it would have been returned : 3 and 4 to 1 on the Doctor's dog.

Shortly after this we took a parting glass, and left together, for we lived not far apart. It was very cold, and we picked our way down

Piccadilly in silence, and in snow, until we arrived opposite the Duke of Devonshire's. Here the Captain, suddenly stopping, exclaimed, 'Old friend, I think we ought to see about this matter.' 'Well,' replied I, 'I have been thinking so too up to now, and the sooner the better. What say you?' 'No time like the present,' answered he.

Picking up a very iced horse, with an Arctic cab and a Laplander-looking Jarvie, we slid away at once towards St. Giles's, alighting at the corner of the church in High Street.

'We descended, and entered the then famed 'Rookery' (long swept away), and calling in at 'Stunning Joe Banks's,' inquired for our man, but without success, as Joe said he had mizzled early. Not the men to be disappointed after a long trot in the snow, and at such an hour of the morning, we immediately made our way through a very suspicious neighbourhood, and arrived in safety at the court where dwelt the once notorious Harry Holborn, the most renowned and successful *dog-lifter* in London. 'Twas he we sought, and though both of us had been to his lair before, our visits had been by daylight, and we were now in total darkness. We passed into the court through a small archway in one corner of the street; it numbered seven or eight houses, facing a dead wall, and had no thoroughfare or outlet. Our chief difficulty consisted in making no mistake as to Harry's crib. To have called at the wrong shop at that hour would have caused a sudden termination to our search, as the *then* peaceful inhabitants, once aroused, might have given us a taste of 'Irish blackguard'—to say the least we should have been in for a 'mill.' Fortune favoured us, for I luckily heard the suppressed whining and yelping of some puppies, evidently 'cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd.' So, tapping softly at the shutters, was instantly answered by his favourite parrot with his well-known exclamation, 'Shop! shop!' for which accomplishment he was of great use and value. This made 'assurance doubly sure;' we had landed our salmon. We soon made ourselves heard as quietly as possible, and in a few minutes the illustrious dealer in 'crooked tykes' stood before us.

His appearance and get-up were extremely characteristic. On the top of his head was a red worsted nightcap, a large pilot coat hung loosely on his shoulders; thick white cotton drawers and unlaced ankle-jacks completed his hurried toilet. In his hand he held a tallow candle, or dip, in the most primitive of candlesticks, a broken ginger-beer bottle, throwing just light enough and grease enough to display a not unpleasant nor roguish countenance. He was above the middle height, stout, well proportioned, and jolly-looking, of a smuggler-like type.

'You're two nice blokes, I don't think,' he exclaimed in a hoarse voice, 'to come this 'ere game. 'Ave yer got any tape about yer?' 'Well, d—n it all, make haste and close the crib, or you'll set the old woman on yer.'

We did as desired, and followed him into the front room. 'Twas

snug enough and clean enough ; and Harry, on twigging the Captain bring out a bottle of gin, got at 'Stunning Joe's,' set the fire agoing, and good-tempered looks to keep it blazing. The grog well under weigh, and Harry having taken up to his 'Bob,' as he playfully called his missus, a good stiff dose of it, we sat down to business.

'Now,' said Harry, looking well into first one of us, and then the other, 'what the devil do yer want up here? Yer knows, Mr. Slender, it's a rum un as'll bring you up here on sich a werry warm night as this un.'

'Then, to tell you, Harry, in as few words as possible,' quietly replied the Captain, 'I want a Skye terrier.'

'Oh, yer do, do yer? and whose un, may I be so rood as to ax?'

'When I've got it, and paid for it, it will be mine, won't it, old un?'

'Then I'll trouble yer to describe wot sort of a one it's to be, for I knows 'ow werry pertikler yer har on these occasions.'

'Well then,' replied the slender one, taking a strong pull at the grog, and casting a terribly sly glance at the PRIG, 'it must be a very long and a very low un ; no perceptible legs, no perceptible eyes, and must have a black and blue-grey coat, and plenty of it.'

'I'm blest if I ain't there,' shouted Harry, holding his sides with laughter ; 'I know'd it was a hot un.' Then adding, in a thoughtful tone, 'Won't no other do? I did say as 'ow I'd never pinch that 'un, 'cos his ole guvner see'd to my eyes once for nothink when they 'was almost damned, and no mistake.'

'You can't get him, then?'

'Can't get 'im, eh! Go on with yer ; wot are yer talking about?'

The gin was beginning to act, and Harry, with an expression of the most profound contempt and comical disdain, thumped his great fist on the table, exclaiming, 'Can't get 'im, indeed! Ah, HE, or any other tyke wot wags his tail. But this un'll take a lot o' doin', Captain, afore I lifts 'im safe ; and I shall want some "sugar" down.'

'How much?' inquired he.

'A score ; not a sprat less.'

'Don't draw it so mild, Harry. You are alarmingly bashful to-night. Why, he'd be cheap at double the money ; but then, you see, Harry, I shall only want him for a short time, and I promise him back, no one the wiser. I'll stand a tenner if you like to do it, and two quids for your ex's, for I know you like to do yourself well.'

'Well, now, lookee yere, Captain, if yer really means it, *honour bright*, yer shall have him. So tip over the stuff, and brew us another glass o' *white with*.'

The bargain struck, and the money paid, there remained but one point more to settle—the how, when, and where the dog was to be delivered.

'Well, I must positively have him on Thursday evening by eight o'clock for certain,' replied Billy Duff; 'and mind you bring him in a lawyer's blue bag to my house.'

'All right, master,' answered Harry, laughing; 'trust me, I'll put 'im in Chancery for yer.'

Business over, we stopped listening to some of Harry's exploits for half an hour, for he was capital company when not too drunk, and then returned to 'Stunning Joe's,' where we discovered our North Pole Jarvie undergoing a glorious thaw, and ready for action. We reached home somehow, enjoying on the road the anticipation of the fun in store for all.

True to time, on Thursday I called for the Captain, and was received with that imperturbable coolness so well remembered by all who knew him. Taking me into a back parlour, which served for dressing-room and bachelor's *sanctum*, he said, pointing to an ominous blue bag hanging on a coat-peg, 'There's our "Heeland" "Laddie," old fellow, and very well he behaves too. I haven't seen him though, and I think we had better not disturb him. Harry says it's blazing hot already, although he has only had him a few hours. We shall have a scene down yonder, depend on it.'

Nothing daunted, however, away we went, bag and baggage, and arrived precisely at the appointed hour. There was a pretty good muster at Limmer's, and, true enough, Charlie's misfortune was in every one's mouth. He had looked in, in a state of frenzy and despair—not that he cared about the match—it was the loss of his 'Toddy.' He vowed vengeance, but had offered a large reward to stop, he hoped, his going abroad. In the midst of such like information and gossip, in he came, pale, but furious, looking absolutely savage. He advanced without hesitation, but with clenched fist and threatening action:

'Captain Duff!' he shouted, 'by heavens! somebody has stolen "Toddy"!'.

'You don't mean it, really, Charlie,' he coolly replied, 'do you?'

'By Jove! I do, though! He's gone, and no mistake! And I'm in a confounded stew about it, too. There's a mystery about it. He was washed and combed this morning, all ready for you, and then placed in a blanket before the fire to dry. No one knows how or when, but he's gone! No one missed him. Of course the cat did it, or the devil did it—but he is not to be found. I've been the rounds of the "fancy," and seen every one of the lads: they know nothing about it, although I offered ten pounds for him back again, and no questions.'

'I'm deuced sorry to hear it, Charlie; but perhaps he is only borrowed. You know there's plenty want the breed. Have you seen Harry Holborn about it?'

'Seen Harry! of course I have. Went to him first. He swears he wouldn't do it, and I don't think he would, for my governor has

'done him a great kindness more than once. No; he on with his hat, and swore he'd walk his legs off for him: at any rate, he'll stop his going out of the country.'

'I wish I could help you, Charlie,' said the Captain, still at freezing point; 'but, depend on it, you'll have him back.'

'Oh, that be hanged!' retorted the other, now more irritated. 'I'd give twenty pounds, rather than lose the dog.'

'If I knew where he was, old boy, you should soon have him at that price. But the worst of it is, we shall disappoint our friends here. There will be no show, and I hate a forfeit.'

'Ah! they will excuse the unavoidable, no doubt: I don't mind the forfeit, it's the dog I'm thinking of. But here, Billy, here's the pony, and now let us drop the subject.' Then assuming a comic air, at which he was an adept, and raising his hat, he thus resumed: 'Perhaps Mr. Billy Binks will condescend to enlighten the company with the contents of his marvellous bag. Come, Billy, out with your little wonder.'

Persuasion and entreaties were urged on all sides, but without effect, and I really began to fancy he had thought better of it, and intended putting off the *dénouement*. At length, however, after some time, he remarked with the most consummate *sang-froid*: 'Pon honour I have not seen it myself. I have only my man's word for his good qualities. I told him to get me the handsomest Skye in London, and he says he has done so; but then as we have only his word for it, although he is an extraordinarily fine judge and can be trusted, still it might be as well, perhaps, to have your opinion. So, on second thoughts, we will take a peep. Charlie, I think, according to the old saying of paying for peeping, you are entitled to the first look in. But pray, friends, don't crowd so! A little more room, please! you will see him all the better! And, Charlie, you go round to the other side and face me from the bottom. There; that's it!'

Quietly, and with the utmost deliberation, he first placed the mysterious bag upon the table, which instantly showed signs of life within; then, gently drawing open the mouth of it, dived down with one hand into its capacious depths, and with the other withdrew the bag from, as it were, underneath the little animal, leaving bare and trembling, and fully exposed in all his fair proportions on the shining mahogany, Charlie's lost, dearly sought, and beloved 'Toddy'! All stood for a moment dumbfounded. Another of silence and suspense preceded the coming hurricane. Immediately it was as if a whole *posse comitatus* of devils had suddenly fallen pell-mell upon each other. Confusion—a rush—a Babel of noises—a conglomeration of struggles. But why attempt to describe the indescribable? Behold poor Charlie, pushed *vi et armis* into a corner, and there held by main force, in a state bordering on madness. Oaths, threats, roars of laughter—a general shouting—a violent swaying to and fro of all massed in one body, eager and excited. In the midst stood Billy Duff, cool, collected, and

unmoved, holding the dog by the neck high above their heads; then, after a time, quietly replacing him in the bag, he sat down unconcerned. How long this lasted it was impossible to guess, but a gradual calm was to be observed coming over the peace-makers in the opposite corner. The danger was over; the row was evidently fast subsiding, though the laughter was unceasing. Presently several advanced, amidst whom Charlie appeared with a smile on his countenance, and, holding out his hand frankly, said, with a most serious tone: 'Captain, it is a tremendous joke, but I forgive you.'

'My dear fellow,' calmly replied the facetious Billy, 'if the dog is really yours, I am quite pleased to think I have been the means of your recovering him. Pray take him, and take more care of him for the future.' At the same time handing him the bag and its precious contents.

'All's well that ends well;' and a very jovial ending followed. But no one ever split as to how it was done, or the man that did it.

'Hæc olim meminisse juvabit.'

B.

'SPORT IN MANY LANDS.'*

THE previous writings and adventures of Major H. A. Leveson, better known as 'the Old Shekarry,' are doubtless familiar to the readers of 'Baily's Magazine,' to which, indeed, he was a considerable and a welcome contributor. Their author died in September 1875, and had just completed these final volumes at the time of his death.

'Sport in Many Lands' well deserves its title, for it is the narrative of a hunter's skill and daring in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, and in many different districts of each of these comprehensive shooting-grounds. In these days, when everybody with a little time and money to spare dabbles in grouse moors and Highland deer parks, to say nothing of the pheasant covert and the turnip field, it demands experience in a somewhat wider sphere to make, in the higher sense of the word, a sportsman. Many men, with the instinct of Esau strong upon them, have recognised this, and sought in distant countries for the excitement and the prestige that sport at home no longer affords. Fox-hunters will perhaps be inclined to grumble at this assertion; but it must be owned that their branch of sport, glorious and exhilarating fun as it is, lacks the crowning stimulant of personal peril, except of course the risk of accident, to which every hard rider and indifferent horseman is always liable.

Among those who at different times have wandered far away in search of this excitement, Major Leveson was one of the most persistent, most adventurous, and most successful. From his youth upwards he was possessed with a craving for sport and travel; but his hunting tastes had a chivalric side to them, and, as the 'Saturday Review' said of him, 'he was no butcher of game.'

* 'Sport in Many Lands,' by H. A. L., 'The Old Shekarry.' 2 vols. London, 1876, Chapman & Hall.

He was never better pleased than when his quarry was well able by its strength and ferocity to take its own part, and when his pursuit of it culminated in a fair duel between cool, reliant man and savage beast. Hence his writings are fuller, perhaps, of dangerous adventures and hairbreadth escapes than those of any other sporting writer, and are redolent with a charm even for readers who, void of sporting tastes, are indifferent to the usual catalogues of successful killing.

Major Leveson bagged in his time game of all kinds, but if we turn to the pages of these two volumes we find that his spirits were ever at their highest when he was face to face with the bear, the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, the 'rogue' elephant, the 'man-eating' tiger, and the lion.

Of all his exploits, perhaps the most remarkable was his encounter with a man-eater at Mulkapore in the Deccan. Major Leveson's victory over this cruel and formidable brute is one of the most, perhaps *the* most plucky feat of the kind ever accomplished. It is very graphically related at length in the first volume, and here we can only find room for the closing paragraph.

The man-eater had been skulking about the native villages around Mulkapore for some time, and had carried off a perfect holocaust of victims. It was particularly wont to prey upon the tappal runners, or running postmen, whose duties led them to traverse a portion of jungle in which the tiger habitually lurked. These runners carry the mail-bags slung on a bamboo across their shoulders. At the end of this pole hangs an iron ring, to which a bunch of small pieces of metal are attached that jingle as the man runs, and give notice to loafers, as he passes through a village, to get out of his way. The tiger had got accustomed to this jingling, which in fact acted as a sort of dinner-bell, and warned the skulking brute that its meal was served, and that a fresh postman was on the table. Major Leveson conceived the idea of providing himself with one of these jingling pendants, and of, thus accoutred, crossing the belt of jungle, and passing himself off upon the man-eater as its favourite *entrée*. Accordingly he fastened the bits of metal to his belt, and arming himself with a short double rifle, a couple of pistols, and a large hunting knife, he started down the tappal track.

'The sun had almost set as I proceeded slowly down the road ; and although I was perfectly cool and as steady as possible, I felt cold drops of perspiration start from my forehead as I approached the spot where so many victims had been sacrificed. . . . I stopped, shook my jingling affair, and listened several times as I went along, but to no purpose. While ascending the opposite side of the ravine, I heard a slight noise like the crackling of a dry leaf. I paused, and, turning to the left, fronted the spot from whence I thought the noise proceeded. I distinctly saw a movement or waving in the high grass, as if something was making its way towards me ; then I heard a loud purring sound, and saw something switching backwards and forwards behind a clump of low bush and long grass, about eight or ten paces from me, and a little in the rear. It was a ticklish moment, but I felt prepared. I stepped back a couple of paces in order to get a better view ; which action probably saved my life, for immediately the brute sprang into the middle of the road, alighting about six feet from the place where I was standing. I fired a hurried shot ere he could gather himself up for another spring ; and when the smoke cleared away I saw him rolling over and over in the dusty road, writhing in his death agony, for my shot had entered the neck and gone downward into his chest. I stepped on one side and gave him my second barrel behind the ear, when dark blood rushed from his nostrils, a slight tremor passed over

'all his limbs, and all was still. The man-eater was dead, and his victims 'avenged.'

It would be hard to beat this instance of mingled daring and coolness.

Major Leveson, besides being a most successful sportsman, was a dashing soldier. An interesting little memoir of him is attached to 'Sport in Many Lands,' from which we gather that he served in the Madras army for nine years; that, attached to the Turkish Staff, he distinguished himself in the Crimean war, for his services during which he received the Turkish war-medal and three clasps, as well as the British medal and clasp for Sebastopol; that in 1860 he fought under Garibaldi; and that in 1863, while holding the appointment of Colonial Secretary at Lagos, on the West Coast of Africa, he placed himself at the head of forty men of a hastily armed and drilled Housa levy, and defeated and dispersed a hostile body of natives, fifteen hundred strong.

This plucky and energetic conduct eventually cost him his life. His biographer tells us that:

'To induce his new-fledged soldiers to do their duty, their leader was 'obliged to dangerously expose himself. Just as he had assured his little, 'but, to the colony, important victory, he was struck by an iron bullet, which 'entered his head just below the right ear, shattered his lower jaw, and remained embedded in the bone. . . . The wound refused to heal, and . . . 'he was invalided home. The skill of the greatest surgeons of the day, however, was powerless to relieve him. Sir W. Fergusson, Nélaton, and other 'eminent operators attempted to trace and take out the bullet, but always in 'vain. To the last day of Major Leveson's life the unhealed wound remained 'a constant source of trouble and suffering to him, which he bore to the end 'with untiring patience and fortitude. As some compensation, a grant of '500*l.* was voted to him by the colony, and a similar sum by Parliament. 'His weakened state, however (his iron constitution, for the time, was at last 'shattered), caused Major Leveson to lose his valuable appointment. He lost 'it through gallantly doing his duty, and the British Government never conferred another upon him.'

Two or three years later Major Leveson accompanied Sir Robert Napier's force to Magdala. This was the last expedition of any kind in which he took part. After his return from Abyssinia he never really enjoyed sound health again. His constitution had never recovered from the severe wound he had received on the West Coast of Africa. The iron bullet was still hidden in his jawbone, and at last it did its work. The wound was perpetually breaking out afresh, and Major Leveson was unable to resist the effects of the constant loss of blood. In 1875 it was plain to his friends that he was getting weaker and weaker, and as the summer passed away he sank and died. He was only forty-seven.

Those who read the bright and interesting pages of 'Sport in Many Lands,' even if they are unacquainted with its author's previous works, will be astonished at his nerve, his perseverance, and his success, and will agree with his biographer that 'it will be long before the prowess of a hunter will again 'become such a household word among sportsmen as was, and still is, that of 'the Old Shekarry.'"

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—'A new Foot on the Floor.'

'THE glad New Year,' the poet's happy theme from an immemorial age, did not dawn too gladly. The times were somewhat out of joint, and so was the weather. In the world political there was distress of nations, with perplexity; in the world of nature the sea and the waves roaring, and the hearts, perchance, of some men failing them for fear. Even such an easy-going generation as lounges up Piccadilly and saunters down Pall Mall was not exactly happy. The members thereof had some sort of idea that everything was not quite right; the elements were at war, and the nations of the earth apparently wanted to be. The leaders and instructors of public thought and opinion, too—the daily journals—did not gush after their customary New Year fashion. Peterborough Court was absolutely dull, and though Printing House Square essayed to pick up the dropped threads, it was a hardly successful attempt; and the *pæan*—if *pæan* it was meant to be—was of a rather depressing nature. Men wished each other the compliments of the season after a doubtful fashion; and though we did our Christmas and New Year's feasting according to the rule made and provided—ate the votive bird of the period and drank to absent friends—there was a trifle of sadness in the cup. And it is something to our credit that such should have been the case, for there was distress and sorrow both abroad and at home, and the most careless among us could hardly ignore it. Whether we joined the St. James's Hall chorus in denunciation of 'the unspeakable Turk,' or took Mr. Swinburne's view of the conduct of the present representative of the modern 'House of Atræus' (*vide* that accomplished poet's pamphlet), evil, to thoughtful minds, was before us on every hand—evil by the side of which the domestic troubles of rain and waters appeared small and trivial.

But we will try to look on that 'sunny side' which, if we remember rightly, Mr. Hatton used to seek to induce us to do in song. Ill would it become the Van driver to dim the pages of 'Baily'—that evergreen among monthlies—by any lugubrious doubts and fears for the future. 'Sufficient unto the day,' &c., is worldly as well as Christian wisdom; so we will seek our sunny side; and where, at this joyous (?) season, should it be found but at a pantomime? for there is the sun of the limelight—there is also the sun of the *corps de ballet's* smiles. There, too, are the rays that emanate from the diamonds and sapphires of leading ladies, who show their contempt for even such histrionic art as 'openings' afford by speaking the words set down for them as surely no handiwork of nature's journeymen ever spoke them before. There are the supreme efforts of Mr. Telbin and Mr. W. Beverly—time out of mind the builders of fairy palaces—and the scenery of the former at Covent Garden and the latter at Drury Lane deserves the highest commendation. Little is there besides in the well-worn theme of Robinson Crusoe at the former house—little fun in the pantomimic artists—little humour in the very wordy dialogue. The additions which the adapter has laid upon the old story are of a clumsy kind, and he has not been over fortunate in his interpreters. Still jewelry and the liberal display of a good figure go a great way: they almost, indeed, supply the lack of what genius burlesque requires. But let us do every justice to those real artists the Vokes family, who at the Lane in Mr. Blanchard's 'Forty Thieves' carry the opening and the house with them.

Mr. Blanchard's humour might have been more apparent in some former productions of his pen, but there is still a freshness about his dialogue and an admirable mixture of fun and tenderness which we see in no other writer. Then how fortunate is he in having the Vokes's as the exponents of his meaning, and how doubly fortunate is Mr. Chatterton. These gifted artists have a real genius for their work; they revel in fun, and the most extravagant action done by them loses some of its extravagance. And yet there is really nothing absolutely novel in their performance. For some few years now Londoners have been accustomed to those grotesque contortions, that elegant dancing, and the abounding spirit of fun and mischief which seem to animate the brothers and sisters, but yet we are far from satiated. Indeed each winter finds us eager for it as ever, and our applause as hearty as it is genuine.

As regards the other houses, we would award the palm to the Adelphi for the production of a real children's pantomime in 'Little Goody Two-Shoes,' played by children, some of whom evince an almost too precocious talent. That home of burlesque the Gaiety has been hardly happy in 'William Tell,' which, we regret to say, failed, despite all Mr. Toole's endeavours, to make us laugh. Neither could we laugh at 'The Lying Dutchman' at the Strand, and our advice to country cousins is, that after they have enjoyed the eccentric humour of Mr. J. S. Clarke in 'Among the Breakers' and 'Toodles,' that they come away. About a performance at the Olympic of 'Si Slocum' we would wish to be charitably silent, but must not omit to mention the really elegant manner in which Mr. Hengler has brought out 'Cinderella' at his Circus in Argyll Street. That, too, is enacted by children, and the grace with which all of them—more especially the representatives of the heroine and the Prince—do their spiriting tells of admirable training. The rapid conversion of the bare circus, without the aid of scenery, into a glittering ball-room, the appointments of Cinderella's fairy equipage—the ponies, plate-glass, pale blue satin, and wonderfully got-up footmen, all help to make a charming *ensemble*. Hengler's is worth seeing.

Mrs. John Wood has evidently relied upon the English adaptation of 'Les Danicheff' at the St. James's as the piece of resistance which is to land her venture in a prosperous haven, and we think she will not be disappointed. The piece comes to us in its English dress, not only with the *imprimatur* of a Parisian success, but many of us were enabled to judge last season of the value of the Paris verdict by seeing the play at the same theatre, where we now have Miss Fanny Addison in lieu of Madame Fargueil, and Mr. Charles Warner supplies the place of M. Marais. And, while doing full justice to 'The Danischeffs,' its strong dramatic interest, and the almost superhuman heroism of its story, we feel somewhat puzzled to account for the strong interest it aroused among our volatile neighbours, for the atmosphere of the play is essentially pure. If the vices of society are hinted at in the lively badinage of a Moscow *salon*—they are only hinted at—there is no allusion to the seventh commandment; and, save for one coarse speech put in the mouth of the Countess Danischeff, and which the English translator, by-the-way, who has done so much to alter the play for the worse, might easily have omitted, there is nothing for the greatest prude to find fault with. Far from our wish is it to insinuate that the Parisian public can only enjoy the plays of Sardou, Feuillet, and others—those pictures of French society which formerly were such stumbling-blocks to our Lord Chamberlains; we have no doubt that a considerable section of the Paris world, great and small, thoroughly sympathised with the woes of Anna and felt their bosoms thrill at the self-sacrifice

of Osip—only we wonder that they did not find all this just—we must write the word—a little dull ; for, after twice seeing 'Les Danicheff,' both in its French and English dress, to that conclusion we have come at last. The play is a good play, admirably constructed, well written, its leading idea most commendable, and yet after the first two acts we confess we felt it slightly wearisome. Perhaps the translator ought to bear some of the blame here, for he had ruthlessly excised in the third act that touching scene in the hut of Osip, and in consequence materially deprived the part of the hero of its strength. Since we saw the play this scene has been restored, and by so much the play is the gainer ; but yet, beautiful and delicate as the situation was in the French original, with the first act ended, our interest in the story began to pall. We enjoyed the second act, and, though we felt all the brilliant fireworks of Roger de Taldi, the cynical *attaché*, and the Princess Lydia, the woman of fashion, were extraneous to the matter in hand, the wonderful acting was the great attraction. Unfortunately the repartees of De Taldi, and his passage of arms with the Princess, have now gone through the crucible of an indifferent translation, and much of the fine gold is lost. Mr. Hermann Vezin and Mrs. John Wood do all they can with the dialogue, which is much too long ; but if the whole scene was, as some critics say, a mistake in the first instance, what is it in the second, where political allusions there are none, and the Frenchman's sarcasms on Russian manners and customs fall on ears that cannot appreciate them ? Mr. Hermann Vezin, who reminded us somewhat of the Duke in 'L'Etrangere' in his make-up, delivered his cutting remarks with a clearness and appreciation that could not be excelled ; and Mrs. John Wood, superbly dressed, rose more than once to dignity in her representation of a character not hitherto in her line. Shorn as the part of Osip was when we saw it of much of its nobility and grandeur, yet Mr. Clayton presented a most perfect picture of the noble serf—the slave with the soul of a hero. The extent of the sacrifice he feels called upon by every tie of gratitude to make is almost too appalling. He passionately loves a woman who is given to his arms in marriage, but he treats that woman as a sister, because he knows his master, to whom he owes much, loves her and has his love returned. It is of course a very grand idea, and poor weak human nature sitting in the stalls is much impressed with the wonderful self-abnegation of the final scene. The French representative of Osip we remember looked a bloodless sort of man, who might have blossomed into a saint of purest ray serene, and put away from him the temptation of the fair Anna calmly and with ease. Sufficient to say that the awful struggle is more brought home to us by Mr. Clayton, who, for the second time, is called upon to be a second Sydney Carton, and to give his life, for in 'The Danischeffs' he becomes socially dead, for those he loves.

We have called the play dull, but at the same time must own the pathos and grandeur of some of its situations. If we become just a little wearied at last with the well-nigh incredible sacrifice the hero makes ; if we are inclined to agree with the Princess Lydia that such elevation of heart and soul is a little too much for such weak mortals as ourselves to understand, we must at the same time admit the moral lesson the piece conveys. With one or two exceptions admirably acted, it will no doubt be—in fact it has already become—a great success. As we have before said, it has its Paris prestige, and though we sorely miss Madame Fargueil, there is scarcely another character we should wish altered.

Mr. and Mrs. Billington have introduced us to a new play and a new company

at the handsome theatre which forms part of the Westminster Aquarium. 'Heroes' is a comedy but of slight domestic interest, yet still the story is not an unpleasing one, and Mr. Billington, who, in the part of a Waterloo veteran, essayed a character new to him with some success, together with Miss Meyrick in that rôle so popular with young ladies—a somewhat gushing *ingénue*—carried away the honours. Miss Meyrick will, if we mistake not, be an acquisition to the London stage, for she can certainly act, and if some of the gentlemen whom Mr. Billington had gathered together could have done likewise, it would have been better for 'Heroes.' By-the-way, the pantomime here of 'Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star,' played in the afternoon, is a great success, and barely standing room can be obtained by late comers. Indeed the Aquarium, taken as a whole, is looking up in a wonderful way, and there is now so much to be seen for a shilling, and all of it so good, that no wonder the place is doing so well. Mr. Wybrow Robertson brings all his energy to bear on the management of the place—the dinners keep up their high reputation, and after having dined, if you cannot be amused by the varied bill of fare, from 'the marvellous D'Alvinis' to the celebrated 'Little Bob' and his dive from the dome, why, you must be very hard to please.

'Pygmalion and Galatea' has been revived at the Haymarket, with Miss Marion Terry as the heroine and Miss Henrietta Hodson as the injured wife of the hero. Singularly fortunate has Mr. Gilbert been in having on the first representation of this charming fable found such a representative of Galatea as Mrs. Kendal, and now on its revival discovered in Miss Marion Terry an artiste worthy to be her successor. A very difficult part is that of the fair statue. Of exceptional purity and innocence, she has yet to utter bold words, to be audacious, and at the same time exhibit the most perfect unconsciousness of wrong. Galatea is almost an angel in woman's garb, but yet she is a woman too, and it is in the delicate lights and shades of the character Mr. Gilbert has so charmingly drawn that the actress finds her difficulty. But Miss Marion Terry, if she found hers, has overcome it, and her Galatea is a perfect picture of simplicity, innocence, and unconscious grace. This is not at all an easy combination, but that young lady, who had in some degree prepared us in 'Dan'l Druce' for what she could do, has given us another and stronger proof of the dramatic talent with which her name is so associated.

No less admirable was Miss Hodson's representation of Cynisca. It is a part that unless delicately handled hardly wins our sympathy, which is all with Galatea, but Miss Hodson contrived that the injured wife should come in for her share. She showed us Cynisca as a loving woman with a pitiful side to her character, not entirely a jealous, vindictive, and unmerciful wife. We do not remember that any Cynisca we ever saw, and we have seen many, from Miss Caroline Hill downwards, was ever anything but hard and unforgiving, and it says much for Miss Hodson's art that she has subdued those qualities and given us a more womanly and, at the same time, effective picture. Pygmalion is a rather contemptible character, and Mr. Charles Harcourt did not succeed in making it at all less so. Mr. Buckstone, of course, resumed his part of Chysos, the art patron, and of course was received most warmly, his chief scene with Galatea invoking all the accustomed laughter.

We are favoured with yet another addition to the host of London weeklies, and Mr. Labouchere it is who now tells us on each succeeding Wednesday what is 'Truth.' No doubt that gentleman is eminently entitled to be our instructor in this respect, but cleverly as 'Truth' is written, we were most unfortunately reminded of what an unhappy title Mr. Labouchere has selected

in the first two or three numbers. Perhaps there are fewer of what we call 'clever all round men' to be found in London society than the editor of 'Truth.' A daring speculator, a brilliant writer, a thorough man of the world, be that world east or west of Temple Bar, credited with being down on, and up to, every move, a mistake is one of the last things of which he would be accused. And yet he has been foolish enough to make one in those numbers of his journals in which he attacked the Misses Terry, accusing them and some of their relatives and friends of an attempt to coerce public opinion by packing the theatre on first nights with a hired *claque*, whose cue was to vehemently applaud the two ladies whenever they appeared. A more ridiculous statement it is difficult to conceive, and one wonders how petty spite and jealousy could have so blinded the writer to its folly. The ladies in question have, it is well known, won their position in public favour by their own unaided talents. It is true that the name they bear was a strong letter of recommendation, for we have been taught to expect something from such a family, but beyond that they have stood alone, and are now among the most popular and respected of London actresses. One has only to go to the Court or the Haymarket to be convinced of that fact, and of the utterly baseless insinuations of 'Truth.' Did they take their rise from the coinage of a woman's heart and brain?

The racing world—that lamentable microcosm which is supposed by writers of fervid imagination to hibernate in the darkness of despair—awakes to life under the genial touch of the January entries. The Victoria Club gets agitated; Wellington Street holds horsey-looking men at its thievish corners; and the bar of the Gaiety Restaurant is lively with sporting talk. The talk does not at present soar much beyond the Croydon Hurdle Race and the Waterloo Cup, with an occasional mysterious intimation from some very seedy individual that the winner of the Liverpool is known. The seedy one wishes his auditors to understand that, highly as he thinks of 'the Captain's' lot, his private opinion is that the race will go to a 'furriner.' His auditors are sceptical, holding much to the Captain, and not at all deterred by hearing that 'Mr. Fitzroy' has laid 500 to 400 on his own stable against the Newmarket one for the Aintree event. The Derby is not mentioned in Wellington Street, or at any of its corners, nor can we make out that Albert Gate hears more about it either. That Chamant will win the Derby is a statement received with a sort of half-sullen acquiescence, varied sometimes by a faint allusion to that fashionable Berkshire stable which, if it held the most duffing of platers, would still have a fascination irresistible. The two-year-old future has not much light shed upon it. We generally hear about this time that Matthew Dawson has got a young one that can climb trees, but now we fail to discover such a gem even hinted at as existing. We solace ourselves by thinking how generally good, with an exception here and there, are the entries for the Spring Handicaps, and the racing journals sound the trumpets and beat the drums over the 'flourishing condition of the Turf.' It is a stereotyped phrase that we must take for what it is worth. Whether a multitude of race meetings and a lot of bad horses in training mean a 'flourishing condition' may well be doubted; but the unthinking world has come so to regard it, and, as Mr. Bunter says in 'New Men and Old Acres,' 'What are we, that we should fly in the face of such a providential inspiration?' By-the-way, we don't think, on recollection, that Mr. Bunter uses those exact words, but the meaning is the same. The Lincoln Handicap and the Liver-

pool have appeared, but as we write, beyond the comments of our analysts there has been nothing else. By the time 'Baily' is in our readers' hands the game will be in full swing, and though there seems a disposition to make Shifnal a Grand National favourite, we do not believe the mare is a serious one yet. The Lincoln Handicap, barring rather hard measure meted out to Thorn, seems a very good one, and at the same time a difficult one to select the winner from. There are a lot of the middle weights look very temptingly in, and, taking them at random, there are Allumette, Herbertstown, Tassel, Grassendale, while the third last year, Vittoria, with 6 st. 6 lbs., looks, unless she is a great jade, wonderfully well in. Bruce II. has been taken care of certainly, but he is such a good horse that we cannot ignore his chance, and we should like to know if Coronella is at all in form, for if she is her 6 st. 12 lbs. looks tempting. But when the Victoria opens its books in earnest then we shall know more.

The great John Warde used to say 'The more splash the more sport,' and there has certainly been enough and too much of the former all over the kingdom. The Quorn have been having capital sport, especially on what is called the forest side; in fact the hounds have run there every day—and what is more, Tom Firr has always killed his fox, and sometimes even a leash in one day, which at that rate will thin them out before the end of the season, no matter how many there may have been at the beginning.

On Friday, January 5th, they met at Quenby Hall, and a monster meet it was, and there is now a general complaint that the Quorn Fridays have outnumbered the Pytchley Wednesdays of former days. Three or four hundred horsemen come out, on the average, while there are as many carriages as in Rotten Row in the morning during the Ascot week. They found in Botany Bay and had rather a nice gallop, and lost their fox between Barsby and Baggrave, when the field was scattered all over the country, and the fox was headed in every direction. Later in the day they found again in Barkby Holt; went away pointing for Syston, but turned to the right and ran at a great pace down to and over the brook under Queniboro' Spinny, but again turned along the bottom by Barsby, over a beautiful line of grass and a lot of big fences, all of which required to be jumped, as they were no playthings, down to Porters Lodge, then back to Ashby Folville, where he was completely done and took refuge in a drain, three parts full of water, fifty yards in front of the hounds, from which he was soon washed out by the flood, caught, and eaten by his enemies. Many went well in this run, notably Lord Grey de Wilton, Mr. Coupland, Major Whyte-Melville, who is living at Elgin Lodge, Melton, Mr. Lubbock, Lady Florence Dixie, whose deeds of daring have been very specially recorded in the D. T., and the Hon. Alan Pennington—who, with two or three others, did not forget to express their feelings of pleasure after landing safely over as strong and as ugly a bit of timber as ever was seen. This run lasted just twenty-eight minutes.

On Thursday, January 11th, on the day after the Loughborough Ball, they met at Garendon Park, when of course there was a very large field out, and in addition to the horsemen and the carriages there were no end of pedestrians; and amongst others present were Lord Ferrers, Lord Loudoun, Sir Frederick Fowke, Mr. W. Paget of Loughborough, Mr. John Cradock, and Mr. E. A. Warner of Quorn, Mr. Robson of Melbourne, Mr. W. Goode, Mr. E. Middleton, and scores of others. The first fox showed very little sport, as he was found in the Park and ran to ground there under a tree;

then they found their second in a covert near Birley Wood, and went away through the Privetts and Longcliffe, pointing for Charley Wood, but bearing to the left, he ran on at a good pace nearly to Benscliffe, then turning to the right, ran through some of Lord Stamford's coverts pointing for Mackfield; here, after another turn, he took them straight through Bardon Hill, as if for Gisband's Gorse, but ran them over a good line of country nearly to the Coalville station, and still bearing to the left, crossed the line and ran into the Atherstone country, over a great deal of which he ran, then recrossed the railway and brought them back to Copt Oak Wood, where darkness put an end to the run at twenty minutes to five: this fox was found about half-past one, and must have run considerably over twenty miles. Several went well at the beginning of this run, perhaps Mr. Cradock and Mr. Warner as well as any; but at the finish there were only Mr. Coupland, Mr. Charles Storey of Ruddington, who had at least a twenty-mile ride home, and Mr. Warten of Barrow, who thought his horse had nearly had enough. Yet there are a great many untravelling provincials, who pass the best part of the season hammering up and down their big woods, who have a fixed idea that hounds rarely run a fox more than twenty minutes in the Shires, and if they can't account for him, go off and find another; but they are very much mistaken, as the records of the Pytchley, the Atherstone, and the Cottesmore during the past month can testify.

The Pytchley, in spite of the floods and the heavy ground, have had very good sport, which has been duly recorded by different Special Correspondents, but we must notice the first-rate day they had on Saturday the 20th, when they met at Oxendon, and the Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Marquis of Hartington, Colonel Teesdale, Mr. Christopher Sykes, Captain Oliphant, and Mr. Francis Knollys, came by a special train from Kimbolton. After a fast ring to ground from Waterloo Gorse, they went to Loatland Wood, from which they got away very quickly, and ran by Waterloo and over the fine large pastures by Arthingworth back to Loatland, and then on to Rothwell Wood. The Prince went very well in this journey, and got over some big fences. After this they had really a first-rate run from Mawsley Wood, going by Orton, Harrington, and Loatland Wood, nearly to Waterloo, and ran into him in a brook near Mr. Cust's house, almost under the Prince's horse. In this run His Royal Highness was most ably piloted by Mr. Glover of Harrington, who knows the run of every fox in the country. It was a real good thing, fast enough even for the Tailbytes who were out; but there was much tumbling on the part of the suite. Colonel Teesdale had a regular crumpler over a big fence, and there were outward and visible signs of some of the others having come to decided grief, causing an old sportsman to say, 'These large fields look very green to these gentlemen, but the fences are a little too stiff for them.'

It was a very favourite maxim of poor Jim Mason's that Leicestershire never rode heavy, but we fancy he would rather have qualified it this season, especially if he had been out on the 5th inst., when from Ashby cover the Tailbytes had a very fast twenty minutes to Willoughby, with another forty of good hunting to past Whetstone, and in the afternoon took a fox from Wistow, past Fleckney, Arnesby, and Peatling, down to the Ashby cover again, when it became too dark to finish him off, with horses dead beat, as our readers who know the Monday side of the country can well imagine. The sport throughout the month has been wonderfully good, but the 'specials' of the weekly publications make it useless to go much into details, and we need

only notice the start and finish of some of the best things to enable our readers to take out their maps and envy those who have enjoyed them. Last month finished with a rare one from Holt to Langton Candle, when the new railway gave the hounds such a start that nothing but blood and condition could even keep them in sight. On the 1st January Mr. Tailby was absent, and Christian well earned his New Year's offerings by the able way he handled his hounds in a pretty spin round Foxton over the best of the grass country. On the 11th, after a good steady hunt from Norton spinnies they went like lightning from Glen Gorse, and settling down past Wistow, Wigston and Kilby, threw up in a small spinny close to Peatling Gorse, and heard next day that our fox was seen coming down from a tree up which he had crept in his dire despair, and thereby saved his brush. Shearsby, again, on the 13th, from Walton Holt to ground at Burton Overy will show a nine-mile point, though a loss of five minutes at John Ball made the pace at the end rather deficient, whilst for a night-cap, mark Cranoe to Ouston Wood, and sit in fear of the tenth commandment. It would require a larger conveyance than a 'Van' to tell the incidents of these joyous days, but we must not grudge space to notice the exploits of the young Etonian from Illston, who on many of these occasions rode with such judgment and pluck as many after years of trial have been unable to attain.

A Lincolnshire sportsman said at the beginning of the month, 'I don't ever remember our country in such a state as it is at present in all my life; if the rain continues much longer, we shall have to go hunting in boats; but for all that, hounds in Lincolnshire are doing well and having good sport, but the foxes want a deal of catching.' In spite of the fearfully heavy state of the country, we hear that the North Shropshire have had very good sport. Up to the first of the month they had hunted thirty-five days, when Harry Judd had killed thirty-seven foxes and run seven brace to ground; but the horses and hounds were as fresh as at the commencement of the season, and that all they wanted was a better state of the ground.

With the Vine it was the worst November ever known. Up to the 1st of December they had run 16½ brace to ground, many of which ought to have been killed by the hounds; but the country is so full of earths and not half stopped, added to which the Master it is said would sooner let a fox beat hounds than see one killed. Besides, he will not have them assisted by the whips; and in the Vine country a huntsman always wants a good man to lend him a hand: so, what with the large woodlands, the thick leaf on the trees, the field hallooing, and the hounds having been accustomed to be galloped about, Hedges did not have a very happy time in November, for he is one of the true old school, who likes to see his hounds hunt a fox if they can, and when they come to a check, to sit still and let them try what they can do before he interferes with them; but this does not suit the ideas of some of the field who would like to see him galloping about and blowing his horn like a lunatic. However, it seems quite impossible to please everybody, for if the fast men who grumble call Hedges slow, there are some who complain that Dick Russell, the active first Whip—who has seen service in some good countries—is too quick, as on one occasion, after a capital fifty-five minutes, he got into the black books of one of the heavy-stern division for trying to help Hedges to kill his fox. Wherever Dick has been he has always had the character of doing all he could to help a huntsman to kill his fox, as those he has served can testify; so that he cannot be expected to throw off

all his old habits, for he says, 'I like to see them catch him after a good run, and I was always taught to get to the front if possible, so I can't help it when I see a fox dying.'

The Vine finished a capital week on Saturday, January 20th, with a grand day's sport. The meet was Kingsclere; they found immediately, and had a capital hour and twenty minutes, and killed; soon found again, and had a splendid run of an hour and thirty-five minutes over a variety of country, and killed. We think the Messrs. Thornton of Beaurapaire, and the chosen few who saw the end of this fine day's sport, will not very soon forget it. On our road home a few looked in at Wolverton Park, the seat of Mr. Wallace Walker, whose hospitality and good feeling to both foxes and fox-hunters is well known and fully appreciated.

The Hambledon have not had many very good runs; wet weather does not suit a good deal of their heavy and wet country, and scent lies better after there has been some frost. Friday, the 8th of December, they met at Chilcombe, where Mr. Stratton provided a good breakfast for all those who liked to partake of it. They found in the plantations on the hill. The fox took a good line, avoiding all coverts till he came to Durwood, from whence he was halloed away; and he ran through Rosehill, close by the house, through Honeyman's Rows, over part of Longwood Warren towards Bishop's Copse, where he was chased by a sheep-dog, which lost the fox. This would have been a nice hunting run, but the country being very open, without fencing, the field mobbed Mr. Long so that he could neither make a cast nor his hounds do their work. They had a capital day's sport on Tuesday, the 12th of December, an extra day, from Barn Green. They ran for three hours. Their fox was quite beat, when a fresh one jumped up and ran nearly the same line; but the short days saved him. The country was dreadfully stiff, and in consequence there were many falls. Mr. Long, although the scent has been very bad, gives a good account of his foxes, for he brought to hand twenty brace up to the 15th of December.

The H.H. have begun the new year with excellent sport, which is wonderful considering the boisterous and tempestuous weather. On Monday, Jan. 8th, they met at Chawton House, found in Peck Copse, took a ring in the low country by Wild Ducks, through the garden at Chawton House to near Windmill Hill, through New Copse, on by Rotherfield, then turned through Dogford, and lost in the road from Ropley to Petersfield, after a most brilliant fifty-five minutes. On Tuesday, Jan. 16th, they met at Matterley Gate, found in the osier bed. In the meadows beyond Avington Park, there was great fear of the fox being chopped, but Mr. Deacon managed his field so well that the fox was allowed to get away handsomely; he went into Avington Park and all round it, hounds going their very best pace, through the upper part of Hampage, over some dreadfully heavy fields, crossed the Winchester and Alresford turnpike-road, then, still going on in the open, leaving Fully on the left, over the end of Gander Down straight for the Old Lands Hassocks, through them, over Honey Lane, through the plantations at Hockley House, leaving the house on the left, to Bishop's Copse—just thirty-five minutes to this point—through Bishop's Copse on to Shorley, where they killed in fifteen minutes more: a more brilliant run no man need wish to see. They afterwards found in some gorse near Longwood Warren, and ran very fast to Hampage, and on to Fully, going a hunting pace for nearly two hours, and killed. Verily, Mr. Deacon is quite equal to any professional in the world.

The Hambledon have had some good runs, one from Barn Green, a very stiff and strong country, which caused a good many dirty coats. On January the 10th, at Botley Gate, they found in a hanging covert opposite Free-grounds covert, ran straight for the tidal river, crossed over it—although it was low water, no horseman could get across it, on account of the mud, and the whole field had to go through the town of Botley, the hounds having it all to themselves for about five miles; they ran through all the Wickham coverts to the Lunatic Asylum, where he was headed; and the first two persons who met them coming back were Mr. Henry Wilson and Mandeville, the first whip. The hounds brought the fox back to Swanwick, where they lost, a most tremendous storm of wind and rain coming on.

On Wednesday, January the 17th, they met at Stoke Park, found and ran to ground. Found another in Stoke Park, took a couple of turns round the covert, then went away over some meadows, through a small covert, turned on the right over a line of meadows, crossed the Botley and Fair Oak turn-pike-road, over Colden Common to Twyford Park, through it, and killed close to the village of Twyford. The only three that rode the run throughout were Mr. Long, Mr. Drake (all the Drakes can ride), and Capt. Pigott. It was a very strong country to ride over; nevertheless a few more good ones would have been with them, but they had to get Mandeville from under his horse, which was on him in a ditch, in the early part of the run.

The Hursley have had most wonderful sport during the whole season—the best of any pack around. The runs have been duly chronicled in the local and London newspapers.

The South Berks, hunted by Mr. Hargreaves at his own expense, have had some good runs lately. With the assistance of Roake, during the last three years he has got together a famous pack of dog-hounds; but still he is, we fear, not quite happy, as the north side of the country is rather short of foxes, owing to the prevalence of trapping, which is a curse to any country.

The West Norfolk had famous sport up to the time that Clayden came to grief. The day he had his fall they had a tremendous run, and he rode for half an hour after he had broken his ribs and finger, and then killed his fox in the open.

From Yorkshire we hear that the subscribers and farmers in the Badsworth Hunt are getting up a subscription to place a memorial window in Darrington Church, near Pontefract, to the memory of the late John Hope Barton, of Stapleton Park, the late Master who died so suddenly in the hunting field last year. The new Master, Mr. Charles Wright, has had good sport; and although quite a young master, is doing his utmost to afford it. His servants are well mounted, he has a large stud of horses, and does not spare expense. The 'old Lord Darlington country' is full of foxes, in the Barnsdale, Skelbroke, Burghwallis, Campsall, and Owston districts. The country is awfully deep, but there have been many good runs in this part, which, being principally on the limestone, holds the scent better than in a dry season. Lord Galway, the Master of the Grove, has also had some very good runs—the wet likewise suiting his light-soiled country as far as scent goes. He has lent to Lord Fitzwilliam a nice piece of country (a long distance from the Grove kennels) north-east of Doncaster, which will be a great accession to Lord Fitzwilliam. Though foxes are as yet rather scarce in it, we hope when it gets regularly hunted that the owners of coverts (and there are some beautiful coverts—Sandall Beat, Wheatley Woods, Armthorpe, Shore, Cantley, and Hatfield Parks) will always show a fox, as we believe that it is now their wish, and requires only a positive order to their keepers.

Mr. Fenwick's hounds have been doing well, as the following will show :—
Monday 15th.—Met at Capheaton, the seat of that most excellent preserver of foxes, Sir John Swinburne. Having had some of the worthy baronet's cherry brandy, we instantly found a brace of foxes close to the house; had a nice hunting run, and killed him at Belsay: time about an hour. Drew several small places, and in the afternoon found at Fairhaw, and killed at Kirk Harle: a regular race of twenty minutes; the fox was close before them all the way. Major Sadleir, R.A., went well.

Wednesday 17th.—At Stamfordham, found in Mr. Riddell's plantation as usual; a first-rate fast hunting run of an hour and forty minutes, to ground in view. Mrs. Barnett and Mr. Wylam rode extra well. Most horses were tired, but Mr. Fenwick drew Penny Hill, and they had another first-class run, and stopped the hounds at dark.

On Friday 19th, met at a certain castle which shall be nameless, and had a blank day.

Monday 22nd. Fenwick.—Three capital runs, killed a brace, and ran one to ground.

They have had lots of better things, or quite as good, but this is a fair sample of the sport.

From Fife we heard, at the beginning of last month, of torrents of rain, and the roads like rivers; but more foxes than ever were known, owing to their all being washed out of the drains. On Monday, November 27th, they had a very fine run from Montrave, of one hour and fifty minutes, over about fourteen miles of country as deep as it could be. Colonel Thomson got a bad start, and could not catch them for seven miles, which shows it was fast and straight. On the 13th December they had another good run of one hour and five minutes, when the master never spoke to a hound, and killed him handsomely.

Our Cork correspondent says the natives are a wild lot, and have spoiled no end of good runs with the United Hunt. They show hounds no quarter, and when the scent is any way ticklish (and as a rule it is not the best of countries for scent), and at the very time that hounds want most room, no matter what the Master says, they will be on the top of their backs. Mr. Gubbins, the field master, certainly has deserved better treatment, for he has worked very hard. Some of them seem to have no idea when hounds are at check, or when they try to cast themselves, for instead of standing still, they keep walking on after them, and if the huntsman should not happen to be very handy, they are not above trying their hand at hunting them; then they put their foot in it entirely, for it never occurs to them that they have overridden them a field or more. Unfortunately most of them are too well mounted, and if the hunt servants were on rather faster conveyances, and these wild men on somewhat slower, it would be better. But slow horses often undeservedly get servants credit for want of dash; we have seen huntsmen on horses which were more suitable for funerals than fox-hunting, so that it is impossible for them to keep up with a lot of hard-riding, well-mounted men who go out wholly to ride.

Mr. Uniacke of Castletown, the kennel master, is the father of the pack, and it would be a funny pack without him, as he has kept the hounds together for many years; he is a sportsman every inch of him, and it is to be regretted that his purse is not so big as his heart.

Lord Shannon hunted the country in real Old English style when he had them; he is still one of the chief subscribers, and they have the use of his

kennels, but his loss in the neighbourhood is much felt, and the natives would be glad to hear of his return to Castle Martyr.

A correspondent in Kildare says, 'I am very sorry to say that Mr. Mansfield intends resigning the Mastership at the end of the season, as he is a good Master, and a thorough sportsman.' And apropos of this, we have been requested by an influential member of the Kildare Hunt to mention that they are in want of a Master, and would be happy to treat with any gentleman who has experience in the management of hounds. The subscription is a good one, the kennels are large and convenient, and there will be stabling there for the Hunt horses. We should imagine that such a celebrated pack and county would not be long in the market.

Spite of floods and ground up to the hocks, Sir Nathaniel Rothschild has been showing excellent sport during the past month with the Baron's stag-hounds. The run from Wingrave to Ludgershall on New Year's Day, and that from Hurdlesgrove to Oakley on the 15th of the month, being the most worthy to be recorded. The last-named a twelve-mile point in one hour and ten minutes—pretty good going in the present state of the ground. Mr. Leopold Rothschild has been dispensing his hospitality at his charming hunting box at Ascot, in Bucks, not in Berks. There the tired hunter may put up with everything of the best. It is a nice point whether the champagne glasses or the finger glasses hold the most. You might take guineas to pounds either way.

From Hants we have heard a curious story about wire. A reverend gentleman, who resides not so very far from the scene of the fatal accident to the late Major Marx of Arlebury, is the owner of a small piece of land adjacent to a well-known fox covert, which, to the annoyance of his hunting neighbours, was wired round like a parrot's cage. After the sad fate of Major Marx and the observations of the coroner, everybody supposed that the nuisance would be at once abated; but as it was not, some person or persons unknown most successfully did it. They removed the wire, coiled it up neatly, and hung it on the reverend gentleman's front gate. This is what we call a broad hint.

An occasional correspondent says, 'I wish the article about Gentlemen Huntsmen who make sham casts and resort to other dodges, had come out before. I saw—or, rather, I heard—such an illustration of this, just before Christmas, when I was out with a certain pack which had run their fox clean out of his country, past a large town, and were going up a very steep hill, which is classically called a mountain, when the Master observed to his first whip, "Oh dear! this will never do. We have no business to be up here at this time of day. We ought to have lost our fox at the last check, down in the bottom." He little thought that somebody overheard this and would tell Mr. Bailey.'

A correspondent from Leighton complains to us bitterly of the want of foxes in the coverts of gentlemen who, themselves or their sons, constantly hunt with the Whaddon Chase hounds. Our correspondent makes out a strong case of at least incompetency against their keepers, who, he tells us, have neither foxes nor pheasants. His letter then proceeds to say that fortunately the best portion of the country is preserved by tenant farmers, and in patches of thorn or gorse, mostly very small, and none exceeding ten acres in extent, but where the foot of keeper never treads, we are as sure of a find as we are of a blank in the larger coverts of their wealthy neighbours. A favourite brake, that for years had never failed to hold a fox, was hired by the owner of

the adjoining property, who innocently imagined that he was doing a good turn to the hunt; but, from the time that the brake came under the care of a keeper, the foxes disappeared. And now we will relate a story which is somewhat to the point. When the late Mr. Henley Greaves hunted North Warwickshire, he complained to that fine old country gentleman, the late Lord Leigh, that there was a scarcity of foxes at Stoneleigh. His lordship at once sent for his keeper, and addressed him in these words: 'This gentleman is the Master of the Hounds; you had better arrange matters with him, for he has my authority to give you notice to leave at any time.' There was never a lack of foxes at Stoneleigh afterwards.

The Badminton hounds have had a famous month's sport, and Lord Worcester has succeeded in bringing most of his foxes to hand. We have only space for a few of their best days:—

15th. Christian Malford.—Found in the wood, and ran by Avongrove and Catcombe; to ground near the reservoir. Second fox, from Miles's Gorse, gave them a good turn over the Dauntsey country, then up the hill, leaving Malford Wood on his right on to Catcombe, where some think they changed foxes—at any rate they ran one over the canal, as if for Bremhill Wood, but turning to the left he got back to Catcombe. A hard day for horses and hounds.

16th. Estcourt.—A fine hunting run of about two hours, ending with a kill near the Cirencester Woods.

19th. Roundaway.—Not a fashionable meet, but a very excellent day's sport. A fox went away from Blacklands, and ran over a very stiff line, leaving Calne to the right, by the Dumb Post. Past Bremhill, over the vale to Malford and Bittlesee, over the canal to Swallett's Gate, where they killed him in the open. Very few at the finish, and horses very tired. The line hounds ran could not be less than twelve miles.

22nd. Cross Keys, Pickwick.—Another unfashionable meet, with a similar result. They found at Box a real straight-necked one, who took them by Hartham Park, on to Castle Combe, Grittleton, Dunley and Alderton, with a kill close to the Salutation, after a fine hunting run of about two hours and forty minutes.

The Berkeley hounds have had very fair sport during the month, with two red-letter days, which we purpose to chronicle. They are short of foxes, however, in part of their country, and have had trouble from an impracticable opponent of hunting near Eastington, of whom the most charitable wish we can express is, that he may be mad.

13th. Gossington.—Trotted on to Fretherne where they found, and, after a merry twenty-five minutes in the 'island,' they ran him to ground close to the canal, and got him out. We then trotted back to Cat's Castle, where we found after the shortest possible delay, and ran very fast by Slimbridge over the road, to within half a field of the Frocester covert, then turned to the left back over the road to near the find, where the hounds checked slightly, but Wisdom set them right, and they ran on merrily to the Decoy Ground, the field, meantime, having been obliged to go round to the bridge to avoid the Pill. The pace had been very good so far, and when the pack took up the line the other side of the Decoy, and raced along the bank of the Severn, many were the expressions of surprise at one fox being able to live so long before hounds at the pace we were going. However, there appears little doubt that we did change our fox at the Breakwater on our way back to Fretherne, which we reached in one hour and ten

minutes, having run a good eleven miles! Failing to account for their fox, the hounds were on their way home, when as Lord Fitzhardinge and some friends were refreshing the inner man, a sailor appeared with a fox in a bag, lately captured in the Severn! Sure enough, there was our hunted fox, who had well deserved, and as readily obtained, his life from the Master; but it is believed that if the Eastington individual could then have changed places with the fox, matters might have gone the other way! We may mention that Barlow, the young huntsman, was well with his hounds all day, and continues to give great satisfaction in the field. In the first flight also were Lord Fitzhardinge, Captains Palairot, Johnstone, Kington, Colonel Kingscote, H. Baker, and a bold Berkeley yeoman named Hooper, on a five-year-old. The credit of the fair sex was well maintained by the daughter of a neighbouring Master of hounds who goes very straight, and by the offspring of a worthy senator, allied to the Conservative interests.

25th. Rangeworthy.—A pouring wet day, and a small field. This happened to be the anniversary of the great Hillswood run, and they deserve to be bracketed together. Found directly in the Rangeworthy Gorse, ran at first as if for Yate, turned to the left over the road and brook, to Tytherington, where we were bothered by two foxes on foot, and four couple of hounds got away towards Press Wood. Our hunted fox turned to the left, and went back to Rangeworthy, just touching the cover where he was found, and then running parallel to the road as if for Cromhall, turned to the right as if for Wickwar, where we got a holloa in front, and Barlow lifted the hounds on to an orchard to the left of the village, where they took up the line, crossed the railroad and brook close to the new bridge, and then crossed the Charfield road, bending to the right as if, after all, he wished to pay a visit to the Lower Woods. But this good fox had nobler intentions in view; and turning again to the left, he set his head for the hills, and ran over a beautiful line of grass to Alderley, which he reached in one hour and forty minutes from the find. They marked him in under a haystack; and, as we had been in the Badminton country since Wickwar, digging was out of the question, well as had both huntsman and hounds earned their fox. General Hale's larder and cellar were invaded by the few who appeared at the finish, including Captain Palairot, Major Chapman, Messrs. Burges, Broad, R. Miles, Hooper, Jenkinson, Sam Young on the old Bean-Planter (slightly out of his latitude), and Chapman of Almondsbury. We were also glad to recognise Mrs. Richardson—driven away, presumably, by the Windsor floods, but holding her own in a foreign land with her well-known prowess.

There are very few hunting men who have not heard of Jack Musters, and there are a great many who have seen him. Certainly nobody is better known in Leicestershire and Notts, and they all know what a keen good sportsman he is. Now, they can all have a most pleasing recollection of him by getting 'The Great Run with Mr. Musters' Hounds, on February 16, 1872,' published by Allen, of Nottingham and Ave Maria Lane. The photographs of the Master and his men are perfect, and the sketch of Mr. Musters on Waggoner is most spirited and exactly like him. We may be guessing, and hope we are divulging no secret, but the initials G. R. W. in the corner lead us to think that it is the work of George Robert Winter, formerly of Brasenose and the clever artist of the 'Oxford Drag in 1848.'

George Champion, who, fresh and hearty as a juvenile, completed his half-century on the 10th December, has a habit of applying the personal pronoun to

his hounds. Thus, being asked what kept him away from the 1st June meeting of the Hunt Servants' Benefit Society, he replied, 'I had the distemper so badly, and was just then in the kennel night and day.'

Speaking of others, the same amusing habit recurs. Farmer Ade is known to be one of the most zealous of fox-preservers. 'Ah! he is just about a right sort,' remarked Champion; '*he always has a litter on him.*' Pleasant times for the worthy South Downer!

Only a few months back—it was in April last—we had the pleasure of adding the portrait of that good sportsman Mr. Samuel Reynell to 'Baily's' gallery, and writing a brief account of one so well known and loved, not only in his own country, but on this side St. George's Channel also, and now we have to record his premature decease. He died suddenly at Archerstown, Co. Meath, on the 11th of January, being only in his 62nd year, and was buried on the 16th in the family burial ground at Reynella, over one hundred carriages and cars following the hearse, while apparently the whole peasantry of the county were present, anxious to pay the last tribute of respect to one so much respected. There were the familiar faces, too, of hunting men from all parts of the United Kingdom, and the expressions of regret at his almost irreparable loss were loud and sincere. He had been out hunting, and going with his usual keenness, only two or three days previously, so the blow was as unexpected as it was sudden. We have so lately paid the deceased gentleman the humble tribute of our admiration in the columns of this magazine, that we should but repeat ourselves if we added more now, but we extract from 'The World' a brief and kindly notice of him that says in a few words exactly what the man was: 'A splendid star has fallen from the Irish hunting firmament (though perhaps a planet would be a more correct designation for an orb so constantly in motion) . . . Mr. Reynell belonged to a generation of sportsmen who made Ireland the splendid hunting ground which she now presents, who saw her capabilities and availed themselves of her resources. He had all the virtues of his caste—hospitality, frankness, open-heartedness, and high courage. The hunting world, and Meath especially, recently recognised his services in a really splendid testimonial, and hunting is temporarily suspended in that county in consequence of his death.'

A name familiar to chess-players far and wide—R. B. Wormald—has passed away from amongst us, and we who had the privilege of knowing him intimately have to mourn the loss of a valued friend; cut off in the prime of life, his memory will be cherished by those who knew him best, for years and years to come. Mr. Wormald was descended from a good old Yorkshire family, and took kindly to sport from his earliest days. When at Oxford, where he graduated, he was looked upon as a promising athlete, and was on one occasion, we believe, one of the selected eight to row against Cambridge in the great University boat-race. For some years past, it will be remembered, he has held the post of referee in connection with that popular annual contest; in other aquatic fixtures he has also taken a prominent part, and in many branches of sport his pen has found ample scope for vivid and faithful description. He was an enthusiastic fisherman, and loved to talk of the exploits of his boyhood days on the banks of the Wharfe. As an accomplished scholar and kindly gentleman he had few equals, and it is with unfeigned sorrow we pen these lines, recording in a few simple words his early and much-lamented death.

We are indebted to Colonel Hutchinson for a new edition of his valuable work on the breaking and training of sporting dogs. The author has evi-

dently made himself thoroughly master of his subject, and all good sportsmen will know how to appreciate the practical details with which the book abounds. All that it is necessary to know to bring up a dog in the way he should go is fully explained here, and from the extensive experience of the writer, the whole of the contents will afford not only much useful, but also much interesting reading.

If enterprise and good management are essential to success in catering well for the public in the way of hotel accommodation, then the Granville Hotel at Ramsgate—or St. Lawrence-by-the-Sea, as it prefers to be described—ought to be one of the most popular institutions in the country. As a rule there is great room for improvement in the abiding places which we most affect, but for comfort, elegance, and cleanliness this particular hotel can boast of few, if any, superiors. We notice, too, that arrangements have been made for running, until further notice, a first-class special express to Ramsgate every Friday, by the South-Eastern route, for the convenience of visitors desirous of spending a few days at this healthily situated and really admirably conducted establishment.

A gentleman in —shire, raised to that dignity by his means and marriage, was asked by the neighbouring M.F.H. whether he might draw his coverts. The reply, though not displaying much venatorial knowledge, was at all events practical: 'Oh! certainly; but pray don't come in a frost, for I am so fond of SNIPE SHOOTING.'

'What a lot of accidents in the hunting field this season,' is a universal remark, and continue they must if men will become horsebreakers, sell off all their horses in the spring just to avoid three or four months' summering, and have to risk their necks in consequence—too often fatally, as we deeply regret to admit, when schooling young or uneducated quadrupeds.

The 'Saturday Review,' in a caustic article on hunting, says, under date of December 23rd: 'As regards the expense of hunting, it is impossible to fix a limit to it, since it varies so much with circumstances,' &c., &c. That day fortnight the narrator—an old ex-secretary—happened to admire a stranger's horse (generally a safe stepping-stone towards some coin): 'Yes, I gave a hundred and twenty for him.' And 'Do you propose to hunt regularly with us?' was the next question. 'Not very; for, to tell you the truth, my brother and I intend to give five guineas between us to the West Kent.' Cheery old Dick Russell, won't he like those men!

An old foxhunter of our acquaintance being asked by a colonist what he considered the most enjoyable thing in English country life, answered, 'A good run with foxhounds, undoubtedly.' 'And what next?' 'Why, a bad run with foxhounds.' 'And then what?' 'Well, I should say, to be out with foxhounds and get no run at all.' Surely hunting must have become the business as well as the pleasure, and evidently the mania, of this worthy old gentleman's life.

Of all the numerous witticisms of Mr. Justice Hawkins, one of the last was not the least ready. When a certain Earl recovered 500*l.* and costs from a well-known horse-dealer for breach of warranty, the verdict entered was for the plaintiff, with liberty to defendant to move. 'I hope that will include the horse, my lord,' remarked the then Q.C., 'for he's been standing in the stable since this action began.'

Is a hunting wife a blessing and an honour to her husband, or is she the means of sometimes causing him to look small? In Leicestershire the other

day, while the Quorn hounds were running fast they came to some very high strong rails, which the husband of a fair lady, both of them being well up at the time, thought were far too big—for his wife, of course. Seeing a countryman close by, he called to him and said, 'Here, my man, I'll give you a shilling if you will pull down that top rail.' But said the wife of his bosom, 'Oh, never mind, Charley, I can get over that,' and putting her horse at it in a very determined manner, she did, and Charley was obliged to follow. This puts us in mind of the reply of another Diana to her spouse that we heard a few years ago when out with the Oakley. There was a check after a quick twenty-five minutes, and up came the husband (we fancy he had been macadamising) at a tearing pace and anxiously inquired of Diana where she had been. 'With the hounds,' was her simple reply.

We have received a copy of the winter edition of 'Ruff's Guide,' now the property of the proprietors of the 'Sportsman,' and congratulate the new owners on its appearance. It is now bound in good stiff covers, and no longer presents the ragged, bethumbed appearance that the 'Ruff' of past days did after a week's use. Inside, everything has been most carefully compiled, much new information given, and though the type is of necessity small, it is exceedingly clear. It is a very handy, neat volume, and does credit to the office of the 'Sportsman.' We are glad to hear, too, that in the spring edition a list of trainers, jockeys, their addresses, employers, and masters will be given. We have missed it of late years, and there are now so many new boys who ride, springing up every year, that we often feel at a loss to tell what are the names of our future Fordhams and Challoners, and where they come from. This list will make 'Ruff' perfect.

With twenty-nine years of vitality to its credit, 'Who's Who' for 1877 makes its bow to the British public, and places its store of facts and information at the service of its friends and supporters. Every name in the peerage, baronetage, legislature, or with a distinguishing bracket of any kind will be found in its proper place, associated with date of a thoroughly reliable character. Of its other merits we will not speak; it is simply an indispensable companion to everybody who wants to know who's who.

Our Fire Assurance Correspondent tells us the following:—A gentleman insured his furniture, and his own and his wife's wearing apparel, for 200*l.*; she accidentally fell on the fire, injured her clothes, and her teeth also fell into the fire and were destroyed. The parties claimed 20*l.* for the clothes, and 10*l.* for the teeth, declaring them to be part of her wearing apparel; the 20*l.* for clothes was at once admitted, but the teeth stand over. The office, however, being very high class, she will probably be enabled to buy a new set.

Messrs. Steel, Peach, and Alcroft left London a few days ago for Paris, *en route* for Nice.

The new edition of Walford's 'County Families of the United Kingdom' has just been issued by Messrs. Hardwicke and Bogue. When we mention that it contains information concerning about twelve thousand of our leading families, it will be readily understood that the annual task of the editor is no light one, and we must congratulate him upon the success with which he has accomplished it. The work is doubtless familiar to most of our readers, and needs, therefore, no words of praise from us; but to those to whom it is not yet known, we would say that they will find it exceedingly useful; indeed it is a volume which should find a place in every drawing-room, library, and club.

A new cab has been launched, an improvement, so say the patentees and builders, the Messrs. Shanks, on the ordinary hansom. In principle it is the

hansom reversed, and the fare will have the advantage of sitting in that much-coveted position, in a railway carriage, 'the back to the engine.' The Messrs. Shanks, who are so favourably known to coachmen as the builders of some of the easiest drags that roll along Piccadilly, claim for their patent, 'the 'Linton cab,' that it is much lighter, requires less iron-work, and that the sway, so punishing to the horse in the ordinary hansom, will be avoided. We are bound to say that every one who has given the cab a trial has expressed the greatest satisfaction with it; and there is one great advantage it possesses, passengers can get in and out of it with the greatest ease—you neither need soil your skirts if a woman, nor crush your hat if a man.

Some writers have been prophesying that the rinkomania will soon become a thing of the past, but though there are some signs of the *furor* for the pastime having abated, it still flourishes, and there has lately been an important addition to the many rinks with which the metropolis abounds. Mr. Cleaver, a gentleman to whom the world is indebted for the production of a fragrant soap bearing his name, has opened on the site formerly occupied by Dungannon Cottage, and opposite what (we hope we may with truth say) was once Knightsbridge Barracks, a spacious marble rink, the largest in London, most convenient in its arrangements, chaste in the matter of decoration, and having a permanent and most excellent band. The situation is undeniable; there is a very influential committee, who, in conjunction with the proprietor, will take every care that the place is conducted with every regard to respectability; and Captain Hawksley, who has rather a speciality for getting up rinks, is the Secretary. If anything revives the energies of rinkualists it ought to be the marble floor of Dungannon Cottage and its excellent band.

The Road Club celebrates its second anniversary dinner on the 8th of this month, the Duke of Beaufort, President of the Club, in the chair. A goodly gathering is expected, including, among others, Sir Henry de Bathe, Marquis Omer Talon, Colonel Armytage, Lord Arthur Hill, Sir Talbot Clifford Constable, Major Rolls, the Earl of Lonsdale, Mr. Carter Wood, Dr. Hurman, Major Furnivall, Captain Greatrex, Captain Hargreaves, &c. The *chef*, we hear, is on his mettle.

The theatricals at Rufford Abbey last month were a great success. Mrs. Monckton took her audience by storm as Anne Carew in 'A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing,' and Lady Sebright was Keziah Mapletost. Captain Hughes Hallett as Jasper Carew took high honours; but we hear Mr. L. Twiss was the hero of the two performances, and his Colonel Berners in 'Cut Off with a Shilling' and Gerard Vivian in 'Tears' are described to us as perfect. Rufford has been very gay this winter.

Old John Press is not so bright in health just now as we could wish, but it must be a comfort to him to know that nearly 1100*l.* were readily collected in answer to the appeal contained in the 'Van' and numerous other branches of his namesake; better than all, this solid fund will form a substance for the next generation. May many years have rolled on before they inherit it!

All interested in the horse should pay a visit to the new stable recently erected by the St. Pancras Iron Work Co., at their works, St. Pancras Road, King's Cross, London, where the many important inventions and improvements introduced by this company are shown in the most admirable manner. The stalls and loose boxes in this stable are each fitted, drained, and paved in a different manner, and therefore exhibit at a glance all the various styles of work required in stables for hunting, racing, hack, and even cart and dray

horses. Among the more recent and important inventions shown are those relating to the paving and drainage of the stable, by which, while a good foothold is secured for the horse (a most important consideration, too often neglected), the rapid flow of all drainage and moisture from the floor of the stable to the underground drains is effectually secured. In the feeding arrangements the comfort and safety of the horse have been well considered, and in all the fittings shown care has been exercised to avoid all projections or irregularities of surface by which the horse might possibly damage himself. Attached to the stable is a harness and saddle room, lined, warmed, and fitted in the most complete manner. We therefore cordially recommend our friends to pay a visit to the St. Pancras Iron Works, where they will see much to interest and probably instruct them.

This is an age of testimonials, many of them so injudiciously bestowed as to raise a prejudice against the very name; but we feel that we shall have the sympathy of the sporting world with us when we announce that a substantial testimonial is to be presented to Mr. W. G. Grace, the greatest cricketer of this or any age. It was fit and proper that such a scheme should have originated in Gloucestershire, the birthplace of Mr. Grace, and the scene of so many of his greatest triumphs. Lord Fitzhardinge has taken the matter in hand, and, in conjunction with the Duke of Beaufort and the leading names (both civic and otherwise) of Bristol and its neighbourhood, there can be no doubt that a large subscription will be forthcoming. We 'old fogeys,' who can remember the days when the Grace family first began playing matches on Rodway Hill, are able to recall the deeds of Fuller Pilch, Wenman, and Lillywhite; but we do not believe that even our esteemed contributor from Mitcham, whom we always regard as the chiefest and best of old fogeys, will deny to Mr. Grace the position of the best 'all round 'cricketer' that Lord's ground ever saw. Further, we may remind the public, that cricket is a game where the spectator may enjoy the greatest possible treat at the least possible outlay; and that whereas it may cost the amateur race-goer a sovereign or more to witness comfortably a finish between Chaloner and Fordham, or half that amount to see Cook manipulate the spot-stroke at billiards, the modest sum of sixpence or a shilling has often gained him admission to the most brilliant cricket match. We cannot, therefore, doubt that Mr. Grace's admirers will come forward with a liberality worthy at once of the game, and of the gentleman who has done much to raise it to its present distinction.

Mr. Fothergill Rowlands has, we were glad to see the other day, had the vacancies in the Pitt House stable caused by the defection of Lord Marcus Beresford and Mr. Fitzroy very promptly filled up. Over thirty horses are now under his care there, among them Scamp and Pilgrim and some very promising-looking young ones. Scamp has taken to the jumping business very kindly, and under such admirable schooling as he will have at Epsom is likely to make his mark in the steeplechase world. Mr. Rowlands has secured a very efficient stud-groom in a brother of James Adams.

A tale has reached us from a southern county such as the late inimitable author of 'Soapy Sponge' would have rejoiced in describing. A gentleman being anxious that the hounds should have 'sport' when they lately met at his house, purchased the day before a tame fox—a pet of the station-master—and had him turned down in his grounds. After a march through the streets, the ranks swollen by nearly every inhabitant of the town who could ride or walk, the covert where the station-master's pet was intended to have been was reached; but, happily, the hounds were spared the ignominy

of finding the poor beast, who had already started for his home, and, on his way, fell (as was supposed) a prey to a sheepdog, his mangled remains being found near the railway station. Subsequently the above-mentioned gentleman gave an entertainment to the inmates of the workhouse, appearing himself in full hunting costume, and sang them 'John Peel,' waving the fox's brush over his head as he gave the 'View halloo!'

Have our readers ever heard this?—

*'Quand un vin tourne, il aigrit ;
Quand un homme est gris, il tourne.'*

In common with everybody who has even the very slightest acquaintance with Sir Watkin Wynn we have been much pained to hear of his serious illness. We can only trust that a life so valuable, and a nature so genial and true, may long be spared not only to the Principality, but to that large circle of friends who love and esteem him.

A London commercial, young in years and experience, with a villa and a tiny garden at Peckham Rye, has probably a very vague idea of the extent of territory possessed by some of our grand seigneurs. Such a one was sent some time ago into North Wales on business, and on getting into a carriage at — station found only one gentleman as the occupant. The latter was well wrapped up and had his neck and partly his face enveloped in a large handkerchief. The commercial, with the volubility of his class, soon tried to open a conversation, and, looking out of the window, said to his companion, 'Very fine land this, sir, I should say. Do you know to whom it belongs?' 'It's mine' was the response, in a voice that came somewhat thick and muffled from behind the folds of the handkerchief. Some half-dozen miles were passed in silence and then a change in the landscape attracted the commercial's attention. 'What a beautiful mountain that is!—do you know, sir, to whom it belongs?' 'It's mine,' said again the muffled voice. There was a more prolonged silence after this until another ten miles or so were passed, when a bold outline of heather-clad moorland broke it. 'Very grand scenery that, and good shooting, too, I should presume. Do you know whose it is, sir?' And again the muffled voice replied, 'It's mine.' The commercial looked scared, and as they just then reached a station, he jumped out, rushed up to the station-master, and said, 'For heaven's sake put me in another carriage; there is a madman in that one, who declares the whole country belongs to him!' Need we say who was the commercial's fellow-traveller?



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OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

SIR JOHN MARJORIBANKS.

THE subject of our present sketch was born in 1830, succeeded his father three years later, and after his Eton course graduated at Ch. Ch. Oxford. In 1858, he married the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Trotter of Mortonhall.

In 1875 when Mr. Askew resigned the country, so long hunted by his immediate predecessor Lord Wemyss, Sir John Marjoribanks accepted office, and is now enjoying the second season of his Mastership of the 'Northumberland and Berwickshire.'

A CHAPTER OF TRAINERS.

THE levelling tendencies of the age pointing towards abolition of social distinctions are in no case more apparent than in matters appertaining to dress. You can no longer tell a man by the cut of his jib, nor recognise his calling and occupation by the outward appearance. You may distinguish the gentleman from the gent only by means of that innate quickness in catching at details which most of us are enabled by experience to acquire. There is the military swagger, the naval slouch, and the fashionable crawl; but these are mere peculiarities of gait which must be considered apart from distinctions in apparel, which are gradually becoming less, and threaten soon to be altogether extinguished. Formerly law, physic, and divinity all had their distinctive wigs, and the general make-up of each of these liberal professions was recognisable at a glance, whereas in the present day a large section of mankind seems to have for its object to appear what it is not, and to ape the dress and manners of those moving in an entirely different station of life.

Even the parson of moderate views is no longer the 'gentleman in black;' the man of physic abjures the conventional sad habits of half a century ago; and our judges, barristers, and attorneys have shaken off the solemn majesty popularly supposed to pertain to their calling. The moustache and beard, now almost universally worn, have completed the work of abolishing external class distinctions, and almost the sole remnant of conventionality in dress is to be observed among ritualistic pillars of the Church, who, with their sable Noah's ark and cardinal hats assimilate, in all save colour, to our infantine notions of Shem, Ham, and Japhet, derived from toy-shop associations. A fashion set in high places flies through all grades of humble imitation like wildfire, and every one's object is to be as like somebody else as possible, so that, except by force of habit and observation, it is impossible to distinguish between the leader of society, the money-lending tailor, or the family butler out for a day's pleasure.

Among other almost extinct specimens may be reckoned the 'horsey man,' with his cropped head, mutton-chop whiskers, stiff cravat, and general appearance of having had his garments stitched together on the living model. You may occasionally see the groom, of which he boasts to be the counterfeit presentment, chewing the traditional straw at the corners of streets or in the archways of mews, but he is gradually becoming as rare as the dodo, and even a jockey in mufti looks like an Eton boy on furlough, and leaves behind him at home the outward visible signs of his occupation. The jockey naturally brings up the trainer; and he, too, has so far forgotten the traditions of the masters to whom he was bound, as to have discarded the habiliments which formerly betokened his line of life. A few of the ancient order of stud-grooms still linger in our memories; notably the loquacious Ransom, on his brown pony, whose talk at Hampton Court was all of Bay Middleton; and his contemporaries old John Osborne and John Scott, of course, at whose feet we sat contentedly enough one long pleasant August afternoon, when his ancient renown flickered up again for a moment in 'Pretender's year.' The ample-brimmed beaver hat (none of your paltry gossamers), white choker, black flap-pocketed coat, and drab breeches and gaiters of these departed worthies live in our memories yet, and the connecting links between generations past and present are yet to be found among us in venerable Isaac Woolcott (who always reminds us of a sporting parish clerk); but Snarry, worthy servant of worthy master, whose quaintly attired figure, as he followed round with pointed stick some Sledmere bud of promise in the yearling ring at Doncaster, keeping up all the while a running fire of chaff with Mr. Tattersall, we shall never set eyes on again. There is an odour almost of sanctity hanging about these 'past grand masters' of an old world school of trainers and stud-grooms, and when the last of them has been gathered to his fathers, we shall look upon their portraits in Sam's window or in 'Baily's' collection with the same wondering and half-doubtful glance as schoolboys regard the Crystal Palace casts of

antediluvian monsters which clomb their trees and haunted their river depths 'in the days when earth was young.'

On the score both of seniority in age and professional reputation, the Dawson family may lay claim to be representative trainers of the present day, all of them having graduated with distinction in the great Turf Tripos which comprises the classic races of the year. 'Old Tom,' with the merry twinkle in his keen grey eye, weatherbeaten visage and antique snuff-box, is a sort of link between the old school and the new, and we always class him mentally with 'belted Will' I'Anson as Yorkshire veterans of the good old type, and as profoundly versed in all the racing lore and legend which are attached to the bleak moors and windy wolds of the North. The younger trio of Dawsons have gone more with the tide of fashion at Newmarket, and have assumed the habits and tastes of the 'prosperous gentlemen' into which the masterhips of Heath House, Bedford Lodge, and Warren House have converted them. Their elder brother at Middleham merely follows his old calling out of sheer affection for the pursuit of a lifetime; but the rest of this scripturally named family are in the heyday of busy prosperity, and it is as difficult to get a youngster taken in at their establishments as to secure the promise of the next vacant berth at a successful military crammer's. Their manners are courteous, their stable management has passed into a proverb, and their judgment of a yearling is held in as high repute as their irreproachable taste for whisky. Except on a very 'off' day indeed, no one ever saw them in mufti, and they look their best when, flushed with victory, they are walking at the head of a favourite back to scale, or tenderly adjusting the quarter-sheet of a winner.

Having brought our readers to Newmarket, we may do well to look about its corners and bye-streets for other types of trainers, and the last man we should 'spot' as presiding genius of a racing stable is Peter Price, poring over a correct card, spectacles on nose, the beau-ideal of a village schoolmaster on an excursion to Brighton and back for three shillings, and determined to be beforehand with the return train. Arnall, or the 'Jockey Club trainer,' as he has been called, has more the air of a major-domo in some princely establishment; while we have seen plenty such men as Tom Brown (who once could ride a very feather-weight indeed) slipping quietly into Capel Court with a snug commission in hand, and a jaunty air of mingled pleasure and business. Ryan gives one the idea of the particularly smart stud-groom with whom Meltonians go 'stable rounds' on a Sunday afternoon, and looks as grave as if Springfield had gone down to the post for a race a trifle beyond his distance; while Blanton returns with husky chaff the very pointed inquiries as to whether his Lincoln Handicap patent is still in force, and parries all artful side-strokes with the adroitness of an uncertain suitor when questioned concerning his 'intentions' by a prospective mother-in-law. Active Joe Cannon will be recognised at once by his likeness to brother Tom, and so heavy a responsibility as a big stable sits not often so lightly upon young shoulders

—but, as some of the veterans remark, there is a head there as well. Bloss is as grave, staid, and portly as a judge sitting *in banco*, and as full of deliberation and dignity as Tom Jennings is of bustle and banter—Tom Jennings, with his white hat, short stable jacket, buff gaiters, dog-whip, and rather bandy gait, hurrying along, with an eye to the circumvention and discomfiture of touts, and with a quiet chuckle at having sold the fraternity by a rapid change of front in his grey-sheeted squadron. Hayhoe marches up the High with the air of a man who has just turned the box-key upon a Derby winner *in posse*, as well as *in esse*, with a long service in the blue and yellow on which to draw for pleasant memories, and chiefest among them that *annus mirabilis* which will ever remain marked as ‘the Baron’s.’ The younger Hayhoe is a chip of the old block, and jealous in his observance of the Whitewall traditions handed down from sire to son: and there strides across the street, ‘getting him to a ‘Nunnery,’ the stalwart form which has led forth so many of the good old Rufford blood to bear the red and yellow of Savile to the fore, and whose ‘ribston-pippin’ face lightened up from its wonted stolid composure into the suspicion of a smile when Cremorne’s number went first up the Derby slide at Epsom. Enoch has been ‘translated’ hither from the inhospitable training-grounds on Richmond Moor, and looks not a year older since he first took office at Danebury. A clear-eyed ex-jockey comes swinging along on his hack at the head of a long line of steeplechasers, with Grand National winners, retrospective and prospective, in their ranks; and then follow a host of new faces—none belonging to ‘men of ‘mark’ as yet—and a few old ones, whose change of quarters to Newmarket has not yet brought the much wished-for grist to the mill.

Striking northwards again, we find the black and gold of Bowes safe in the keeping of Jem Perren, a staid, solid, square-built professor of the trainer’s art, whose deep voice has startled many a stable-lad going dreamily through his morning work on Langton Wold. It was on a mellow autumn afternoon (to put it in true G. P. R. James style) that this bluff lieutenant of John Scott’s recounted to us the story of the Marquis and his little eccentricities at the starting-post, but the tale is not to be repeated by alien lips. The tall, rather slight figure is young Will I’Anson, a name honoured in racing annals; and taking counsel with his brother-in-law is natty T. S. Dawson, now a full-blown Clerk of the Course on the Northern Circuit, where we hope he may hold many heavy briefs for years to come. From Malton to the shadow of Penhill is a far cry, and we only touch on this ground again to mark the Osbornes, plain, simple men, clad in the garb of substantial yeomen, and holding their own without vanity and arrogance, brought up under an eye which never relaxed its watchful glance—and behold the fruits!—a stable full to overflowing, with worthy and influential would-be patrons knocking at its doors in vain; an unsullied reputation, and the place a byword for order, discipline, and good management.

Broad-shouldered Tom Green, with his good-humoured phiz, is a standing dish at the old-fashioned minor gatherings on the Northern Circuit, and can accommodate all comers, in his rough-and-ready sort of way, on the flat or between the flags, and 'all the tin of Bererlac' is behind the Aragon House 'good thing' when the whisper flies abroad that its master means business. The spare figure and taciturn expression of James Watson are hardly so widely known among the 'craft' as when Squire Watt upheld the glories of Belle Isle, in the saddle room of which the harlequin jacket has been folded away for aye; and there are Yorkshire trainers galore who may be said never to come South at all except on great occasions, quiet, steady-going men, in a small way, getting a turn once and again, but laying no claim to the title of 'distinguished personages.' Fred Bates, who was formerly a Lambourne lad, but now successor to his father-in-law, as commander-in-chief of the Jardine stable, is almost as conspicuous for his aristocratic 'get up' as Robert Peck, and these young 'bloods' among their fellows may be said to have exchanged between Yorkshire and Berkshire. The face and figure of the latter are familiar to us all, whether as tightening the girths of old Freeman, leading Marie Stuart back to scale, or whispering his parting counsel to Webb before giving him a leg up on 'my horse' Doncaster. If we recollect aright, John Scott and the head of affairs at Russley are the only two of their profession who have qualified for 'Bailly's' gallery, and Malton may well be proud of its Nestor and Agamemnon of the Turf. Humphreys is coming to the front in a quiet sort of way, and is generally formidable at the back end; while Clement, who can still ride a useful weight, and has been by the uninitiated mistaken for James Goater, has lately shown us a triumph of the trainer's art in Rosebery, and need never look behind him again. Among the Stevenses there is a great family likeness, and no one knows better how to 'place' a horse, or how to make both ends meet at the end of the season by patiently angling after the proverbially sweet 'little fish' in the troubled waters of the Turf.

There is no more thoroughly genial host by his Ilsley fireside than James Dover, with his dry humour, and fondness for the latest tale and joke; no more cheery greeting in paddock or by sale ring than that of the trainer of Lord Lyon and Achievement, with his square, thickset figure, bustling gait, and face indicative of his having drank the 'rosy cup of health' from the 'bugle' breezes that sweep over his high-built home. By no man have his employers stood more manfully than by Alec Taylor, who should be a veteran, but does not look like it, though it's a far cry to Teddington's Derby day, and there has been more than one 'sweetener of labour' between the narrow, leggy Orlando chesnut, and the very ordinary-looking Craig Millar. John Porter, who may be said to reflect his old master's colours in as broad and good-humoured a mug as ever glowed with satisfaction after the magic 'all right' had been pronounced over a great winner, is as much at home in his garden as in his stable, as let

Newbury flower shows testify, and doubtless he echoes the poet's wish as regards his stable :

' Oh ! could we in this world of ours,
As thou dost in thy garden bowers,
Reject the weeds, and take the flowers,
What a heaven on earth we'd make it !'

Better luck to the orange and purple belt in return for spirited outlays, and may Trent yet run with ale, in honour of a home victory ! Yet another of these ruddy-cheeked brethren of the craft, for here comes Harry Woolcott, chubby as a cherub on a tombstone, and wearing yet the green and black neckcloth, so often winning colours in the short but successful reign of Formosa Graham, whose Oaks and Metropolitan luck has passed into a proverb. We need not to go much farther afield before encountering William Day, with his 'coster' thrown back from meditative brow, the high collar and black choker of a past generation, with tails of his long coat separated by hands in its pockets, as if he ever coveted the warmth of a fire, the waddling, pigeon-toed gait, and 'country cousin' cast of countenance, and stumbling utterance.

'Honest' brother John is perhaps the best-known trainer figure on our racecourses, with his burly presence, blue glasses, and high-pitched voice, and we always envy the head of affairs at Danebury the seat outside the rails at Doncaster which he usually occupies in company with certain other choice spirits by way of privilege. Be the times good or bad, there is no heartier welcome than that which greets the stranger within the hospitable gates of Danebury, where Fortune has been so fickle and uncertain in her visits during a long period of public service. The Goaters are all particularly affable and civil-spoken, albeit they do not proclaim their 'good things' in the streets, as certain of the public would have them do, and a stable always full to overflowing is sufficient evidence of its 'well-recorded' 'worth.' Tim Ansley, who had won golden opinions at Epsom, has migrated westwards into this Hampshire district, with a long string under his charge, and is one of the young England school of trainers, among the ranks of which may be reckoned Richard Marsh, Joe Cannon, and others of that kidney, all taking to business in the morning of life, and working early and late to gain credit and renown. The Epsom division is more numerous than famous, but among those who devote their attention to plating are natty Tom Hughes, John Nightingall, perhaps the most popular 'among them a', the brothers Sherwood (among the few who favour the moustache movement), young I'Anson, F. Adams, and Jones, and a whole host of rising talent on the look out for preferment. Saunders is an old habitué of Hednesford, where both racers and chasers take their breathings ; but there is no Hobbie Noble to attract the noble army of touts, and only an indifferent collection of second-raters sniff the keen air blowing wild and free over Cannock Chase. Perhaps Tom Wadlow is the best known of any of his craft in the Midlands, and with that

tall, spare, and slightly aristocratic-looking form, might very well pass muster for a sporting parson of 'muscular Christianity' proclivities, a confidential clerk to some house of high commercial standing, or its travelling representative.

Looking back at the past, and considering what manner of men were the trainers of some of our quaintly named cracks of former days, we may congratulate ourselves upon having among us far worthier representatives of their calling; professors of their art, combining humanity with skill, and mostly boasting of education far above the brutal and ignorant class to which were formerly committed the care and nurture of the thoroughbred. In the orderly, courteous, and respectful fraternity which instructs the juvenile equine idea in our own time, we utterly fail to recognise the drunken, impudent, and abusive copers who formerly held the patent of preparing race-horses for their engagements. Types of a class now happily extinct among us, come handed down to posterity in novels and stage plays, which, doubtless, portrayed faithfully enough the men and manners of the era they represented; and, doubtless, much of the evil repute which, even at the present day, surrounds the Turf in the eyes of certain of our countrymen, may be referred to ideas gleaned from such old-fashioned sources as those alluded to above. Black sheep there will be, of course, in every fold, but trainers nowadays have a reputation to maintain, and questionable dealings and want of consideration for employers speedily send delinquents to the wall, and empty their stalls and coffers alike. About most of the leaders in the profession there is none of that absurd mystery which is popularly supposed to be a feature of their calling, and though they are naturally averse to impertinent questioning, and object to curious casuals 'feeling the legs of their Derby favourites,' the merest shadow of an introduction is frequently the 'open sesame' to their stables, especially in cases where the would-be visitor possesses the recommendation of some knowledge of their contents. We have never known one who was not open-handed and given to hospitality, fonder perhaps of lingering over the past than of speculating on the future, but delighted to talk over his horses in a rational manner, and only turning the conversation into another channel when the confidence of an employer or a friend stands in danger of being broken.

AMPHION.

A WORD WITH ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ.

WHETHER Παιδαγωγός does or does not more properly mean a tutor or 'bear-leader,' as conductors of youth are called in our day, matters not; let the word stand here, however, as representing schoolmaster proper.

If I am rightly informed, this magazine numbers amongst its supporters, to a great extent, the leading country gentlemen of

England, and as I believe that my information is correct on that point, I can reckon on an audience whose interests are much concerned in respect to schools and schoolmasters.

Without wishing to blow my own trumpet, I may remark that many letters came to hand through the publishers addressed to myself in consequence of two articles called 'Storms in Butterboats,' which appeared in this magazine last year, and to which I did not put my name or initials, because I had a boy at a large public school where the boys take in 'Baily,' and I was afraid that some overgrown bully would make my boy's life miserable if he knew that the article was written by me. I can afford to mention the circumstance without conceit, because the articles were simple memoranda of what—independent of my own experience—I had heard from numberless of the best real sportsmen in England.

Since the appearance of the second article, I have received other letters from schoolmasters, whose opinion I very highly value, telling me that it is almost impossible to keep boys attentive to their work at certain periods of the year, when the sports and amusements engross all their thoughts.

I wonder how many *patresfamilix* have received the stereotyped reports term after term of 'idle and inattentive, and might do much 'better if he chose,' and how many *patresfamilix* have sighed as they drew the cheque for the school bills three times a year, and doubted whether they were getting value for their money.

I believe honestly that to very many boys schools are pleasant *gymnasia*, with a smattering of work, with long intervals of compulsory idleness at Easter, Midsummer, and Christmas. Let any one look at his boy's letters: they are all full of cricket, football, handicaps for running, jumping, and school athletics, which in too many cases fill his thoughts, and shut out all chance of his qualifying himself for the real battle of life.

How comes it to pass that the first thing which we almost all have to do is, directly a boy comes from school, to send him to a tutor or crammer to prepare him for Army, Civil Service, or what not? Is *paterfamilias* very unjust towards our friend *Παιδαγωγός* when he hints, 'in the most delicate manner possible' (as Mr. Chucks the boatswain would say), that he has paid many hundreds of pounds during the five or six years that his boy was at school, and that he went for wool and came home shorn?

Dr. Johnson, as recorded by Boswell ('Tour to the Hebrides'), remarks that schools and class training are only good for clever boys who have been well prepared; and Captain Burnaby, in his 'Ride 'to Khiva,' remarks that the present absurd education of boys, without proficiency in modern languages, is maintained because the schoolmasters would starve if the system were altered. And possibly the opinion of a man like Captain Burnaby, whose knowledge of foreign languages has enabled him to travel through all parts of the world, is not to be despised.

When Lord Shaftesbury and Lady Burdett-Coutts take in hand the

London ragamuffins and teach them and train them, they never make a mistake, for the simple reason that they are heart and soul in the work, and they know that it is useless, unless a machinery is started by means of which every individual boy is watched, and taught, and looked after; but in large public schools a lot of boys drift about like pieces of wreck, with hundreds of inducements to idleness and vainglory.

A very learned lawyer, whose name is world-known, and whose opinion on any point when it is required apart from dry law carries the greatest weight in all matters, told me the other day that he believed that not a third of the schoolmasters in England have any real knowledge of the world, or have the remotest idea what a boy is fit for in after-life, and that he was sure that if a barrister of ten years' standing, who knew the world, started a school with an able staff, without being fettered by any old-fashioned notions, he would beat half the schoolmasters hollow. I think if any one reckons up his old schoolfellows, and remembers who were the master's good boys and who were the black sheep, and counts up the successes and failures in after-life, he must come to my legal friend's opinion as regards the infallibility of Παιδαγωγός in very many cases.

Look at Jones, Brown, and Robinson, who were always in trouble about some trifling breach of discipline, and who never could remember when the Battle of Actium was fought, or the date of the second Punic War, or the position of Troy on the map, and who were always weighed down by impositions—now three of the best and smartest officers in the British Army—men who, when boys at school, had no real vice in them, but who from constant 'rowing' and punishment became indifferent altogether, and gave up trying to please, simply wearing out their life until their commissions were ready—those 'dogs with bad names,' whom half a dozen kind words spoken earnestly and alone by a Παιδαγωγός would possibly have wholly changed. Look back at Smith and Thompson, those 'high-toned' boys, who were always in their place and always with a self-satisfied smile when a master came, and always ready with an excuse for any laches, which was always accepted. Every one knew that they were two shabby, mean fellows at the bottom, and confirmed bullies, who—under the pretence of discipline—found every excuse for licking fellows whenever they could; but they gave masters no trouble, and of course were perfect in the masters' eyes. Look at Johnson, who never rose in the school much, but was the boy who overhauled the cricket accounts, and found out when an overcharge was made for a bat or ball, and who made a little money go a long way, but somehow always had a shilling or two to spare, and who was generous to every one—now one of the first merchants in London, and one of the hardest-headed Members of Parliament. The masters never found any talent in him. No, boys must be placed in classes, and put through one mill and do the same work, which to one is simple A B C, to another the stone of Sisiphus; and the boy who is what masters call a stupid boy loses so many years of his

life, because they have not proper teachers, and very often not enough of them.

I believe that impositions, and thrashing boys except for disgraceful conduct of any kind, are barbarisms of the past. What on earth is the use of a boy up to his knuckles in ink writing a lot of impositions which spoil his handwriting, and which no one ever reads? Of course masters all cry out that they are the best judges of this, but, with due deference to them, I very much question whether many of them were ever qualified to be masters at all. The art of teaching is a very great art, and I believe that tact and temper and patience go a long way before what is called talent.

There are some masters whom I remember with affectionate reverence, but what splendid fellows they were! I remember one who sent for me, and told me that he spoke to me as my friend and not as my master, about something which he had heard at a dinner party, and not officially—two months after the occurrence of the event—and left it to me entirely to tell him or not as I pleased. Of course I came out with the whole truth at once. It related to a great breach of college discipline, and I shall never forget his generosity about it, and how he shook hands with me afterwards, and what kind words he said; and the same man, when I was suffering under a gross piece of injustice from a tutor, who reported me for ‘copying’ in a public examination (which I will solemnly swear I never did or dreamt of doing), and got me turned down four or five places when I was high up in the school, sent for me and told me if I was in the right I must forget and forgive; and although I was not under him, he offered to coach me during the half-year privately, and through his exertions brought me out with flying colours at the next examination in the following half-year, when I was reinstated. Ah, well! he is a man of very great mark now, and I had the pleasure of meeting him three years since at dinner in a hotel and introduced myself to him, and although I had not met him for over thirty years he was just as kind and genial as ever. And what wonderful power that man had of leading boys right, and counter-acting anything like habitual idleness. Always ready himself to promote athletics, in all of which he was a great proficient in every way, he could see with half an eye how certain boys had not the self-restraint to give up an hour or two on a long summer holiday (which really was necessary for boys high up and doing heavy work), and inaugurated for his old pupils who had passed into the upper school a private prize of his own for any boy who would learn by heart four hundred lines of Cicero, on condition that it was not ever learnt in school hours. It was a prize, as he himself styled it, ‘*propter operam in exercendâ memoriâ, horis subsecivis, optime positam.*’ Anything like a hint from that master to a boy to try for the prize was sure to make a new proselyte to his own way of thinking.

Now about this teaching business. How comes it to pass that very often the son of a country curate, who never was a brilliant

luminary himself, sends a boy to school who is well grounded and well taught? Why, for the simple reason that the father's bread depends upon it. He cannot afford to pay a large sum for a private school, and he has to do the teaching himself, and with patience and perseverance he succeeds. At this moment I remember all the French which a patient elder sister taught me five-and-forty years ago and more, but I cannot remember a word of French which I learnt at school in a class; and I remember how at a very good private school, where we only had four or five in a class, how easy it was to learn, though certainly with no small amount of thrashing; simply because the master, who only took thirty boys, stuck to them by day and by night, and taught them himself; and how hard it was in a class of thirty or thirty-five boys at a public school when too heavily handicapped. A man of business who works early and late is nothing more than a guest in his own house, having little time for domestic matters, and has to leave all the teaching to masters, but he has a right to his money's worth whether a boy is clever or backward, and he is wholly at the master's mercy. This is not my peculiar cry, but the cry of hundreds of fathers who are making their way in life, whom one meets daily in club, in railway carriages, and in society, and who tell the same story of high school bills and little education.

Pending the writing of this article, I was talking to a friend at luncheon who was fortunate enough to have a most talented son, who had just left a public school, and who had carried off an open scholarship at Oxford and Cambridge in the same week, and for whom either University was contending, as he is almost certain to be a very distinguished man, and I was congratulating my friend on his boy's success, and he remarked that the boy, though very industrious, had been admirably taught at a large school where the tariff was very reasonable. A stranger, who belonged to the same club as myself, and who was sitting at the same table, said, 'Then you were in luck, sir, as I have a son who was at a school which I heard that gentleman (meaning myself) name, for three years, and the masters taught him nothing, though there was no complaint of his idleness beyond a report every term—"He might do much better." And now he has been nine months with a gentleman who takes a few pupils, and the boy has picked up a great deal of his leeway, and promises to be a very fair scholar; and had he been at your boy's school (addressing the father of the boy who had so distinguished himself) he might now have gone to the University, instead of waiting another year, which, considering that I paid 150*l.* for him before when at the school where they taught him nothing, I think rather hard.'

I witnessed at Edinburgh Castle, a few years since, the value of patience and perseverance. A sergeant was drilling the awkward squad, and No. 7 could not pick up his musket. I do not know the name of the manœuvre, but the men were putting their muskets horizontally on the ground, then standing at ease, and then stooping down to take them up again. Poor No. 7 could not manage it, but the sergeant never lost his temper, and very good-humouredly

said, 'No. 7, you are keeping all the men waiting, and they mustn't go till you do this drill.'

No. 7 was trying his best, and at last succeeded to the sergeant's satisfaction. 'Well done, No. 7,' he exclaimed. 'Once more. Now, men, let me see you do that again in a smart and soldierlike manner, like No. 7.' That sergeant was a born schoolmaster.

They want in all great schools a special school for the awkward squad of all ages, and a very clever, good-tempered, well-paid master over it, and if a boy 'sticks' in his part, no matter how high up he may be, he ought to be sent there for a fortnight or more; and the boys ought to be screened off in compartments, so that the master can see each boy, but that they cannot see one another, and then they should be kept in in the play hours, and specially on holidays, and depend upon it the being shut out from the cricket, or football, or running match will make many boys work harder than all the impositions and floggings in England, and will make school sports what they ought to be, incentives to work, and not pitfalls for idlers.

I remember, too, when I was a boy, that I was reading 'Bell's Life' at home in the holidays, which paper had been sent to me after the Harrow, Eton, and Winchester matches, and, if I mistake not, the briny pump was working in my eyes a little, and the letters began to swim; and the old governor, finding what I was reading, said, 'You were in the eleven, weren't you?'

'Yes, sir,' I said, 'I was put in last to fill a vacancy; but I didn't like to ask you to let me go up to Lord's.'

'I am very glad you did not,' said my father, 'as I should have said No; but you shall go up next year if you do better.'

It was 'hard lines' to have been within thirty-five miles of London and not to have been there. But my father was quite right, as I had done a very indifferent half-year that summer, and I knew it, though he did not 'blow me up' for it; and during the following twelve months the possibility of not being at Lord's put the spurs into my sides pretty handsomely. Fortunately my substitute, who had a hand about the size of a pair of bellows, won the match against Harrow by making a left-handed catch at point, off a ball which would have gone for five, which catch is still historical as 'Buckle's catch.'

Many years ago I worked for some months in a ragged-school in London, at the instigation of some old schoolfellows who were at the bar, and very interesting it was. Of course we could not punch the boys' heads, and the impertinence of some and the stupidity of others were very trying. One boy, by the name of Ash, had a knack when his class came up of walking on his hands with his feet in the air, and I was warned of him; but, remembering how kindness had always worked on myself, I beat him at his own game, for putting his book on the floor and a candle by it, I told him to go on reading as he was, head downwards, and took no notice of his eccentricities; and the boy came the next night of his own accord and told me he was very sorry, and a rare good boy he made.

I do not think it is asking too much to insist that all boys shall be individually taught where requisite; and I do not think it fair of some

masters, by the aid of testimonials and interest, to get possession of old institutions and manage them according to their own fancy, at a large expense to parents, for *the* one great object of making money. Men must become prejudiced by going an endless round in the same mill year after year, and outsiders are just as good judges, if not better, than they are as to the value of the education which they give.

Paterfamilias clamours in many schools for really good French and German for his son, taught as earnestly and as well as Latin and Greek, but he often clamours in vain. French and German masters seem somehow to have an inferior status to other masters, in many schools, and do not carry the same weight.

There is another very important fact for masters to know in schools where there is fagging, which is how much time juniors have for their lessons. It was often a cruel injustice when juniors were fagged at odd times when they ought to be doing their work, and lost many a boy his position. Times, no doubt, are changed now, but when I was a junior a boy lost the best part of two years owing to excessive cricket fagging and general fagging, and really had not enough time to do his work until he had a lot of juniors under him.

There was one admirable institution, when I was at school, which was the system of boy tutors, which the Commissioners, amongst other very many foolish changes, abolished. A boy tutor was an invaluable help; and all the leading prefects had some pupils, for which they got two guineas a year each; and most prefects were very conscientious about the work, as any boy with a high notion of honour felt it his duty to do the work as he had the money, and the boy tutor and pupil often established a life-long friendship. And now a last word about fagging, which I believe, properly conducted, to be the very finest thing in the world for all parties, but which, if abused, is the curse of any school.

Every one knows that it is worse than useless, as a rule, to try and persuade a master that such a thing as bullying even exists, if a case of over-thrashing. We hear of the 'high tone' of the character of the tunder or thrasher, and his zeal for discipline, but you cannot knock into most masters' heads that the very fact of sending for a boy with premeditation to thrash him, and then overdoing it, through temper or any other cause, is plain English for bullying by a coward who abuses his power. Of course there comes a chorus of other masters supporting the head master, and the Press take it up; and many a noodle, who never had practical experience of the system, and who knows nothing about it, writes a long article about 'the lads having ushers,' which is all rubbish. Every boys' school is best governed by prefects or monitors; and there never ought to be an hour in the day in which, or any place over which, one prefect or more has not authority.

The old system, no doubt, is still in force in many schools, which was, that when a master discovered any breach of discipline which

a prefect ought to have stopped, the prefect was the one who had the blame, and sometimes 'lost his power,' and the culprits who were caught by a prefect had the choice of a licking or going to the authorities, as they pleased, and the consequence was that, in nineteen cases out of twenty, a fellow took his licking and there was an end of the matter, and there was no animosity on either side. But then it was done in a manly manner, with the consent of all the prefects. A good fellow always, when on duty, took care to go openly about to give a chance of boys getting away if they were doing anything wrong. Of course there were some sneaks who were always prying about trying to catch victims, and who, with a pharisaical self-righteous exercise of mental torture, would induce others to send a boy to Coventry for some ordinary breach of discipline, as 'disgraceful to the House'; but those are exceptional boys whom the world punishes at a future period, when, in counting-house, office, or regiment, they oppress those who are beneath them.

The power of a prefect should be paramount, and it should be impossible for a prefect and an inferior to act together in punishing a boy for breach of discipline. When such a system is tolerated it ends in disgraceful and cowardly bullying, but when it does occur, not unfrequently the head master talks about the high tone of the boys, and rakes up everything he can against the thrashee.

I repeat once more that I believe that half the idleness in public schools is occasioned by the excessive overdoing of the importance of school sports and amusements, and allowing accounts of them to be sent week after week to the London papers, and to be published in those very questionable things called school newspapers; also by the compulsory idleness occasioned by the long holidays and three-term system, and by the utter want of a scheme by which every boy's nose can be kept to the grindstone until he is doing real good work.

There is no man in England who advocates manly sports more than I do, but it is a melancholy thing to see a young fellow with all the slang of Lillie Bridge in his mouth, and his head full of handicaps and pot-hunting races and gymnastics, and utterly unfit for work at school and for an useful life afterwards.

There is one more thing which I hugely believe in, which is teaching *viva voce*. Many a boy who never could learn a dry geography book would very easily have followed the Prince of Wales's route from Calais to the extreme north of India with a good map and a little aid from an amusing lecture, and have picked up a deal of leeway. I remember how easy divinity became, when a boy went into the Upper School at Winchester, from hearing the present Bishop of Salisbury's half-hour lectures on the Greek Testament every morning, when the boys all took notes with an eye to the half-yearly examinations, in which divinity counted before other books; and I believe that, with many boys who are constitutionally unfitted for hard, plodding work alone, would get over the stepping-stones which to them are stumbling-blocks, by being

orally taught; and I claim, in the names of the very many fathers whom one always hears complaining, and whose names I should imagine to be 'legion,' that when we pay from one hundred to two hundred pounds a year for education, boys should be as well taught as those who go to Mr. Smith's Commercial Academy at a third or even less than a third of the money.

From the account of the last Head Masters' Conference—which always savours somewhat of a trades union—I observed that the masters unanimously voted retiring pensions and annuities to ex-masters. Does it not occur to some of us who are styled 'Governors,' or relieving officers, that the august Conference have helped themselves rather too freely (just as some head masters did, in their evidence before the Royal Commission and Public Schools Committee in Parliament) by making their own position sure and trying to exclude those for whom founders meant their schools, and driving those who desired to participate in the prestige of grand old historical schools into masters' houses at a fancy price, not with a view as to how much parents ought to have for their money, but how much parents will give; and that they have not passed the bottle, especially as regards what *caritas* of pious founders meant *qua* education? Are we to believe that, in their representative capacities as head masters, they are not rather too prone to point out winners of scholarships, and the few who do succeed, as an advertisement for the success of their system, and to keep a judicious silence about a very considerable number of their scholars who pass some years with them, and who come away no wiser than they went, because they were not sent out and dried to their hand? Are we all to believe that head masters are 'Heaven-born,' like the late Mr. Pitt, and that many a vacancy in the headship of a large school is not as eagerly sought for out of love of place and power, and a promised harbour of rest invented by themselves for their declining years, as it is for the privilege of carrying out the sacred art of teaching; and when a much-coveted prize goes in, what they think, a wrong direction, that the bitterness of spirit which some clique or another of masters exhibit towards their more fortunate competitor, whom they attack as deer will a wounded member of their herd, in all holy zeal?

I was, a few months since, attacked by a newspaper critic for being egotistical in my writing, but what is the good of a man writing or preaching unless he boldly states what he knows of his own knowledge, and what he honestly thinks? I do not much care about those who under the anonymous editorial 'we' shower in abuse, which they will not acknowledge, and will not face.

If any one says that an article like this is out of place in a sporting magazine, perhaps he will remember that a very large section of the real sportsmen of England are those who work the hardest, and who treat their sport as a relaxation from toil, and that if they were all polled, nine out of ten would like to see the same thing done by schoolmasters as regards school athletics.

Mitcham, March 1877.

F. G.

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF MR. THOMAS COLEMAN.

(Continued.)

‘ I FINISHED our last conversation by telling you about Lord Huntingtower and Captain Cauty at Penton. I can remember a lot of curious things about Lord Huntingtower, some that will make you laugh. He lived at my house for a long time before he came of age, and kept a lot of horses there. Before he came into the title of Huntingtower he was the Hon. William Lionel Manners Tolle-mache. Once when I was at Tunbridge races (where I always stayed at the Castle Hotel), towards the end of the first day, I saw him up on the Stewards’ Stand, and when the races were over he called out to me, “Tommy, what are you going to do with your-
“ self?”

‘ “ I am going to the stables, to see my horses.”

‘ “ Will you come and dine with me at the Sussex ?”

‘ “ I don’t mind.”

‘ “ Then stay, and ride down with me.”

‘ He had on the course an open carriage and four greys with postillions, and a four-in-hand drag, with a fighting man as guard, who blew the horn or bugle. I drove down with him in the open carriage, and, after looking over the horses, dined at the Sussex.

‘ He said, “ What will you drink ?”

‘ “ Anything you like.”

‘ “ Well, waiter, bring in a bottle of port and a bottle of sherry.

‘ “ I don’t drink port, Tommy.”

‘ I said to the waiter, “ Only a pint of port.”

‘ “ Bring a bottle ; what do you mean by ordering at my table ?”

‘ We dined, and sat until it was getting rather late, when I said,

‘ “ I shall go up now, and have a pipe and a glass of brandy-and-
“ water at the Castle, and go to bed.”

‘ “ Oh, I will go up with you then and have a glass.” As soon as we got out of the door his fighting trumpeter touched his hat, and said, “ Shall I play something, my lord ?”

‘ “ Yes ; play up.”

‘ So he marched after us with his bugle, or whatever it was, until we got into the Castle, when I said, “ I shall have a glass of brandy-and-water and a pipe,” and he ordered a glass of wine-and-water. The bugle merchant came in with us, and got the order to play again. So he began to rattle his instrument. I must tell you that there were a lot of respectable families in the hotel at the time, and it was a house I had used for many years, so I did not much like it.

‘ I said, “ Don’t do this ; people are gone to bed, and I don’t want
“ to be disgraced.”

‘ “ Then—then (he hesitated in his speech) we will wake them
“ up.”

‘ I stepped out to the bar, and begged of the landlord to come in

'and complain. He thanked me, but said he would take the risk of it. After two or three tunes the man said, "The band is on the Pantiles now, my lord."

' "Go down and bring them up here."

' So off he went, and brought them back; six or seven altogether.

' "Sit down," he said, "sit down;" and as soon as they had done so, "you musicians like gin, don't you?"

' "Thank you, my lord."

' "Pull that bell, Tommy;" when the waiter came, "bring in a gallon of gin."

' I again went to the bar, and said to the landlord, "Send in black bottles, and put two-thirds water. These people appear to be respectable, and don't want to get drunk and make beasts of themselves."

' The gin was brought in, and, after they had played up four or five tunes, it raised the whole neighbourhood, and collected hundreds of people round the house. Lord Huntingtower was a very tall man, and as he sat at the head of the table he kept winking at me, and I could not think what he meant. Presently, just as they were in the middle of a tune, he gave the table a hoist with his knees, and pitched it right over into the centre of them, bottles, glasses, candles, and all the lot; and the worst of it was I had to pay for it, and put it to his account.

' I said, "I should like to hear that tune in the open air, my lord."

' So he went out of the house, and told them to play up and go down to the Pantiles. Down we went, and they played again. Then people threw up their windows, and began to call "Police!" as it was in the middle of the night.

' I said, "Here, my lord, you had better come and sit down on this seat and smoke a cigar with me; there will be a row, and I can't afford to have my name mixed up in it, after being known here for so many years."

' "You be hanged; I mean to have a row."

' Then the police came up with their staves, and the fighting trumpeter said, "Shall I go in, my lord?"

' "Yes; go in."

' So he went to a policeman to take his staff away. Then there was a regular row at once, and a Mr. Dan. Bly, who kept race-horses, and who had just then joined us, was collared, but they let him go, and took his brother to the magistrates, though it was in the night; but I slipped away and bolted off to bed. They all had to appear the next morning at eleven o'clock before the magistrate, who was a sensible old fellow.

' He said, "I can only make a racing time lark of it. You are always grumbling when you can't get people here, and when you do get them you aint satisfied. I can only fine them five shillings each for disorderly hours."

‘ “Oh, I’ll pay that myself,” said the Long’un, as we used to call Huntingtower, and so that ended better than I expected.

‘ One curious go I had with him was at Hastings, just as he came into the title. I took some horses there to run, as I had done for years before, on the Saturday night before the races, and on Sunday morning I went to the stables to look them over. The yard was full, and I said to the man there, “Whose horses have you got here to fill the yard so?” He answered “Lord Huntingtower’s.” When I went out I saw his lordship dressed in deep mourning. He said, “Holloa, Tommy, what do you do here?”

‘ “I have got three horses to run. I have run horses at this place for years.”

‘ “Let us go and have a look at them ;” so I walked back with him. As we went, he said, “I have changed my name, Tommy!”

‘ “What is it now?”

‘ “I am the Baron Lord Huntingtower now. My old grandmother’s dead, and I got the title as soon as the blood was out of the old —’s veins. We have got a house here, Tommy ; my mother is here. You may as well come down and see it, and have some lunch.” As we were walking down the Parade, I saw a tremendous fine lady walking along, all six feet high, if not more ; such a fine figure. This was the time when crinolines were in full blow. A short distance behind her was a footman in livery with a great long cane. When we got opposite she looked and smiled, came across to meet him, and said, “Oh ! my dear, “you will go with me, won’t you?”

‘ “No, I can’t ; I am engaged.” I walked on ; and when he overtook me, I said, “Who is that you have got hold of there in a line?” (I thought it was a young woman you know). He answered, “You son of a —, that is my mother, the Countess of Dysart. She is going to church, Tommy, and we will go and have some lunch. We have got the house to ourselves.” Lord George Bentinck said his observation about coming into the title was the most disgraceful thing he ever heard. He was a disgrace to the aristocracy—but he was mad.

‘ One year at the Chatham and Rochester meeting (when I had just won the first heat of a race, which I will tell you about another time), Lord Huntingtower’s servant came into the weighing-room and said, “Mr. Coleman, my lord wants you at his carriage outside.”

‘ “I’ll come presently.” When I went, he let down the glass and said, “Jump in, Tommy ; I have got the yellow jaundice and “I can’t come out.” As soon as I was in, he holloed out to the post-boy to go on. It is a very steep hill off the course, and they could only walk, so I said, “Where are you going?”

‘ “Home.”

‘ “But my horse has just won the first heat ; I can’t go.”

‘ “Never mind the races, come home with me.” I took no notice, but slipped my arm out of window, turned the handle, opened the door, and got out. When he found I was on the

‘ground, he said, “Come and dine with me to-morrow directly the
‘“races are over; take a post-chaise and charge it to me.” He
‘was then living at a lodge at Lock’s Bottom, near Bromley. I
‘took the chaise and went over, as I had promised, and found him
‘walking on the lawn. He said, “Dinner will soon be ready,
‘“Tommy,” and told the post-boy to go and put his horses in the
‘stable. We walked down the yard after him, and as soon as the
‘boy had taken the bridles off, and given the horses their corn, he
‘sent him up to the house to get something to eat.

‘When he was gone, he went up the stable, took the post-
‘horses’ bridles off the stall-posts and threw them over a high
‘wall into the garden, and told the helpers to take the chaise and
‘draw it down into a ditch in the hollow. Then he said, “You
‘“have never seen my kitchen, have you, Tommy? Let us go
‘“and see how that post-boy is getting on.”

‘The boy had finished his dinner, and he asked him how he had
‘got on.

‘“Very well, thank you, my lord.”

‘“Then have a glass of brandy.”

‘“Thank you, my lord.”

‘“Now you must wet the other eye,” and he poured him out a
‘third of a tumbler of brandy.

‘“Can you be at the door with your chaise in ten minutes?”

‘“Yes, my lord.”

‘“Well, if you can, I will give you half a sovereign.” Of course
‘the poor fellow could find neither bridles or chaise.

‘After we had dined, at a little past ten, I said I must get
‘away, as I must reach home that night to have my horses out in
‘the morning. So he rang the bell, and said, “Send down to Lock’s
‘“Bottom immediately for a chaise and pair to go to London.”
‘As it came up he was hanging about the door, in and out, so it
‘struck me he was up to some of his tricks. I slipped out and
‘looked all round the chaise to see if the nuts were right. In the
‘off hind wheel the linchpin was out and the nut nearly off. I went
‘to the post-boy and said, “Don’t take any notice now, but when
‘“you start, go a little way down the lane and pull up. One of the
‘“linchpins is out and the nut nearly off.” He did as I told him;
‘when he was about forty or fifty yards down the lane he got off his
‘horse, and was examining the nut, when his lordship and his
‘coachman came running up; the latter jumped on the bar, ran
‘along the pole into the saddle, and set off at a gallop, shouting
‘“Tally-ho!”

‘I opened the glass and said, “You are a great deal bigger fool
‘“than your master. Do you want to break my neck, you silly
‘“fool?” But he kept on to Lock’s Bottom, and then told the
‘landlord his lordship was very angry with him for sending up a
‘drunken post-boy, which, of course, I contradicted. We got the
‘wheel put right, and I went up to old Newman’s, in Regent
‘Street, changed horses, and got on to St. Albans safe enough.

' One Sunday he came rattling down the road with four post-horses. Lord William Paget and little Captain Cauty, that I told you of before, were with him. He changed at J. Buckle's, the Green Man, Barnet, and ordered four horses to take him on to my place, saying he should not come up by that line again, but by Briant's, of the Red Lion. There was great opposition between Buckle and Briant at that time in the posting business, and of course Buckle did not like the idea of one of his oldest customers leaving him to travel by the other line. He said, "I hope not, your lordship; I should be very sorry to see you travel by that line after your family having been by our line for so many years. I hope I have not offended your lordship?"

"Oh, if you have not got the command of your wife's tongue, that is your fault," said Lord Huntingtower, as if he or any other man ever could get that, poor beggar.

' It seems Captain Cauty had said to him, "My lord, Buckle's wife seems confoundedly afraid you will injure your health by drinking too much at Old Tom's," which he took in a wrong sense, and set his back up at it, saying he would never change horses there again.

' Lord Huntingtower and his party had not arrived at my house more than half an hour when in came Buckle to the bar, and said, "I want to speak to you, Mr. Coleman." I went out, and he said, "Lord Huntingtower says he will not have my post-horses to take them back, as he will go up by the other line. Now I would not have him go up by that line for 50%. That confounded Captain has been and crabbed us."

' I said, "That is all stuff; he is only having a freak with you. I will go up and speak to him. Don't you worry yourself about it."

' I went to the billiard-room, where he was knocking the balls about, and asked, "What is up between you and my old friend Buckle, my lord? He is a very good fellow, and an old friend of mine."

"I don't travel by that line again, or change horses there; if he has no command over his wife's tongue, and allows her to chatter about me, that is his own fault."

' I answered, "I hate her," but it was no use, all I could say; so I told Buckle he seemed determined upon doing as he had said, and I could not turn him at present, but that I was going to dine with them at five o'clock, and if he could wait I would undertake to get the matter settled. He said he did not mind how long he stayed if I thought I could manage it. I told him I would get Lord William Paget and the Captain's assistance after dinner.

' So I dined with them, and presently broached the subject again, saying Old Buckle was still there, very anxious to get the matter straight before he left. His lordship still harped on the woman's tongue.

' I said, "I hate the sight of her; she is ugly and offensive," as she was.

‘That made him laugh. “You seem confoundedly concerned about Old Buckle, Tom. Now, if you will promise to make him drunk, we will have him in, and have it all settled with a bit of fun.”

‘“I should like to see him drunk; I don’t think he ever was so in his life.”

‘“Go and bring him in.”

‘I went out and said, “It’s all right, if I make you drunk.”

‘He seemed to pause over that, but I went on, “You can drink four or five glasses of wine and appear to be drunk, and yet not make a fool of yourself.”

‘“Oh yes, I can do that.” And he was delighted at the chance; but he had not not been in the room half an hour before he poured the wine down pretty freely, and soon was naturally instead of artificially drunk. All he could say was, looking in Lord Huntingtower’s face, as he stood up, “God bless him, Mr. Coleman, he’s so high bred; I have known all his family all my life, and they and the Duke of Rutland have always changed horses at the Green Man. God bless him, Mr. Coleman; you don’t know how high bred he is. I saved up three thousand golden guineas while I was ostler at the Green Man before I had the business; you don’t know how high bred he is; God bless him.”

‘I gave Lord Huntingtower, Lord Paget, and the Captain the office to make a move, when I saw what a “natural” he was making of himself, and got up saying, “Come with me, Buckle, and have a cup of tea in the bar, or some cold brandy-and-water.” They would all go with us, so I made half a glass of brandy-and-water, only just stained, for Buckle, which he tasted and put down, and then went on with the old tale again until he fell asleep. Lord Huntingtower stalked off into the kitchen and got the flour dredger that the cooks flour the meat with, and floured him from head to foot, then he sent Lord William Paget for the barber to come and cut his hair and shave his head; but I stopped that, as I told them I should be liable to an action for damages for allowing it, and begged them to let him alone to have a good sleep.

‘I had to go to the stables, and left him asleep. When I came back I found Harry Edwards, the manager of the bank, had joined them, and they had clipped one of his whiskers close, and three parts of his head as short as they could. I told them they were doing me a great injury; but let them clip the remainder of his hair, as he was such a fright as it was. Then after a great deal of trouble I got him to bed.

‘He knew nothing of what had been done to him until I called him about ten o’clock. I said, “Come, Buckle, get up.” He opened his eyes, stared, and put one hand to his cheek, which, finding bare, he popped up his other hand to feel for his whisker, then jumped out of bed and ran to the looking glass.

‘“What does this mean? What do you mean by playing such tricks with me? I will bring an action against you.”

“ I never touched you.”

“ I don’t care about that ; you have no business to allow such a thing to be done in your house ; you are liable, and I will not put up with such shameful treatment.”

“ I am ashamed of you, making such a ‘ natural ’ of yourself ; if you could have seen what you were like, you would never forgive yourself.”

“ You had no business to let such a thing be done in your house.

“ What am I to do ? I dare not go home to my wife.”

“ You told me you could be artificially drunk ; and in half an hour you talked like a silly fool, as you were. Come, make haste, dress, and get some breakfast ; your wife will soon be sending some one after you.”

‘ I got him down the back stairs into the kitchen, gave him some breakfast, and started him out of the back gates, so that he got into the high road outside the town. For some weeks he threatened to bring an action, but he never did, as I told him he would expose himself as a fool. It did get about though, with a good deal that was not true, as Briant, on the opposition line, made a handle of it, and it was in the newspapers. This was through Lord Huntingtower trying to imitate the Marquis of Waterford ; but the Marquis’s tricks were harmless, and he paid well for his larks. He first came to my hotel when the steeplechase in which Moonraker beat Grimaldi took place, in which race, by-the-way, the verdict would have been reversed, had it not been for my singing out to Dan Seffert, who was on Moonraker, to sit tight when he nearly fell off at the last fence, the horse jumped so big. Captain Beecher and Osbaldeston followed me over an easier place. Seffert just saved himself, and won through the horse’s gameness. The Marquis of Waterford drove his phaeton and pair over a low new-made hedge in the field next to my paddock ; he was just fresh from Oxford then.

‘ Huntingtower was a very different character ; always ready to get money from any one, even if he had a thousand pounds in his pocket, and by no means particular about paying it back. He never lost a chance of borrowing, if he could see it. One day he said to me, “ Tommy, will you go over with me to Hemel Hempstead to old Smith’s, the banker ? He knows me and my family, and he asked me to go over and lunch with him. I think he is good for a thousand.”

‘ I said, “ I don’t mind going.” I was thinking he would pay me a hundred or two of his account, but he did not do that. We went over, and Mr. Smith gave us a capital lunch, and lent him a couple of thousand, taking his bill for it, and was never paid. So you see I was not the only one who had confidence in him when he first came out. There were lots trying to get hold of him, he being the only child of a nobleman with a rent roll of 90,000*l.* a year. He was a bad-principled man, and used to say he would gladly give 500*l.* to the first person who brought him the news of his old governor’s death.

‘He said one day to me, “Tommy, you want a better piano for your daughter.” I had a grey cob, a good hunter, that his tailor used to ride, about a 35-guinea one, also a very handsome dapple grey horse, five years old, sound, and clean on his legs, worth 125 guineas. I said, “I will play you a game at billiards, my lord; my grey cob against a 35-guinea piano.” We played, and he won, when I said, “You have got the best cob in the hunt, my lord.” “I played for the grey five-year old horse,” said he, and bore me out that he had done so.

‘“Upon my soul, my lord, I played for the cob; now take which you like, but it is not likely I should play 125 guineas against a 35-guinea piano.” However, he took the horse, and I did not like to quarrel with him, as he owed me so much money. In hope of getting the horse back, I said, “What shall I play you against the grey horse?” But he said he would not risk losing him, as he should buy another to match him for his team.

‘I knew he had a lot of plate and owed Rundell and Bridges a bill, so, thinking he would give me an order on them to get it if I won, I said, “I am short of plate, my lord, and I will play you a game; one of my silver cups against fifty pounds’ worth of plate.” He agreed, and won that. I had only two racing cups, and I brought them both into the billiard-room, and said, “Now take which you like; or I will play fifty or a hundred up to see who takes them both off the mantelpiece.”

‘“I will not run the risk of losing it again. I shall lock it up in my bedroom and take it home to show my mother, and tell her how I have got the best of you. Now, Tommy, as I have won the grey horse, I will play you for the best 125-guinea piano Broadwood can make against the grey cob.” That I won, but never got it. Then we played for a new suit of clothes with a great coat, that I won. Played double or quits, and that I won, but never had them. They were to be made by Mr. C. Carlow, and I have the written order for them. Then we played for saddles and bridles, horse rugs, boxes of cigars, but the worst of it was he took all he won of me and I never got a penny for what I won of him. He had hundreds of me when he could not get it elsewhere, and made my house his home, living there with his servants and horses and giving dinners to his friends. Then there were training expenses and paying stakes for his horses, and three racehorses he bought that I had claimed at two and three hundred each—the Chymist, Victoria, and Bristolian, besides a hunter he gave to Cauty, and harness horses. All I ever got from him was a bill, the only good of which was to make pipe-lights. He owed me 13,600*l.* when he died, for every sixpence of which I have vouchers, and never could get a sixpence, though his father is so rich. Little Captain Cauty, the friend of Lord Huntingtower, behaved much more honourably, although he was always looked upon as a sharper, and, as I told you, was the brother of the notorious Bill Cauty, “King of the Pickpockets.”

' We called him little redbreast, because he wore a red waist-coat, and used to strut like a little cock-robin. I had a new race-van building at Wilkins's, the coach-maker at St. Albans, as I wanted a lighter one, and said on one occasion to Cauty, "Let us walk down to see how Old Wilkins is getting on with the new van;" so down we went and there saw a very nice chaise. I asked, "What is the lowest price of this chaise, Wilkins?"

"Fifty guineas, Mr. Coleman; it is a good one."

"It is a good one," replied Cauty. "I should like such a one."

' Walking back I said, "My little redbreast, I will play you a game of billiards for a waistcoat?" He accepted, and he beat me. I said, "I have a good mind to play you a game for that new chaise at Old Wilkins's, if you will give me a few." I wanted twenty, but he gave me fifteen, and I beat him, when he walked down at once to Wilkins and paid him 52*l.* 10*s.* for the chaise, and I considered this honourable. At any rate the sharper was better than the lord, even if, as Buckle said, "he was so high bred."

' I had another unprincipled fellow just after Lord Huntingtower, that I lost a lot of money by, T. P. O'Seson. He came out steeple-chasing, and was owner of the horse called Greyling, a very good one, which he rode in the steeplechase that poor old Grimaldi won, and dropped dead just after he passed the post, for which I always blamed myself, as I set them to finish in deep ground where there was a bank the public could stand on and have a good view. He ruptured a blood-vessel near the heart, and died in consequence. The owner of the second horse wanted to claim the stakes, because Beecher did not return past the post to weigh in; but I would not hear of it, and paid them to the owner of Grimaldi. At the starting-post, when I collected them all, Mr. O'Seson, who was riding his own horse, for which he had given 400*l.*, declared that if he was killed in the race he left 10*l.* apiece to all the jockeys, and his horse, the Greyling, to me. I followed them and kept my eye on him especially, but he took very good care about that: he had not the courage to ride at any dangerous place. The second fence they came to was a new made hedge into a wide green lane leading from the St. Albans highroad to Redburnbury; his horse jumped the hedge and landed nearly half across the lane, but he rolled off and then jumped up and held him, and stood peeping over the hedge at the others going half a field ahead. I called out to him to mount, but of course he was out of the race, so I left him. His horse would have won with any one upon him who could ride. He was another of the rattlebrain scarecrows who tried to imitate the Marquis of Waterford. I matched one of his own horses against another of his, with him, to run a mile over our course at Gorhambury, and won 10*l.* of him. He wanted to run again for another ten, but I declined. Lord Frederick Beauclerk, Mr. Stephen Smith, the Mayor, and a lot of people went to see the race. And Lord Frederick said, "Why don't you make the match, Coleman, "you foolish fellow? If you don't have his money some one

"else will. I'll set Mr. Webster to make the match for me if "you won't have it;" but it fell through. When we were returning, and I was riding by the side of Lord Frederick, Mr. O'Seson came up and called out to me, "Tommy, I will play you a "game of billiards for 50*l*., a hundred up." I told him I had a headache, but if he would drink a bottle of port wine first, so as to be on a par with me, I would play him:

"To this he agreed, and on arriving home we all went into the billiard-room. When we got there Lord Frederick said, "You "shall have a bottle of my wine, O'Seson. I'll send down and get "it for you." I replied, "Oh no, my lord, I can't stand that, "but I'll let him off by his drinking a tumbler of port." It had no effect on him at all, and when we played I had one of the toughest jobs I ever had in my life, at billiards. Sometimes he was in danger, and would give five pounds to make it a few more up: then perhaps I thought I had lost, and would give ten to extend the game; but it ended by my just pulling through and winning 85*l*. of him instead of the 50*l*. for which we commenced to play. I was no player, but all of them would challenge me, to give me so many up. Lord Frederick Beauclerk was very fond of it, and I have told you how we played for half-sovereigns, horse rugs, rollers, and other things. He was good with the cue, as well as with the bat, a fine race-rider and good all-round sportsman; in fact, a real old English gentleman, and as good a clergyman as ever got into a pulpit.

"On another occasion I won 40*l*. of O'Seson at billiards, but I was a deal out of pocket by him in the end. He lived at my place and had a lot of horses there, but, like Huntingtower, he never paid. He gave 300*l*. for a horse that he had killed at Warwick—I forget his name. One day in the same stable with his horses I had one, the property of Mr. Charles Martin, a brother of Mr. George Martin, the banker in Bond Street. He had one of those cunning teakettle grooms, who said he would not have another horse in the stable where his were. As he was being led out he struck him with a whip across the quarters. I said, "What did you hit "that horse for?" "I don't want any other horses here. My "master will pay for the empty stalls as well as the full ones." "I don't want him to do that, and if you are cheeky I will have "you turned out of the yard and lock the horses up until your "master pays me; and you may go and tell him I said so."

"Off he went, and before long O'Seson came into the room where I was, abusing me, and laid hold of me by the collar; so I rammed his head against the wall, and said, "You shall not go "into the stable where the horses are any more until you have "paid me. I'll lock them up." And I did it. He took a post-chaise and pair and started to London, and very soon came back with four horses, and brought his tailor, Carlow, with him. This man persuaded me to take his bill, not only for what O'Seson owed me, but also to include a nice brown mare I had, clean and

‘good enough to ride in the Park, in the transaction, and assured me
‘that he would soon be in funds and able to pay. But he was one
‘of those bill-rigging tailors, and as soon as I had taken his bill they
‘got the horses away, and I never had a penny. That was the last
‘of my dealings with T. P. O’Seson, and he went to the dogs alto-
‘gether soon afterwards.

FRANK RALEIGH OF WATERCOMBE.

CHAPTER XXXII.

FRANK and Lockwell had been more than a month in this land of lions—the slopes of the Keishan Mountains—killing all kinds of big game, with the exception of hippopotamus (the streams of that hilly region being too rapid and too shallow for that unwieldy beast to take his pastime therein), when they were surprised by the welcome arrival of two officers and a large party of hunting Mantatees, who, for the sake of the game they shot, had accompanied them from the sterile region surrounding the station to which they were attached.

Having heard from headquarters of the expedition on which Frank and Lockwell had started, their two friends, Maltby and Jack Manners, the latter a subaltern in the Cape Mounted Rifles, and both the most expert and fearless lion-hunters in the whole colony, had immediately applied for leave to follow them. This being readily granted, they had used all diligence in their endeavours to overtake them; but such were the obstructions of the rough and roadless country through which they passed, such, too, the herds of countless deer and antelope claiming their attention on every side, that it was just three weeks after their departure before they succeeded even in hitting the track of Frank’s waggon.

‘You’ve come to us in the very nick of time,’ said Frank, grasping Maltby by his left hand, the right being in splints, and resting helplessly in a sling. ‘Our last ox was killed yesterday by the lions, and if it had not been for the refuge afforded by that waggon, they would have nailed us to a certainty. Our two Hottentots and Kaffirs are so terror-stricken that they desert us by night and roost in the trees; so, with none but our two selves to guard the cattle, the lions have made a clean sweep of them, and left neither hoof nor horn to tell the tale. To add to our misery, both our horses bolted a week ago, and by this time have doubtless been secured by the Matabili or devoured by the lions. But what’s happened to your arm, old fellow?’

‘Only a rough scratch from a lioness, that’s all,’ said Maltby with indifference. ‘It happened just two days ago; but I dare say it will be all right again soon. If she had not bitten my gun-barrels in two I could have forgiven the brute.’

'He won't make too much of it,' interposed Manners, 'for the truth is, it was entirely his own fault. The lioness was asleep, and he must needs bowl a stone at her, saying as he did so, that "he should be sorry to take an undue advantage of any brute, and would far rather give it a chance than shoot it while asleep." The lioness, on being thus roused, turned her back and bolted at once; but, awkward as the shot was, Maltby put both balls into her; the one entering the neck and the other smashing the bone of one of her hock-joints. With a roar and a yell, deeper, but not less expressive of intense pain than the scream of a horse in his agony, the suffering brute wheeled round, and dashed straight at him. Unfortunately, he was standing at that instant exactly between me and her; so that I must inevitably have hit him if I had attempted to stop her. A blow in the shoulder from the fore-paw, as he turned his feather-edge to the foe, brought Maltby to the ground like a fallen pine; but as he crammed his gun cross-ways into the lioness's jaws, and so, for an instant, prevented her from seizing him with her teeth, I took a steady aim and sent a two-ounce ball right through her heart. His arm is, I believe, broken; and I hope that will be a lesson to him not to kick up a lion out of his lair, as he would a hare out of her form; never to be such a Quixote for the future.'

Maltby only listened and laughed at this account of his rash courage; adding, however, his deep regret that, from the loss of his best gun and his maimed condition, he should be unable to play an active part in punishing the lions that had made such havoc of Frank's team. Although many a lion had already bitten the dust under both Lockwell's and Frank's fire, the numbers that survived, headed by an old king with a head and mane of gigantic size, had become so daring in their attacks, that neither a blazing wood-fire, nor the report of guns, nor the curses of the natives, availed at all, during the gloom of night, to scare them from the prey; and even by day they lurked in the scrub at no great distance from the waggon, ready to pounce on any man or beast that strayed away singly beyond its protection.

In fact, when Maltby and Manners reached them, they were literally blockaded by lions, and in urgent need of the succour so opportunely brought at that moment; for had it not been for the help afforded by a crowd of friendly Bakones, who followed in their wake, feasting and fighting over the fallen carcases of buffalo, rhinoceros, and camelopard, at the same time scaring away the lions by their noise and numbers, Frank and Lockwell, with their small party, would have found it a most dangerous proceeding to have continued their hunting in that district for a longer time.

Owing to their constant success in carrying off the cattle, the lions had become daily more and more venturesome in their depredations, insomuch that a Bakone woman and child, who were gathering fire-wood at a short distance from the baobab-tree, in the huts of which (built among the branches twenty feet above the ground) they

lived like so many monkeys, were snapped up in the sight of the whole village, then congregated under its shade at mid-day. This, too, happened on the very morning of Manners' and Maltby's arrival.

To exaggerate, therefore, the delight felt by Frank on seeing his two friends approach, accompanied by so strong a party, would be scarcely possible. He almost danced with joy at the prospect of having what he called 'a fair go-in' at the lions; vowing that now he would not quit the locality until he had reduced their number and released the wretched natives from the bondage in which they had been so long held.

Nor was the reliance he placed on those two men ill-founded; both had acquired high reputation in the colony as mighty hunters of the lion; they were of course crack shots; and although the courage of both equalled that of the Horatii, Maltby's intrepidity was said to be of so cool and chivalrous a character that, as we have seen, he would rather throw away a chance than take what he chose to consider an unmanly advantage of the fiercest foe. Jack Manners had no such compunction; he would have bearded a lion in his den with equal courage if need be; but he would far rather have shot him at a safe distance than tackled him at such close quarters.

'If I can only manage to pot that old lion with the big head, I'll crow over you for the rest of my life,' said the genial, kind-hearted Lockwell, who had been giving the newcomers a description of his formidable size and fierce aspect. 'He's more like a lion in heraldry, I tell you, than anything I ever saw in nature; and I verily believe that mane of his will deaden the force of a ball more effectively than the crest of a helmet or even the breastplate of a French cuirassier.'

'I only hope he'll give me the chance of proving it,' said Jack Manners; 'methinks my "Roaring Billy" (that was his pet name for the heavy Lancaster rifle he used) will find out a weak chink in his armour; ay, and give him a bad headache too, if it hits him in the right quarter.'

The Mantatees had lived among lions; and possessing large herds of cattle in their own country, they were well skilled in forming strong palisade fences, such as no lion could storm from without, nor bullock break through from within. A few hours only sufficed for this operation; the Bakones lent a willing hand, cut and carried the stakes, twisted rod-bands over a fire till they became supple and tough as cables, and, finally, helped to wattle and secure the whole, till a circular fence had been formed high and strong as a castle wall.

Within this inclosure were gathered, a full hour before nightfall, at least a score of Mantatees, as many oxen, and half-a-dozen Hottentot drivers, all of whom rested there with as little dread of invasion from the lions as if they had been quartered in Capetown. Nevertheless, many were the hints given from without that the fence was being closely reconnoitred during the livelong night; and

several were the shots fired in response, and at random, from Frank's waggon, though with no effect in the dark beyond eliciting a roar of defiance from the angry and watchful foe.

For the last few mornings Frank and Lockwell had eaten their breakfast in the utmost discomfort within the waggon; but now, reinforced as they were by such strong support, both imagined they should be running but little risk if they bivouacked on the ground near the two waggons, and there enjoyed that social meal in company with their friends.

Accordingly, under the shade of a wide-spreading mimosa, a bountiful supply of cutlets and steaks, hissing on the embers of a clear fire, soon emitted so savoury an odour that the air was impregnated by it far and wide; while, hard by on the sod, such as it was, the four Anglians sat in perfect contentment, regaling on the delicacies of an African forest with the zest of hunters, requiring no sauce to give them an appetite. A couple of swarthy Hottentots, who by-the-by had piled their long guns near them, cooked and waited on the party, doing their work as handily as if they had been trained to it in a French restaurant.

To 'top up' with a pipe is undoubtedly a comforting finale to a morning meal; and as Maltby, who was a cloud-compeller of no ordinary power, had just lighted his briar, volumes of blue smoke were now issuing from his lips and curling in fantastic wreaths round the crown of his head. Hitherto, perhaps, his thoughts had been too intent upon the dainty viands on which he had been feasting; for as his eye caught sight of the two long guns brought by the Hottentots, one of whom was his tottie or after-rider, it at once occurred to him that, with the exception of Jack Manners' rifle, there was not within reach another weapon which could be instantly snatched up and used in case of emergency. Utterly fearless though he was, nay, foolhardy in the face of danger, a sense of insecurity crept over him as he said, 'Well done, Jack; you, I see, are the 'only soldier among us; ready to meet the enemy, come he when 'or how he will.'

"Ready, ay, ready;" the motto of the Napiers is the one which 'every man should adopt on a campaign like this,' replied Manners; 'and forewarned as we have been by Frank's disasters, it behoves 'us at least to be forearmed, lest we too should suffer the like 'loss.'

'Spoken like a book, Jack,' said Maltby, patting him on the shoulder with his uninjured hand. 'We certainly are a pack of fools 'not to have every man his rifle by his side.'

He had scarcely finished speaking when the roar of a lion in their very midst made them start asunder like broken bows; simultaneously, too, before they could rise to their legs, the beast bounded into their circle, and seizing Lockwell by the back, stood over him in an attitude of the grandest majesty.

Quick as lightning Jack Manners grasped his rifle, and sent a ball into him with equal celerity, but apparently without doing the lion

much damage. He dropped, however, his prey, and still keeping his claws upon him, glared around defiantly on the rest of the party.

Frank, who by this time had sprung into the waggon, snatched up his rifle, and, at the imminent risk of hitting Lockwell, touched the trigger, and drove a ball crashing into the lion's head.

Still the forest king stood his ground and held his own right royally, as if determined not to relinquish the prey; when at that juncture Maltby, catching hold of his tottie, dragged him up by main force with his long gun close to the lion, which seemed undecided whether to spring on these two, or keep to his first prey. Darkie then took a steady aim—he was more afraid of Maltby than the lion—fired at his heart, and rolled him over dead upon the spot.

Lockwell's back, on being stripped, presented a frightful spectacle; still, being a tolerably healthy subject, and almost a total abstainer from alcoholic liquors, the lacerations were attended with no serious inflammation, and in the course of a few weeks some ugly scars alone remained to tell the tale. However, that encounter, and the injury sustained by Maltby, brought their campaign in the forest to a somewhat abrupt end; and by slow stages, the team of oxen being divided between the two waggons, the whole party returned without any further dangerous adventure to their respective posts.

It was the big-headed lion they had killed; and on examining the mouth it was found that all the small teeth in front were worn down to the gums; the holders, too, though jagged and blunted, were of enormous size, and confirmed to a certain extent the statement of a Bakone chief, who declared he had known that lion as long as he could remember; and that he had carried off more old men and women of their tribe than the most fatal malady. There was consequently no little joy manifested by the natives on discovering, by the token of his broken teeth and grand head, his mane and all being bigger than that of a buffalo, that the great enemy of their lives had been slain. They danced, they sang, they whooped over the fallen tyrant as if they were going mad with delight at the liberty they now hoped to enjoy.

Years after that event, Lockwell's regiment being quartered in a garrison town on the south coast of England, a ball, attended by a large party of officers, naval and military, took place at the chief hotel, and, as usual, was kept up to a late hour of the morning watch. The tea and accompaniments administered at midnight had long been forgotten by the men who had taken a prominent part in the dance; so a supper of grilled bones and devilled biscuits being proposed, some eighteen or twenty gentlemen sat down to it and finished off their symposium with hunting songs and many a wassail bowl.

Gayest of the gay was poor Lockwell; of all men, as before stated, the most genial and light-hearted on such occasions. His adventure with the lion was of course known to all present; and although on that subject he had always shown a certain reserve, he

was now induced by a general request, which his good-nature could not resist, to exhibit the scars on his back, and to compare them with those of another gentleman in the room, who had been carried by a tiger into a jungle and there frightfully mauled.

The latter wore habitually inside his vest a stiff cork jacket, which, from the injury he had sustained, acted as a permanent support to his dorsal column. Alas ! that very jacket proved more merciless than the tiger's jaws, and as fatal to the poor fellow as the tunic of Nessus, the centaur, to Hercules of old. Not long after the exhibition above referred to, he was invited to take a cruise in a friend's yacht, stationed at a small seaport on the same coast, the party on board consisting of four gentlemen only, including our friend of the cork jacket.

The yacht, by no means a large one, carried a press of canvas, and the main sheet being probably belayed, she was suddenly struck by a squall from the highland, caught aback, and before they could let go the sheet, went down in twenty fathom of water.

All on board were drowned there and then, except the unfortunate gentleman in the cork jacket ; but for him was reserved a far more dreadful doom—perhaps as dreadful a one as was ever recorded in the history of wrecks. Sustained from sinking by the buoyancy of the cork, he drifted and drifted with the tide, now doubtless sighting a sail at a short distance off, but too far to hail her, and now an hungered and chilled to the marrow, borne eastwards and onwards into Swanage Bay, a distance of eighty or ninety miles, where, after many days, he was found, head and shoulders out of water, but all below a bare skeleton. He had probably divested himself of his nether garments, and so soon as he was dead, the dog-fish had fed on him, and picked off his flesh to the very bone.

Better the tiger had made short work of him, than that he should have suffered a death so cruel and so frightfully protracted ; but, '*Dts aliter visum.*'

The country round the frontier station to which Frank was doomed presented for many a league so arid and barren a surface that, beyond antelope, ostrich and quagga, bigger game was rarely to be found. Stunted mimosa-bushes formed the sole and scanty cover of the sandy plains ; while from the baked stony ground, coated with quartz and granite, oozed here and there, but at wide intervals, a fountain so bitter and so impregnated with saltpetre that no vegetation could grow and thrive in such a soil. Priceless indeed was the treasure of a pure well, so rarely to be met with in that thirsty land.

It may well be imagined, therefore, that Frank's spirits, no longer cheered by the company of his friend Lockwell, nor able to enjoy the wild excitement of hunting big game, should flag under the dull monotony of this dreary, inactive outpost life. For more than four months, however, he endured it with the fortitude of a martyr ; and then, to his unspeakable relief, came the welcome news that his regiment was ordered home, and that he must pack up and join it at Capetown without delay.

A packet of letters awaited his arrival at headquarters ; among them several—which almost startled him—bearing the well-known handwriting of Mary Cornish. ‘She could not have received that ‘letter of mine,’ he said to himself, as he read and re-read her correspondence, all teeming with tenderness and love ; not one word could he detect as implying a doubt of his loyalty ; not a syllable to show that the long silence he had observed by not writing to her had wrought the slightest change in her feelings towards him.

Then did a sense of shame sweep over him, as a thunder-cloud darkens the sky ; but it passed away, almost as rapidly as it came, when his thoughts reverted to the tyrant of his early life, the odious man who, so far as he knew, would probably be, if he was not already, master of Heathercot—and, in that case, step-father to Mary Cornish. No ! that would be a connection too hateful for him to contemplate ; better bear the mark of Cain than submit to it.

With this feeling strong as death upon him, he crumpled up the letters into one mass and tossed them precipitately into the fire. ‘There !’ he said ; ‘kindle up that. I’ve gone once through the ‘pain and penalty of extinguishing the flame in this heart of mine, ‘and I should be a fool indeed if I suffered it to be kindled there ‘again. Ashes to ashes ! there, you’re dead now, and so is my ‘love.’

A bright blaze was the almost instantaneous response to this sad address ; but as he stood gazing half vacantly, half regretfully on the burning mass, now expanding through the heat of the fire and being rapidly consumed, he became aware that, in his haste, he had also cast in a letter of his father’s, the handwriting of which he distinctly recognised as it flared up and perished in the flames.

Alas ! had that letter been read, matters might have taken a very different turn, and the idol he had so painfully put away might have again been restored to the innermost niche of his heart. Not only had his father not mentioned Dr. Twigg’s name, but had expressed his fervent delight on informing him that his old friend Barker was about to be married to the fair widow of Heathercot ; and, as the connection would place her in a very different position from that she had hitherto occupied, Lady Susan and himself intended taking an early opportunity of calling and cultivating her acquaintance. The letter then went on to say that he had already met the young lady at Barker’s house, and, being charmed with the simplicity of her manner and sweet face, he owned himself fairly disarmed, and would offer no further objection to Frank’s marriage with so lovable a girl ; adding, too, that the sooner it followed Barker’s affair, the better he should be pleased.

The voyage home was a long and a tedious one—the transport-ship, the rolling old Vulcan, having been detained by contrary winds for some weeks at Madeira ; when at length, by the skilful and courageous conduct of her captain, she managed to fetch Plymouth, the regiment was safely landed at that port. By the kindness of his commanding officer, Frank’s leave was granted to him at once ; so,

hurrying off to Jackman's stables, he jumped upon a hack, and starting straight for Watercombe, arrived there just as dinner was going on the table.

He had gone forth from the paternal roof a mere stripling, with a fresh, comely countenance, more like a girl's than a boy's; his height, too, was then below the ordinary standard of his contemporaries, and, as every one prognosticated, he bid fair to ride under ten stone for many a year to come. But now the Squire and Lady Susan were quite taken aback, and for some seconds failed to recognise the fine, broad-shouldered, stalwart man who, with bronzed face, light moustache, and soldierly mien, stalked into the room behind Matthews, without being announced by that official.

It was a warm meeting on all sides; a welcome home such as they only can understand who have experienced the like happiness. Even Lady Susan's habitually chilly manner gave way, and finally thawed into a flood of tears, as she hugged her only child in her arms, and thanked God for his safe return.

The kennel, the stables, Ben Head, the huntsman, and Tom Franks seemed to be the sole topics of interest to which Frank and his father devoted their conversation during the whole course of dinner and dessert; Lady Susan in vain endeavouring, when a pause ensued, to put in a word edgeways on any other subject. At length, growing weary of the never-ending horse-and-hound talk, and utterly failing to bring it to a close by contradicting or correcting the Squire as he answered Frank's numerous questions about men and hounds, her ladyship rose from the table and retired for the night.

'Well, Frank,' said his father, so soon as the coast was clear, 'weren't you greatly interested to hear of the fair widow's engagement? She is certainly going to do a good thing for herself by marrying so sensible and honourable a man. Then, if she live, as I expect she will, at Buckbury, Heathercot would be the place of all others for you—a snug, little hunting-box on the edge of the moor and within easy reach of all our best meets. Why, Frank, you'll be as happy as a prince there.'

'No, father! Mrs. Cornish may marry that man if she likes; but I'd rather die than live at Heathercot in that case. The very proximity of such a neighbour would be an insurmountable bar to it.'

The Squire looked utterly astounded: his friend Barker being irreproachable, and a man, as he believed, without an enemy in the world, how could he possibly have given Frank such dire offence? There must be a mistake somewhere. Still, as it was his son's first night at home after his long absence, he would not allude further now to the subject, lest it should lead to an angry discussion between them; so, bridling his tongue as he best could, the Squire simply said, 'Well, Frank, we'll talk that matter over another time; but now let's hear some of your African adventures. You've been in the bush, and doubtless have a yarn or two to spin on that point.'

Great was Frank's relief at this proposal; for, whatever arguments his father might have used, persuasive or denunciatory, he had made

up his mind to abjure the hateful connexion which he believed Mrs. Cornish was about to form; and, at whatever cost, to repudiate Dr. Twigg.

He then entered into a minute and graphic description of the hair-breadth escape of Lockwell, rescued by the heroism of Maltby from the very jaws of a lion; of the latter's fight with the lioness and his attempt to cram his barrels down the animal's throat; and above all, of the wonderful colony of Bakones living, beyond the lions' reach, in well-constructed huts among the branches of the baobab-tree. So interested was the Squire by these tales that no further allusion was made that night to Heathercot or its belongings.

But, the next morning, matters assumed a very different aspect. Frank had risen early, and, hurrying off to the kennel, had passed a couple of happy hours in Ben Head and Tom Frank's company; while the former drew the hounds, one by one, and described the blood and distinctive quality of every individual hound. Frank was late for breakfast; but he would have remained on the flags an hour or two longer without feeling the want or even remembering the necessity of attending that meal, if Ben had not reminded him that, in all probability, the Squire would be expecting to see him at his 'table-board.'

This proved to be just the case. Mr. Raleigh, who stood at a bow-window commanding the footpath leading to the kennel, was evidently waiting for his son, and could not help observing the utter unconcern evinced by him with respect to Heathercot, as he watched him leisurely approaching the house, whistling a jaunty air, and apparently as undisturbed by the pangs of love as a newly-born child. 'Can it be possible,' he said to himself, 'that he cares not a button for that charming girl, who has been true as a dove to him, and that, too, for so long a time? No, no! I am loth to believe that a son of mine could be so unfaithful; nay, so dishonourable.'

Nor could the Squire at all understand the abhorrence Frank had expressed for, as he supposed, his excellent friend Barker; not having a spark of suspicion that, all the while, he was labouring under a mistake, and that in reality those sentiments of aversion were intended for a very different man. Altogether, the whole matter seemed a mystery beyond the scope of his comprehension.

After breakfast, however, came the explanation; the Squire could contain himself no longer. 'Frank,' he said, in the old firm tone of former days, 'you are off to Heathercot, of course, this morning. Will you ride Chaplet or May-day?'

'Neither, sir, thank you—nor do I intend going to Heathercot just yet. I ought to have informed you that months ago I wrote to Mary Cornish and begged her to consider our engagement at an end.'

'You did, Frank! Then, on what ground, may I ask, did you take that step?' said the Squire, half astounded by the news.

'Simply because I hated the idea of being so nearly connected with Dr. Twigg, the man about to be married to Mary's mother.'

'Twigg married to the fair widow? Never, Frank! You have evidently been misinformed on the subject. No, our old friend Barker is to be the happy man. It is he, I am delighted to say, who has won the prize. Twigg, who never had the ghost of a chance, was distanced like a cock-tail in the race—at least, so I am informed by Lady Susan, who gets all this gossip from her own maid.'

Frank's eyes absolutely dilated with surprise, as he listened, with mixed feelings of pleasure and remorse, to his father's statement—one so contrary to that he had received from Llewellyn Powell, on which he had acted, as he now found, with such rash and inexcusable precipitancy. 'Fool that I was,' he said, 'not to listen to my friend Lockwell's advice: for by writing that letter I have both inflicted and suffered wounds that will probably carry their scars to the grave!'

'You certainly have made a sad hash of it,' continued his father in a tone of bitter disappointment; for, notwithstanding the reluctant consent he had formerly given to Frank's engagement, he had now from personal acquaintance with Mary formed the highest opinion of her gentle ways, her good sense and sterling character. In fact, he had been frequently heard to acknowledge her, with no little pride, as his future charming daughter-in-law.

'You may ride a horse to death, Frank, before you again meet a girl like Mary Cornish. I saw her only a few days ago at Waldron Barker's, and I doubt much if she knew it then—at all events her manner was unchanged, and she gave me no hint of the break between you. Come, my boy, ride over to Heathercot and see how the land lies.'

'I'd rather not, sir,' said Frank firmly; 'I've cut the tie and undergone the wrench, and now there's an end on't. No man should marry on the dregs of a passion.'

But his father was not the man to give up a scheme readily, when he had once set his heart on it; believing, too, that Frank's character was at stake, his high principle and chivalrous notions of honour prompted him to use every argument he could think of to bring about the engagement again. At length, having discovered through Barker that no such letter as his son had described had ever been received at Heathercot, and that Mary, knowing Frank had gone on a hunting expedition into the wilds of Caffraria, had expressed no uneasiness at not hearing from him for so long a time, the Squire so far prevailed on Frank that he consented to ride over and pay the ladies a visit in company with his father.

But it was a cold, formal affair on Frank's part; he had, as he had stated, quenched the flame, and now it would not be resuscitated; had mastered the passion and expelled it from its once strong hold, never again to return, in like form, to direct and control every thought of his soul. Nor did the tenderness, the love, the rapturous joy, too visibly expressed by Mary on first seeing him, affect in the slightest degree the air of indifference he maintained throughout the interview. It seemed, indeed, as if his whole nature had been

chilled by some hardening process ; just as molten iron is converted into steel.

Had the earth yawned beneath her feet, and closed upon her at that moment, Mary would have been thankful ; but no ! further trials are in store for her, and the bitter cup must be drained to the very dregs.

COURSING.

THE WATERLOO CUP.

THE preliminary coursing meetings of this season were peculiarly unsensational, and hardly one of them produced any decided favourite for the crowning event of February, Mr. Brocklebank's fine puppy, Barabbas, alone having proved himself a fairly safe investment for a stake of such magnitude. The Lurgan meeting in Ireland has been watched with much interest of late years, and no wonder, since the Irishmen sprung such a mine upon coursing votaries with the redoubtable Honeymoon ; but this year, beyond showing up the form of Mr. Hornby's kennel, as represented by Hematite, and of Cigarette, the contest for the Brownlow Cup was devoid of the usual interest and influence, and Honeymoon, it transpired, would not again be a competitor at Altcar. Still there were many good young greyhounds in the field, and it was generally thought, by those best qualified to know, that the Waterloo Cup of 1877 would in all probability be won by a first-season greyhound. To avoid a possible interruption by frost, and a probable prevention of the coursing altogether, the Newmarket men held their meeting much earlier than usual and in advance of their Lancashire brethren, a proceeding which enabled them to bring off the champion coursing without let or hindrance. The meeting was wholly uninteresting except to the immediate competitors, regarded from a sporting point of view ; but the draw dinner, under the presidency of Mr. Swinburne, was sadly remarkable for the absence of many well-known coursers whom death had stricken low. Notably among these was Mr. J. S. Bland of Isleworth, who for so many years had been among the most familiar and popular forms at Newmarket, and indeed on all public coursing grounds. To mention the names of all whose absence was mourned would be fruitless and out of place ; but, as if to give additional gloom to the season, it has to be recorded and regretted that on Christmas Day Mr. Charles Morgan of Edmonton breathed his last. It may be remembered that this gentleman won the Waterloo Cup with Magnano only a few years ago, and that his kennel of greyhounds has since been disposed of at Aldridge's by order of his executors. The Brigg meeting, over the estate of Sir John Astley in Lincolnshire, was as usual a great success, and the victory of Conster in the Elsham Cup made her a tolerably prominent favourite for the great event at Liverpool when

it became known that it was likely she would run in the nomination of Colonel Goodlake. This meeting was rendered somewhat sensational by the unexpected, and, as many said, fluky defeat of Mr. W. H. Clark's Birkdale, by Cavalier out of Carlton, running in the interest of Lady Astley, after something like 400*l.* had been offered for him with his chance in the stake for which he had been, up to the time of his being put out, running remarkably well. Nothing serious or indicative was done in the way of betting until the new year was well aired, and the candidates for the various nominations pretty accurately ascertained. Even then speculators held back unaccountably, and Mr. J. H. Salter's *The Squatter*, from his highly respectable performance of last year, sprang into the first place in the betting quotations, and held the position safe against all competitors. The Altcar Club meetings failed to throw their usual light upon the momentous question, and very little anxiety was manifested to learn what gentlemen would nominate in place of Mr. Colman and others who had sent in their nominations to the Committee. And yet, as has been already remarked, many of the most 'astucious' thought that a first-season greyhound would win, despite *The Squatter's* terrible reputation. It may be mentioned that the Upper Nithsdale Club (Thornhill) meeting showed Mr. Irving's Miss Nicholson and Mr. Smith's Scrag—the latter gentleman having recently received a nomination for Waterloo—to be in excellent form, the pair dividing the Nithsdale Stakes for thirty-two puppies of 1875. This meeting was held at the close of January, and was therefore important as it was also successful and well patronised. But one meeting of importance, in fact, was now left, that of the Ridgway (Lytham) Club, and with a brief notice of this we may proceed at once to the great business of our article.

Naturally, Ridgway being the last English meeting immediately before that of Waterloo, much was expected from its result, both as to actual qualifications of competitors and probable intentions of nominators. Thus regarded the last Ridgway meeting must be pronounced a comparative failure, for the entries fell far short of expectation and those of previous years, and the position of the favourites in the betting quotations was but very little affected by it. Mr. Haywood again made his mark here by dividing the North and South Lancashire Stakes with his Revalenta against Mr. Brocklebank's Bombard. Both these gentlemen have all along said that their kennels possessed superiors to these greyhounds, the latter in Barabbas and Beeswing, and the former in Rondeletia. In the Clifton Cup, however, at this meeting, Rondeletia was put out in the first course by Mr. Briggs's Beardwood, but there was no ignominy attached to the defeat, as it was a short thing which never ought to have been decided. Mr. Briggs carried off the Clifton Cup with Beardwood, and divided the Peel Stakes with Bulrush, both sons of old Blackburn. These results showed intending speculators at least that considerable danger was to be apprehended from Herefordshire, and that the glories of Rebe and Royal Seal might yet again be emulated, or

that the kennel which once produced a Bed of Stone had not forgotten the trick of breeding and training winners of a Waterloo Cup. The correctness of the October running at Lytham was singularly well confirmed; as at that meeting Revalenta divided the South Lancashire Stakes with Braw Lass, and Bombard the North Lancashire with another of Mr. Briggs's. 'The 'B's have it' seems to be the order of things here, and Blackmore, Blackburn, and Mr. Brocklebank may be almost said to 'farm' the coursing. Mr. Swinburne, no despicable judge of a good greyhound, purchased Ruperra, an own sister of Revalenta, from Mr. Haywood on the Thursday of the week after she had been beaten in the second round for the North and South Lancashire Stakes by the Earl of Stair's Sculptor. Although at this time the name of Mr. Smith was not discoverable in the London betting list, which appears somewhat extraordinary, his greyhound Scrag was carrying all before her in the Abington Open Stakes at the Scottish National Meeting under the judging of Mr. Hay. The performance looked so well upon paper that, had we been asked for 'a straight tip' at the moment, we should have been tempted to declare for Mr. Smith's nomination unreservedly, in spite of all the supposed invincibles on this side of the border. And what of the mighty Birkdale all this time? Mindful, perhaps, of the proverbial failures of heavy purchases, and still remembering the *faux pas* of Petrarch in the Derby, the 'Cognoscenti' held aloof from investing on that prodigy of Cavalier and Carlton, and whatever his chance, or whosoever might be his nominator, nobody appeared anxious particularly to guard against an upset of calculations at the hands—or rather the feet—of Birkdale. And Mr. Clark himself was not this year a nominator. But was Hook House to be unrepresented? That could hardly be supposed.

‘Tantane, tampatiens, nullo discrimine tolli
Dona sines?’

Everybody expected that Birkdale would be a candidate in some person's nomination, but Lytham failed to discover who that person might be.

There were no fewer than nine fresh nominations for this year's Waterloo Cup, and amongst these were the Duke of Hamilton, who was known to possess a strong kennel for selection, and a capital greyhound in High Gillespie, by Hawkshaw Pate; and Mr. E. L. Ede, a twin brother of the late Mr. 'Edwards,' whose name was once so well known as a cross-country gentleman rider at Liverpool and other places. Mr. Ede is a most persevering courser, but his greyhounds had hitherto achieved no distinction worthy of candidature for such a trophy as the Blue Riband of the Leash. So far from that, indeed, he may be said to have had such a persistent run of ill-luck as to daunt any but a most stout-hearted and enthusiastic courser. But it is a long lane that has no turning, and Mr. Ede certainly deserves success if he cannot command it, though he may be content with some more modest prize than the Waterloo Cup for

even some years to come, seeing that many older coursers have been striving for half a lifetime to get it, and have as yet failed to do so. With Mr. Haywood for an exemplar, no courser should despair of winning the Waterloo Cup under at least half a century, though this gentleman's case has looked almost as hopeless as that of Fordham, the jockey, endeavouring year after year to ride the winner of a Derby or a St. Leger.

Reports of private trials are never very reliable, and no amount of home-brewed reputation will ever prevail against a well founded public one. There were plenty of private spins talked about, and The Squatter himself was said to have abundantly satisfied his master over the Pulborough ground down in Sussex. The Earl of Haddington was considered to be by no means dangerous this year, although his puppy Huguenot divided the Peel Stakes with Mr. Briggs's Bulrush at Lytham; but his Lordship's *début* in the House of Lords as seconder of The Queen's Speech was regarded with much interest by sporting men, who, however, devoutly hoped that no amount of Parliamentary pressure would be sufficient to detain his Lordship in London during the Waterloo week. Master Sam, with a lofty reputation, was said to be doing grandly, and Banker had been tried very highly and satisfactorily within a fortnight of the great event.

For the fourth year in succession, Mr. J. Hedley was elected Judge—probably on the Napoleonic maxim that he is the best general who makes the fewest mistakes; for it is a fact that Mr. Hedley's decisions had been received with considerable disfavour, and been commented upon rather severely at one or two previous meetings, not in every instance, however, with justice. F. Hoystead, who had won golden opinions at Lurgan and in Ireland generally, and who had already gained some experience of the ground from having previously 'fewtered' in Lancashire, was chosen slipper, an appointment which gave much satisfaction to coursers of every nationality. The National Coursing Club held their usual meeting before the draw dinner, but their business was of an unusually unimportant nature, and none of it was of any interest to the general public. The annual sale of greyhounds was held at Lucas's during the day, when, among other animals, some saplings of the late Mr. John Gibson were disposed of. These ceremonies over, the draw dinner was held as usual at the Adelphi Hotel at the customary hour on Tuesday, Feb. 20th, under the presidency of Colonel Goodlake, than whom it would be hard to find a more popular chairman for a coursing dinner. On the excellence of a Liverpool opening dinner for the Waterloo week it is unnecessary for us to descant; but in justice to the proprietary it may be said that everything was equal to the customary high standard. By-the-way, we must not forget that on the 'prophetic Saturday' Mr. Gladstone had said, in reply to a deputation, that 'Handicraft should be elevated;' but it is doubtful if that was intended as a piece of advice to speculators on the Waterloo Cup. At any rate it is not likely that the right honourable gentleman, although

a loyal Lancastrian, had been officially informed that Hematite would be the canine representative of Mr. Hornby's establishment, and not Handicraft. Also, by-the-way, in order to endeavour to prevent the nefarious traffic in the sale of spurious admission cards, the Committee caused to be issued the following notice as a precautionary measure: 'The Committee of the Waterloo Meeting beg to call the attention of the public to the fact that last year cards not issued under the authority of the Committee were offered for sale. It is hoped that this may not be repeated, but the Committee beg to caution the public, and to ask them to put a stop to so unwarrantable a proceeding by refusing to purchase. The Earl of Sefton and the Committee are most desirous to keep up the popular and voluntary character of the Meeting, but they wish to remind those who attend that the large expenses necessarily incurred are entirely defrayed from the fund, which would be destroyed if this practice were to become general, and, also, that no person has permission to come upon the Earl of Sefton's land without a field-ticket. All persons carrying cards other than those issued by the Committee will be especially required to comply with this condition.' This was a wise method of weeding out the objectionable Liverpudlian rough fraternity from Altcar, and all genuine followers of the sport must have been rejoiced at the appearance of the notice, and of the Earl of Sefton's declaration regarding any right those ruffians for years have had of misconducting themselves and obstructing sport and pleasure during the coursing for the Waterloo Cup.

The usual few toasts having been proposed and drunk, the momentous business of the draw was proceeded with with all due despatch, and amid more excitement than is customary even on this most exciting of occasions. The cause of this may well be imagined when it is stated that favourite was drawn against favourite again and yet again, and that the company were so numerous as to put even Mr. Lawton of the Adelphi almost at his wits' end to meet their requirements and accommodation. 'The fact of the coming together of Master Sam and Barabbas for the second course of the meeting was of itself sufficient to create a more than ordinary amount of enthusiasm. Then soon followed Birkdale and Cigarette; Conster and Picnic; Controversy and Rondeletia; Hematite and Darius; Braw Lass and Hornpipe; Gallant Foe and Myosotis; Scrag and Thankful; Meolsman and The Squatter; and Beardwood and Bit of Shamrock.

Coomassie led off the ball by well beating a comparatively unknown greyhound in Mr. Evans's Cæsar; and no one, except perhaps the immediate friends of Mr. Evans, then thought that she would perform such a brilliant feat as that of putting out Master Sam, the greyhound which, if a poll could have been taken of the entire number of speculators, would probably have been declared by a long way the first favourite of the whole list of candidates. The downfall of Barabbas was, therefore, not altogether unexpected; but his exhibition when he got upon terms with his hare

—if, indeed, he can fairly be said ever to have done so—was very disappointing; and his much-vaunted cleverness ‘upon the scut’ was very far from apparent in this most sensational of courses on the first day.

The defeat of Rondeletia by Controversy was another unexpected result, but the winner, though the slower from slips, showed great superiority at the turns, and won a course of great merit and much difficulty. Gallant Foe had it pretty nearly his own way with Myosotis, who appeared almost unable to make an effort. Scrag won her course with none too much in hand, and this, too, was rather disappointing, as she had a splendid reputation. These and other numerous upsets of keen calculations prepared the way for what was to follow when The Squatter and Meolsman entered the lists. The latter had a very respectable reputation from his running at Southport and at Eaton Park, and, from his blood and previous performances, it was quite upon the cards that he might, as he actually did, well beat the great Essex greyhound. The Squatter, though greatly superior in pace, was, as before, very wide and slovenly at his turns, and Meolsman, being the cleverer, did not leave the course in any doubt. Mr. Briggs’s Beardwood wound up the first round by defeating Bit of Shamrock in a short course.

For the first ties of course Master Sam was made the favourite against the comparative outsider Coomassie, but the latter led from slips, and although Master Sam was first up by a little, the bitch shot past him again and wound up the course—another most exciting one—with a kill. Haddo led the great Birkdale, wrenched well two or three times, and drove the hare to a drain, winning decisively; and Conster beat Handy M’Grath anyhow. Serapis led Hematite a long way, and Mr. Hornby’s dog did not appear to have any go left in him after the ‘grueller’ he had had with Darius. Braw Lass won a very meritorious course with Bother, whom she led, but being thrown out at a ditch, was temporarily out of the hunt; she came again, however, and won with something to spare. Gallant Foe, after being unfavourably slipped with Scrag, nevertheless got to the hare first, and finished up with a capital kill after running in excellent style. The only interesting thing left in these first ties was the course between Beardwood and Meolsman, which the former won easily, but by no means to the surprise of those who knew something of his capabilities. Of the sixteen now left in the stake there was not much to choose, since nearly all the starting favourites had been weeded out and disposed of by defeat. Braw Lass might now have been pronounced the leading candidate for the deciding course, at least, but her second course did not give the satisfaction of the first, and which it merited. The only drawback, or rather hitch, in the whole proceedings up to this time was the withdrawal of Mr. Ede’s nomination, Mariner, after the animal had been found to be amiss. At this stage of affairs it did not require the judgment of a very astute courser to predict that the issue lay between Braw Lass and Coomassie, though the Irishmen had great hopes of their new champion Kilkenny. ;

In the second ties Coomassie and Conster won their respective courses in grand style, and Serapis, although at first outpaced by Busy Bee, won with something to spare. Braw Lass and Conjux, after a short undecided, had a good trial, which the former won handsomely. Gallant Foe and Kilkenny ran a very unsatisfactory trial, as the hare greatly favoured the Irishman, who won, consequently, without much effort. Beardwood and Queen Sybil had an interesting course, and the bitch was not beaten until after a game struggle. Matters were now getting exciting indeed.

In the third ties Coomassie ran more stoutly than ever, gained the run-up, and defeated Conster easily after the latter had got placed, and notwithstanding that Colonel Goodlake's dog killed. Serapis, in a short spin, gained a long run-up, brought the game well round and killed—a smart performance; and Braw Lass won anyhow against Master Banrigh. Kilkenny defeated Beardwood mainly by extra pace, in spite of a nasty 'cropper' in the middle of the course. It now became more apparent than ever that Coomassie and Braw Lass were destined to meet together for the final struggle.

As if by preconcerted arrangement between the clerk of the weather, the authorities, and the company, all things combined to render the last day in every way worthy of the wind-up of this most remarkable of Waterloo coursing meetings; and of the crowd it is to be remarked that they were uncommonly well behaved, and presented a model of general conduct which it will be well for their successors to follow in ensuing seasons. On Friday the meet was at the usual place, and the running continued in front of the crowd behind the river Alt, and on the bank alongside the celebrated but terror-striking Withins. Coomassie and Serapis had an unsatisfactory trial at a weak hare; but Coomassie led by three lengths, and, the hare bearing to Serapis, again shot past on the outside, and wound up with a kill of merit. There could be no doubt about the brilliance of the performance, though it was short. Braw Lass, also, led her opponent Kilkenny quite three lengths, and, in a famous trial, won almost all the points except a few of no importance at the finish. And now, the fourth ties concluded, the culminating point of excitement and anxiety had been reached when Coomassie and Braw Lass were placed in charge of the slipper for the 'deciding course for this greatest of all coursing stakes. The crowd were wonderfully silent and undemonstrative, a happy circumstance possibly owing to the fact of the absence of 'divisional' partisanship, the Irish and Scotch divisions being 'out of the hunt' in regard to their representative character, though; betting on the English candidates was still open to them. For the decider, then, Coomassie led from slips by two lengths, when, the hare bearing to the right, Braw Lass gained gradually upon her. Coomassie, however, drew out again on the outside, and reached the hare first by quite her original advantage. The game then favouring her position by bending to the left, she gained the second turn, and put

in three more points before Braw Lass got a chance, of which she availed herself by making a game effort, which for the moment raised the sinking hopes of her friends, as it looked like a 'winning hazard' to the enthusiastic Lancastrians. It was, however, but a forlorn hope which was all too soon dashed, as Braw Lass could not wipe off the long score of advantage before Coomassie again got placed, when, by scoring a few more points and effecting a telling kill, she was adjudged an easy, creditable and undoubted winner. Never, in the memory of the oldest frequenter of Waterloo meetings, has a more satisfactory deciding course been run for the Cup on those time-honoured and familiar plains.

The winner, Coomassie, is a fawn and white first-season bitch puppy, by Celebrated out of Queen, and ran in the nomination of Mr. R. F. Wilkins, though she is not that gentleman's property, but that of Mr. Gittus or of Mr. Toulmin, 300*l.* being stated as having been her purchase-money. She weighs only 42 lbs., and is one of the smallest greyhounds that has ever won the Waterloo Cup up to this time. Her previous reputation for a puppy was extraordinarily good. She had been out three times before without suffering defeat, having divided at Beckhampton, and repeated that performance twice at Newmarket. It was thought that she would be deficient in pace, and that her stride would not be sufficiently commanding over such ground as the Withins. A sporting writer in the 'Sporting Gazette,' said of her a week before the meeting, 'At the same time, as she is a marvellously smart greyhound and a grand killer, it would not surprise me however much she were to accomplish; in fact, there are few, if any, that will beat her in a trial; and if lucky at first, is such a grand stayer that she would probably see the last day.' Those remarks might fairly have been regarded in the light of a 'straight tip,' though Master Sam and Barabbas were the writer's particular fancy. Thus was verified the general prediction that a first-season greyhound would this year prove the winner of the Waterloo Cup.

Braw Lass, the hardly less renowned runner up, is the property of that most astute of coursers, Mr. Briggs, who won the Cup with Bed of Stone some years ago. Braw Lass is also a first-season bitch, and is by Blackburn out of Happy Lass. She commenced public life at the first Ridgway meeting, dividing the South Lancashire Stakes with Revalenta, and following up this success by dividing the Oaks at Longtown. Her last appearance before Waterloo was at the December Ridgway meeting, where she beat Ladylove and Helen Mar before being unsatisfactorily put out by Change, 'when nearly everybody but the Judge thought Braw Lass won easily.' Her deficiencies were slight want of pace, uncertain killing powers, and inability in coming round her opponent to maintain possession—which, of course, does imply a want of pace.

It is worthy of observation that only two undecideds were run during the competition for the Stake, those being between Serapis and Busy Bee, and Braw Lass and Conjux, both in the second ties.

In the latter of these courses some thought that Mr. Hedley might have given his decision in favour of Mr. Briggs's candidate, but the correctness of that opinion may very fairly be doubted, as the Judge was in a favourable position enough for viewing the course completely. Nevertheless, the fact should be taken into consideration in estimating the rival claims of Coomassie and Braw Lass, the former having met with neither *contretemps* nor disappointment throughout the entire coursing. On the other hand, it ought to be remembered that Coomassie had to lower the flags of all the cracks one after another, from start to finish; that she never left a course in doubt as to its result, and that she killed the whole of the six hares to which she was slipped. She had to beat Master Sam, the conqueror of Barabbas, Aunt Fleda, who had beaten the Earl of Haddington's Hawk's-eye, and who was afterwards indulged with a bye, Conster, the representative of Colonel Goodlake and Earl St. Vincent, with great reputation and auspices, and Serapis, who ran for Mr. Swinburne and had beaten the terrible Hematite, who was by numerous admirers backed right out as the absolute winner. Braw Lass, on the contrary, can hardly be said to have encountered anything particularly formidable until she met the Lancastrian, unless Kilkenny be excepted, and he must be, perhaps, because he beat Bombard, Gallant Foe, and Beardwood. In the course with Aunt Fleda, it is to be observed that although Coomassie led her, tired as she was, by four lengths, and beat her at last easily, the performance was not very creditable for so brilliant a practitioner, as Aunt Fleda 'twice 'over held her place for two in succession.' There cannot be much doubt, however, in the mind of any courser that the best greyhound unquestionably won the Cup; and those who are disappointed at the result cannot at any rate urge the complaint that there was not a clear stage and no favour. As regards the sport of coursing pure and simple, such an entirely satisfactory celebration as this cannot but be productive of the most beneficial results; and its patrician supporters, such results being attained, may well afford to disregard the disappointment of any number of speculators.

The victory of this now wonderful daughter of Celebrated and Queen will no doubt have the desirable effect of still further improving the breed of the prize-competing greyhound, and, possibly, of dispelling the too prevalent notion that superiority of pace is the first consideration in the choice of a greyhound purchaser. The melancholy collapse of the once redoubtable Squatter—perhaps the fastest of all the animals of the meeting—should of itself be fatal to the longer entertainment of this fallacy; as the manner of his training—he having been laid up in lavender since last year on the Master McGrath system—should be of that of not accustoming your candidate to the habits of the game he had to pursue. The fashion of breeding a smaller class of greyhound for coursing at Altcar may not improbably be a consequence of this victory of little Coomassie, and great cleverness 'on the scut' and in the negotiation of ditches, as well as quickness and dexterity in killing, be in course of time

held to be greater qualifications than mere speed alone. The consideration of pace as the most necessary ingredient has been somewhat too much enforced by sporting writers lately, and especially in their summaries of representative qualifications immediately before the Waterloo meeting. It is singular to observe that, except in the case of *The Squatter* and *Hematite*, nearly every greyhound in the stake was described as being more or less deficient in pace—the fact showing how highly speed was prized among coursing scribes, and that excellence could be awarded to no candidate who did not boast that qualification in a high degree. And yet *The Squatter* was never predicted as the winner by any tipster, though he headed the betting list up to the very day of the draw dinner; and the usual unanimity of opinion as to the probable result was again remarkable on the part of coursing writers. It might be worth while to inquire—and to ascertain, if possible—how men are able to judge correctly of the pace of a greyhound. We continually read of the cleverness of jockeys in judging of the speed of racehorses, and that can be well understood, since they form their judgment when riding in a race; but how a judgment can be formed of a greyhound's speed, except in comparison with another, is beyond the ordinary comprehension. However, when we read of *Coomassie's* 'shooting away like an arrow' in front of *Master Sam*, we begin to doubt the correctness of the notion that the winner of this year's Waterloo Cup is really deficient of pace, and the 'clipper,' *Master Sam*, only just got in front of her in a run-up even on the inside.

It now remains but to say—and this is about, after all, the most pleasant part of our duty—that the Judge, Mr. James Hedley, discharged the duties of his arduous office with great credit and ability, and to the complete satisfaction of the authorities, the competitors, and the spectators; not in a single instance was the justice of his decisions impugned or called in question; and though it was a terribly disastrous time of it for backers of favourites, no dissatisfied speculator could find an occasion for grumbling at the awards of the Judge. The trials throughout were very satisfactory, and the hares, notwithstanding the prolonged wet, ran more strongly than ever. *F. Hoystead*, the Irish 'fewterer,' also performed his severe task with the satisfaction that was expected from his previous performances at home. He improved as the coursing progressed; and although at the commencement he was not altogether master of the situation, his slipping and care of the animals intrusted to his charge were perfectly unimpeachable, and worthy of old *Allan Roper* in his palmiest days. Higher praise than that can scarcely be given to any slipper, and it is generally considered to be deserved. The efficient discharge of their respective duties by the Judge and the slipper was alone wanting—and the want was fully supplied—to render the Waterloo Cup Meeting of 1877 perhaps the most entirely successful on record.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—February Facts and Fancies.

SOME way from spring according to the calendar, but yet with a pleasant foretaste of it in early violets and bright sunshine, this February has been an agreeable month on the whole to Londoners tired of perpetual mud and rain. There has been a great waking up, and the dull streets have put on a portion of their summer livery. Our Prince and Princess have come back to us—beam on us in the Park and out of private boxes; our Gracious Sovereign has revisited the glimpses of Westminster, been right royally received, and as much of society as Lord Aveland could manage to make room for saw Disraeli take his seat in the Peers. The day on which Her Majesty opened Parliament was kept as a holiday; it was real Queen's weather, the roughs were quieter than usual, and the irrepressible Kenealy—alas! for fleeting popularity—passed in his hansom almost unnoticed. Everybody appeared to be good-humoured, and there was a disposition to give the Turkish ambassador a cheer. A banner in Trafalgar Square, with an inscription thereon, purporting that 'Westminster would never rest until Tichborne was free,' struck a momentary terror into all hearts; but we will trust that Westminster may think better of it.

With the meeting of noble Lords and faithful Commons how much more lively Piccadilly and Pall Mall became is a patent fact. Belgravia, too, opens its shutters and draws up its blinds; and that peculiarly lively thoroughfare Eaton Place, which we would back for dull uniformity against any other West End locality, is no longer quite the winter desert it was. The fashionable fane of St. Peter's is again full of bonnets, or what does duty for them, and the congregations of quieter Paul and meeker Barnabas are also visibly increased. The windows of Buckingham Palace 'for two nights only' flash unwonted brilliancy on the dark Park, and pleasant it is to see the beacon-light on the Clock Tower eclipsing the pale star on Mr. Hankey's giant mansions. Clubs are fuller, especially at night, and the steps of the Carlton and the Reform hold little knots of politicians. Familiar faces encounter us in leading thoroughfares, look out on us from Brooks' and Boodle's, and sit in one long line at Arthur's. Only White's looks desolate, and it is said that there the glory has departed, that it is a case of 'Ichabod,' and that the Turf in its new and handsome house has succeeded to the honours. Well, clubs come and go (and a great many of them have gone lately, we believe), and it may be that White's bay-window will be soon a relic of the past. But at all events London is filling. A few more weeks, and the Coaches will be on the scene; the Row will begin to blossom long before its flowers, and by the time April brings Easter we shall be in the thick of the fray.

Surely the season commences earlier than it did in our hot youth, or else why is there already something like a block at Hyde Park Corner, and the Bond Street 'narrows' getting difficult of locomotion? Then already does the 'Post' mention balls, and those journals of society who keep correspondents in Mayfair and Belgravia kindly tell us how well Lady Millionaire looked at her small and early, what jewellery she wore, who were the *débutantes*, and how courteous the host. There have been other balls, too, that we formerly were accustomed to hear of later in the season—balls given by fine young gentlemen to very fine young ladies—to which only the *crème de la crème*

of a semi-theatrical world is invited. One of these festive gatherings clashed with Lady Millionaire's, and we *did* hear from more than one golden youth that it was much the pleasanter of the two. Then of course there has been at Willis's Rooms, on Ash Wednesday, what ought by right to be a Dramatic Festival pure and simple, but which was, we are sorry to say, neither one nor the other. We can remember when it was both, and who is responsible for the fact that what was intended for a gathering of members of the profession and their friends has now degenerated into casino form, we do not know. 'But 'tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true.'

Of the new play 'On Bail,' at the Criterion, the most we can say in its favour is that it is Mr. Gilbert's second attempt at adapting 'Le Réveillon,' but we cannot pronounce this second creation of his any better than the first. These efforts to engraft French farcical comedy upon the English dramatic tree but seldom achieve a long run of popularity. To make them appropriate to our English tastes, and to spare the blushes of a jury of Mrs. Bowdlers, the adaptor has usually to expunge a good deal of the original text which forms the very backbone of the French version. When the play thus emasculated is placed on the stage, it lacks all the elements essential to success. Scenes which on the French stage are played with thorough but at the same time quiet appreciation of fun, become in the hands of some of our English artists mere reminiscences of the clown's business in a pantomime, 'On Bail' undoubtedly suffers from some of the faults inseparable from a play of this kind. Mr. Gilbert has done his work in a way that shows his task was not a congenial one; and Mr. Wyndham, apparently trying to atone for the author's weakness, goes through an amount of muscular exertion every night which ought certainly to qualify him for honours in any athletic contest. We are indebted, however, to Miss Fanny Josephs for so much that is genuine in the part of the Duke of Darlington, that we are fain to admit that it furnishes a powerful argument in favour of the Women's Franchise Bill; it is one of the best hits in the performance.

For once in a way we have a theatrical novelty to stimulate our curiosity. We have a real Irish drama, in name at least, at the Olympic, written neither by Mr. Boucicault nor Mr. Falconer; stranger still, the hero is an Englishman, and most of the Irish characters are painted in colours of the darkest hue. 'The Queen of Connaught,' as played by Miss Ada Cavendish, is indeed a charming portrait of a hot-tempered self-willed girl; but her male connections as a rule richly deserve the ignominious fate that sooner or later overtakes them, and which in real life would in all probability be more elevated and no less effectual. The drama is well chosen to illustrate what is meant by the cry of 'more injustice to Ireland'—the only country, we believe, on the face of the globe that can boast of a monopoly of all the cardinal virtues that flesh is heir to. The play, however, is full of strong situations, and most astounding attempts to copy the national brogue, of murders and meetings by torch-light—at one of which latter, by-the-way, Miss Cavendish, in flourishing a torch, produced an unwonted effect on the first night, which all but ended in a conflagration, nearly proving fatal to a super's wig and her own raven tresses. The piece is well mounted, and is commendable for the careful and painstaking efforts of Miss Cavendish as the heroine, supported by Mr. Neville and Mr. Flockton. It bids fair, for a time at least, to improve the fortunes of the house, and this is saying a good deal, when diminished treasury receipts are in too many cases the order of the day.

And the world of sport too has awakened from its winter slumbers, and a

fairly good cross-country meeting had the Brums. Birmingham is the first flower of the spring, and always gets well patronised—a hope that the results will disclose something about the Grand National acting as an attraction. But the results were unimportant as far as that latter event was concerned, for Abdallah, the principal winner, is not engaged therein, and it is the general opinion that Ratcatcher and Chilblain are hardly of the class of which Liverpool winners are made. Austerlitz, a horse said to be more than respectable, ran in the Birmingham Grand National, but, gauged by his performance there, Grand National honours are beyond his capabilities. He was, however, said to be not fit—and it may be as well to remember that he belongs to a clever man, Mr. F. G. Hobson. Despite their disappointment with Ratcatcher Mr. Fitzroy and Jones had a good time, and Chilblain, though only at evens, pulled them back the money they had dropped when laying 6 to 5 on Ratcatcher. Verily the young generation can boast of plenty of pluck. Hurdle racing was introduced into Mr. Sheldon's programme, and as that, with hunters' races, appear to be about the most popular events that a C.C. can have, of course there were good fields. Labrynth, who won an affair of this sort, is a cut above that work, we should have thought; but little fish no doubt are sweet, and his Grace of Montrose had an easy win with her. In another timber-jumping race Birbeck, Regenerateur, Quick March, and other swells cut a sorry figure, a mare called Verity beating them very easily, and Mr. 'Jack' Percival was to the fore with Rougemont in a third. Chilblain is no doubt a very useful horse, but, as we have just said, he will be outclassed over Aintree, and then his staying powers are doubtful. Still with only 10 st. 7 lbs. on him, should his stable back him, there will be people doubtless to follow the lead, and with this remark, which commits us to nothing, we take our leave of the Brums.

We said, a few lines above, how popular hunters' races were just now, but we trust our readers did not think that we thereby indorsed their popularity. There was an excellent article in 'Baily' last month (the 'Van' driver, on his honour, did not write it) about 'Hunters' Certificates,' and the farce the whole thing is. It is making the horse the instrument of gaming with a vengeance. The unfair and ill-effects of the system or fashion, call it what you will, cuts both ways. If the horse, sent out once or twice with hounds to qualify, is a good one, with a high-sounding pedigree, clearly the honest hunter has no chance with him; if he be a spindle-shanked weed, whose utmost compass on the flat was the last half of the Abingdon Mile, his presence is an insult except on the metropolitan circuit. But on this subject, if our readers will refer to our hunting parcel, they will find some more, of which we hope they will approve.

There is a time when the two-year-olds of Mat Dawson, and 'the dark horse' of Russley, begin to be talked about, and it is about the beginning of February. 'Have we heard anything? do we know anything?' cognate queries which mean much more than they express. They mean, have you or your trusted agent thoroughly done the Warren Hill and the Racecourse? Have you spotted the crack among Tom Jennings's young ones, and are you certain that Chamant has wintered well? Have you been able to make out if Chandos will 'do' (by all accounts he will not) for the Liverpool, and, failing him, can you spot the pick of the Captain's, or rather Lord Lonsdale's stable? And, by-the-way, what two fortunate men are Captain Machell and the noble Earl just mentioned—the one in having 10,000*l.* worth of horse-flesh to sell, and the other being able to buy it. Have you—to return to the subject

proper—seen Blanton's huge team, and can you tell us anything about *that*, and which of the lot is to win the Lincoln? because if you cannot you are little better than a duffer, and we should never think of button-holding you in St. James's Street again. Will Lady Golightly win the Oaks, and how about Tom Brown and the youngsters of that deserving young man Mr. Joseph Cannon?

Such are some, if not all, of the questions a racing man is expected to answer any casual acquaintance who chooses to ask him. He mostly does answer, too—not with, perhaps, much knowledge; but what of that? It is an answer, and the racing bore who extracts it is satisfied—nay, he retails his information, and helps to add to the wonderful jumble of tips that we hear soon after the acceptances for the Spring Handicaps are out. But, after all, what are these vain questionings, when the horses, who have so much to say to it, perhaps have not been asked any? What matter the opinions even of our very ablest Turf writers if the noble animal differs from them? Perhaps, as we write, or, at any rate, before these lines meet our readers' eyes, momentous questions will have been asked many a Lincolnshire or City and Suburban favourite, and the busy touts will have wired what they know, and a good deal they do not know, to the four winds. At present the market shows but few signs. Except that it is declared that Broadside is genuine good goods for the Croydon International Hurdle Race, we have nothing very tangible to lay hold of; and about that said race many good judges there are who incline to the chances of Hopbloom in preference to Mr. Padwick's horse; and the 'Van' driver is not sure but that he is among them. It did not strike us that in that Newmarket dead-heat Broadside ran very gamely. The Irish division back Ingomar we hear, and there is a horse called Scamp, who, if he runs, ought to more than take his part, seeing what Bridget did the other day. But it may be that he will be kept for some future engagement. One thing we believe—he has taken to jumping very kindly. Petrarch holds a false position, we cannot help thinking, as a favourite for the Lincolnshire, and we much prefer the chance of Bruce II., though all the clever people tell us the three-year-olds are out of it. Lastly, we wish to mention, in the strictest confidence, that Regal will win the Grand National, Organist the Chester Cup, and Lady Golightly the Derby; and with these brilliant tips we lay down our prophetic pen.

All hounds in the Midlands have had unusually good sport. But foxes, owing to the continued wet weather, have been found quite as frequently lying out in the fields and in hedgerows as in the usual coverts. A fox, we are told, by a good authority, has no objection to a damp bed, but he cannot endure the cold drip off the trees on his back. The Pytchley have nearly always had a gallop. Their Wednesdays have been particularly good. On January 31st they met at Crick and had a capital run from Lilbourne, over the large grass fields to Stanford Hall, by South Kilworth covert straight and fast to the top of the Hemploe, where the fox was apparently dead beaten, but escaped in some extraordinary way, and the hounds still ran on to Cold Ashby, by Firetail, over the ugly bottom at Thornby—where several came to grief—into Cottesbrooke Park, and killed a fox as stiff as a poker. If it were the same, he must have been a rare good one. The following Wednesday, February 7th, when Lord Spencer unfortunately was obliged to be absent for the opening of Parliament, they had another fine day's sport from Misterton, running from the reeds near the house by Gilmorton, fast up to Walton Holt, then by the Rugby and Harboro' railway to Bosworth village, and after some slow hunting by Mr. John Bennett's,

killed in Bosworth; then, after chopping a fox at Sulby, they had another good run from the Hemploe, over the very same line as the Wednesday before, to Cottesbrooke, when, besides Goodall and Tom Goddard, Mr. Muntz and Mr. Fitz Oldaker only stayed to the end.

On Shrove Tuesday, the 13th, they met at Yelvertoft, as the following day was Ash Wednesday, when according to modern custom we are expected to stay sulkily at home and eat nasty salt fish. This day was about the best scenting one of the season; the wind was in the south, and a small fine rain fell nearly all the morning until the middle of the day, when it came down in its usual style. They found at Yelvertoft Field-side, raced up to Winwick Warren, hunted slower on by Cold Ashby to Lord Spencer's covert, and on to Cot Hill, where they killed. Then went on to the Hemploe, and had some slow hunting, and ran to ground. After this they found in the bean-field, at the Hemploe, and ran as hard as they could go over the fine large pastures on the other side of the canal, which is one of the best parts of the Pytchley country, to South Kilworth village, where he turned towards the left, and finishing with a kill near the covert, after twenty-five minutes all over grass—fast enough for the fastest.

Our Quorn correspondent says:—'I don't think I can tell you much about the great meet at Baggrave on Feb. 2nd, the day after the Leicester ball, as we had not much sport. The meet of course was a monster one. To give the names of those present would be impossible; suffice it to say that nearly everybody who was at the ball was there, and a great many who were not. We found the first fox near Barkby Holt, ran him very prettily with a middling scent by Queniborough spinny to Barsby, where the field had become scattered all over the country, and Firr could do no more. During this short gallop a gentleman had an ugly fall, his left foot hung in his stirrup, and he only got clear by his horse kicking him clean away; but after all, happily, not much damage was done. For the next fox Firr went to Scraftoft, but doing no good trotted on to Hungerton Foxholes, and ran rather fast to ground at Lowesby, and so finished the day, which was more for show than sport.

'The number of people who have come out on Fridays has caused Mr. Coupland to give up advertising that meet, which will no doubt be a very good thing for Firr and his hounds.

'On the next day, Saturday, Feb. 3rd, they met at Wymeswold. The meet was not a large one, and I should think that there were not more than forty or fifty present. We found the first near Ella's Gorse (after drawing Willoughby Gorse blank). The hounds got a good start, never gave him a chance, and raced him to death in fifteen minutes. We had then rather a long trot to Walton Thorns, but Mr. John Cradock, who is the owner of this covert and an ash spinny near it, thought we might find in the latter; so Firr put the hounds into it, before drawing the thorns, and no sooner were they in than a fine old dog-fox went away; the hounds again getting a good start, sent him along at a great pace by Ella's Gorse, pointing for Widmerpool, but here bearing to the right, he took us over a fine country by Sherbrooks covert, and we lost him by the side of the canal below Hickling. Some thought that he was drowned in trying to cross it. The distance of this run was from nine to ten miles, and the time about forty-five minutes. Amongst those who went well in it I observed Mr. Coupland, Mr. Cheney of Gaddesby, who seemed to enjoy it thoroughly, Mr. Ernest Chaplin of Brooksby, Major Robertson of Widmerpool, Captain Ashton, and two or three others.

'We had another capital run on the 8th, when they met at Keyham. Found the first fox (as fine a one as ever was seen) in Lord Morton's gorse. At first there did not seem to be much scent, but in a short time the dog pack settled down, and took us at a good pace, over as fine a country as can possibly be found, by Skeffington, within a hundred yards of Mr. Tailby's kennels; then on by Norton to Staunton Wood, which we did not go into, then on by Cranoe Field to Keythorpe, where several other foxes were on foot, and no more good could be done. This was a charming gallop, run at a fair pace, not racing so that only a select few could see it, as sometimes happens; the fences were all jumpable, and the line was grass. What more could be desired? A great many went well in this run, namely, Mr. Coupland, the Hon. Alan Pennington, Mr. E. H. Warner, Captain Boyce, Mr. Chaplin, Mr. Tomkinson as usual picking out all the big places, and Lady Florence Dixie never went better in her life, which is saying a good deal, and also several others I cannot now think of.'

High Leicestershire ushered in the month of February with its annual carnival in the ball at Market Harborough on the 8th, and this being followed the next night by a very well done affair of a similar nature at Gumley Hall, the staying powers of the hunting fair sex have been highly tried. The vulpine race must also have determined to join forces; for, whilst the Tailbyites on that day were drawing Keythorpe Wood, after a good hunting run from Glooston by Hallaton to Keythorpe, a view-halloa was heard, and away they went, only to find the Quorn in full career across the line of country they were anxiously anticipating a spin over themselves. The 'gentleman huntsman' question has been the principal topic of the day; and it is pretty well agreed that it takes two to hunt the Shires, and that either a professional must be kept for the 'hounds' or some one specially appointed to look after the 'field.' No M.F.H. has ever given more satisfaction in a country, or shown more sport, than has Mr. Tailby, when it was a four day a week affair, and Jack Goddard or Goodall held the horn; but since the boundaries have been curtailed, the pursuers have gradually got so unruly, by being unchecked whilst the Master is casting, that many a good thing has been spoiled; and never will this be more clearly proved than when, on the 16th, from Allexton, Christian, who that day carried the horn, was enabled to kill his beaten fox solely by the hounds being well handled clear of the horsemen. The sport, considering the wonderfully open weather, has not been so good as was expected; but on the 1st, from Rolleston, after a quick twenty minutes and a kill in the open, these hounds took a fox from Nosely by Staunton, Glooston, Keythorpe, into the Cottesmore Woods, and brought him back down to the Staunton brook, after running for nearly three hours; whilst on the 12th they whipped off in the dark at Scotland Wood, at least nine miles over the Pytchley boundary, having commenced with a big ring from the Marston Hills. The country is certainly too full of foxes, but if they are found in kennel up a tree, we hope in future the hounds will not be kept at the foot whilst Reynard is dislodged. Huntsmen will be bloodthirsty, but now so many ladies join in the sport, it behoves all parties to steer as clear as possible of the charge of cruelty.

We are sorry to say that on the south side of the Atherstone country there is a decided dearth of the genuine animal. There has not only not been a run this year from the covert strangely called Twelve Acres, because it is not a quarter that size, but we believe it has always been drawn blank. This was not the case formerly. The reason assigned is that the shooting has been let to a gentleman who wants to get up a head of game in a small wood which he could almost cover with a large umbrella. This country was never intended for shooting, but for fox-hunting.

Mr. Oakeley, we are told, intends to sell all his hunters in June, as this is the third year since his last sale. His reason for doing so is a very proper one. He has a large number of young horses coming on which have been ridden during the season by Jack West, late huntsman of the Cottesmore. Ladies or gentlemen in search of a horse should, therefore, visit the Atherstone, and see how either the Master or Mrs. Oakeley, and Castleman or Sam are carried, and when they have found a horse to their liking should make a note of him.

Mr. Lant's continuance as Master of the North Warwickshire is a good thing for that country, and is a subject of general satisfaction, as his quiet courteous manner has secured him many friends and some staunch supporters, although we heard that a few inhabitants of the Spa would have preferred a more vivacious Master, after the type of 'Mr. Waffles,' so admirably sketched by Surtees in the fifth and sixth chapters of 'Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour.'

Mr. Lant, however, was unable personally to meet all the deficiencies of the expenses, and was compelled to resign unless a certain sum was guaranteed him, which was immediately done by some of the gentlemen present at the meeting. We certainly are surprised that the wealthy Birmingham gentlemen, the Residents and Visitors of Leamington and Rugby, should require a special appeal; but after the letters which have lately appeared in 'Bell's Life' on 'Patent Screws,' we are surprised at nothing as to meanness with regard to fox-hunting. A list is put up at some country clubs of those who have subscribed to the hounds; it would be a good thing, if it were possible, to put up another list of the screws and loafers who year after year give nothing. The Secretary will be glad, like the Chancellor of the Exchequer, to receive and acknowledge any conscience money that may be sent by those who have hunted with the North Warwickshire and as yet, given nothing.

During the past month Mr. Fitz Oldaker, when out with these hounds not far from Cawston, had a very narrow shave of being knocked out of time entirely. He was about to put his horse at a fence, when he was deliberately charged by a young man who could have been neither a horseman nor a sportsman; fortunately no damage was done. 'There,' said a member of the Garrick who saw it, 'that is an illustration of New Men and Old Acres.'

Our Leighton correspondent informs us that Baron Rothschild's stag-hounds have shown more good sport than usual this season. Last Thursday, February 22nd, the meet was at Lilies; the run did honour to Mr. Cazenove's hospitality, as the deer, which was uncartered at 12.30, went straight away for Worminghall, near Oakley, an eleven-mile point in one hour and fifteen minutes. The deep ground and the fences told on many a horse and its rider. Fred Cox was in front throughout the run. Messrs. Grimston, Flower, Gregory, Foy, Williams, &c., were up at the finish.

From Hampshire we hear that the Vine had a good day on Saturday, the 10th, when they met at West Heath. Dick Russell carried the horn, as Hedges was not very well. Mr. Beach the Master was out, as were Mr. H. Thornton, Mr. Davis of Surbiton, Mr. Walker of Wolverton, Mrs. Vincent and a party from Sherborne, Mr. T. Blake from Gosport, Mr. W. Arundell of Brimpton, and many others from that side of the country. The hounds ran their first fox to ground after a very fast twenty-five minutes, and left him. At a quarter to three found another at Sherborne, ran by Wolverton Park to Ewhurst, across the park to the ponds, through the pleasure grounds, to Great Deans Woods, right through them, the hounds never being once off his line, to Warren Bottom, where a very hard-riding gentleman, who seldom gets enough galloping to satisfy him, said to Dick, 'You had better stop

them;' who replied, 'I cannot, they will kill their fox;' for they were running as hard as they could go; and on they went without him by Hay Wood, to Summerdown, over Malshanger Park, and the whips stopped them at a check near the Oakley Station at ten minutes past five. Only the servants were with them, and Dick said he never saw hounds run harder.

The following comes to us from the Tedworth. 25th January.—Wet and windy, a real unpromising day for sport. Met at Conholt—a certain find, as usual (we have no keener foxhunters than the Wellesleys). In a very few minutes a vixen fox was on foot, but she evidently had no intention of travelling far from home, and the hounds—the bitch pack—were unable to push her a bit. 'Never mind,' says Fricker; 'let me get on the line of a 'dog-fox, and I think we'll be able to hunt him.' After a longish draw, up jump a brace of foxes, doubtless one of either sex, in the middle of a field, the hounds taking up the line of the one which headed to the right; and then commenced a desperately severe chase. Skirting the headland for about half a mile, down he goes, and then breasts that heart-breaking Fosbury Hill, up which but few followed direct, the field branching out in a variety of angles in their individual endeavours to jockey the hill out of its natural inclination towards the perpendicular; making a big sweep to the right, he takes us through some of the outlying Conholt spinnies: even now, out of a very respectable field, but four were with the hounds; away, as hard as hounds could run, to Chute, outside which he ran a ring which let up many a panting steed; a few seconds' check, and the line is hit off to the left through Tangley village back to Conholt, where they ran into as tough and wily a customer as one rarely comes across—we were going to add, it was a pity he did not run straighter, but if he had run straight from the top of Fosbury Hill, it would have been a very select few who would have witnessed Fricker handle the varmint; as it was he led us a cracker for forty-five minutes, over a combination of hill, flint, and deep-holding clay, that most searchingly tested the condition of our nags. Scent is a hard nut to crack, but Fricker's assumption was quite correct; the hounds could hardly run the vixen a yard, whereas the dog they hunted with hardly a perceptible check, not a little being over foiled ground. Amongst those out were The Honourable Percy Windham, M.P., Captain Wellesley, M.P., and his brother Arthur; Sir Claude de Crespigny, Captain Tyssen, R.N., Messrs. C. Sartoris, Fowle, &c. We are happy to add that Mr. Raikes, who was kicked on the 15th (two ribs being broken) by a horse ridden by one of Barnes the horse-dealer's breakers, is now progressing most favourably.

Mr. Deacon has been showing the H.H. gentlemen some capital sport; two or three of his runs are worth recording, though others might well be chronicled. On Thursday, February the 1st, the H.H. met at Sunway's Inn; they found in Burnt Wood, ran to Shroner and Micheldever Wood, leaving Thorny Down to the right, and killed near Woodmancott: a real good run. On Thursday, February 8th, they met at Northington Down; found in Rotherleigh, ran to Itchen Wood and Micheldever Wood, nearly to Micheldever village, turned over New Down Farm by Sunway's Inn, through Shroner to near Itchen Abbas, leaving Stoke Down on the left by Andover Water, and killed close to Old Alresford in a water meadow: a first-rate hunting run of one hour and a half. Mr. Deacon can do what few of the modern professionals can, that is, kill a straightforward fox. Tuesday, February 13th, the meet was at Crosslanes, Beaupworth; they found instantly in Shorley, but could not hunt him, although he was only just before the hounds. They got upon another, which went up wind through Westwood to Rook's Grove by Somer's farm at a terrible pace; they headed back from Beacon Hill with another fox, leaving Riversden Farm on

the left, through Jones's Acre, and away, leaving Brookwood Park on the right, crossed the Petersfield and Winchester road by Woodcote, pointing for Bramdean Common, turned a little on the right, then on the left, through the end of Wolfhanger, and ran to ground in a hedgerow two fields beyond Woodlands Farm. On Saturday, February 17th, they met at South Warnborough, ran by Highwood and Lower Froyle, and killed at Spollicomb after a very fast twenty minutes; found again in Stroud Wood, killed, after a very good run, close to Marsh House: this was a very fine day's sport. Mr. Deacon has never had his hounds in finer condition, and they never tire, whatever the length of day may be.

It is very satisfactory to be able to state that Mr. W. Long, who is deservedly popular, continues as Master and Huntsman of the Hambledon Hounds. He has been having some good runs. Saturday, February 3rd, they met at Owslebury Down; found in Honeyman Rows, broke away towards Longwood Warren; after running two fields he was headed back to Honeyman Rows, through it and the plantations, on to the Warren and over it, through the plantations at Chesford Head into the Chilcomb Flat, where he was headed by some plough people, turned back to the plantations, and was run into: a very good thirty-five minutes. Trotted away to Durwood and found; went away directly, ran through the Rookery, over Preshaw Park, through the High Beeches, over Preshaw Down, by Somer's Farm, over the Warnford and Winchester road, nearly to Westwood, through the corner of the village of Kilmston, through the end of Lord's Wood, leaving Riversden Farm on the left towards Warnford, then turned on the left to Lippinwood, where they killed: one hour and ten minutes. This was as good a day's sport as any one could wish to see, and it was pleasant to see Mr. King Wyndham, who has not been out much for the last two seasons on account of his health, going in his old form. Saturday, February 17th, they met at Holywell House; drew the coverts there and the rows at Hill Place, as a matter of course did not find there; a fox stole away from Brooms, too long before them to do any good; drew some other coverts blank, then went to Humborne, found, and went away to Colonel Butler's covert, and then away over a few fields; to ground in a dell a field from Shear Copse: a pretty scurry of a quarter of an hour over a blind country, bringing two or three to grief. Found again in Granvilles, went through Stoke Woods, headed short back, and went away through Bushy Down Copse, pointing for Droxford; turned on the left nearly to Soberton village, then on the right, over the water meadows, by Midlington, by Hill Place Rows, through Brooms, again by Midlington, over the meadows pointing for Bushy Down; a long check, and they did not get on his line afterwards. This was a very hard day for both hounds and horses.

Our good Northumberland correspondent says:—'On the 26th January the Tyndale had a wonderful run from Dunn's Moor, and killed at Ewesley Gill in the Morpeth country, thirteen miles from point to point, all over sound grass. There was a large field, but only twelve saw the end of it; among the number, Mrs. Charles Wylam, who rode all through this severe run in a manner that stamps her a horsewoman of the highest class. Curiously enough, on the same day of the week and month in 1866, Major Bell's hounds ran from the same place, almost exactly the identical line, and killed at the same spot. We have had good average sport during the month, nothing very extra. Mr. Anstruther-Thomson was here yesterday on a visit to Mr. G. A. Fenwick, and I hear he was much pleased with the country and hounds, but, unfortunately, it was blowing a perfect hurricane, so there

'was no sport. I expect Mr. Fenwick must have lent him a stallion hound—'at least, I saw him at the station on his way home with a very suspicious-looking box.'

Bob Worrall had a fine run with the Old Berkeley on Monday, the 19th, when they met at the Kennels. They drew several coverts blank before they found in Fox Wood, then ran through Round Wood and West Wood, over Hyde Heath, nearly to Missenden Abbey, over the Chesham Bottom to Captains Wood, where they rolled him over, after a run of one hour and fifty-five minutes, or eleven miles from point to point. This was one of the best runs that has been known in this country for years.

Our Cork correspondent says:—I am glad to tell you we have had some very good sport with the United Hunt since the new year came in.

On January 26th the meet was Carrignavar; there was a good field out, including the Master (Mr. Gubbins), Lord Fermoy, Mr. and Miss Waters, Mr. Crawford, Mr. Wood, Mr. Beamish, Mr. Hare, Mr. Justice, Mr. Morgan Smith, and several others whose names I did not know. We found at once at Carrignavar, and ran to Ballyvorisheen, where the fox was coursed by a cur dog, and as a storm came on at the same time we lost him, after a run of about six miles without a check, in which Lord Fermoy was in front all the way. We then came back to Templemichael covert, where we found another good fox (real Irish manufacture) which set his head straight for Watergrass Hill, running through a very fine country; across the road below Annacantha Bridge, through Franstown, and the covert at Fellfort, towards Johnson's Plantations, but, changing his mind, he wheeled to the right, and went a few miles, racing pace, across Balligrenny, where they ran him to ground in a drain on the side of the road, after a splendid run of at least twelve miles. There were several falls, but nothing serious beyond broken hats and very dirty coats.

On Wednesday, the 31st, we met at Moyeely Station, drew the deer-park, and found at once. After making a ring or two in covert, our fox found it was getting too warm for him, so he broke and ran to Glenbower, through which he ran and tried the Earths, and away to Mr. Hunt's house, back through Glenbower again, and over to the deer-park where he was found, through Springfield to Kilrush, the hounds close at him the whole time; he made a circle back to Springfield, where they pulled him down at the back of one of the lodges at Squire Bowle's gate, after a nice hunting run of three hours. No doubt it was the same fox all through, as the hounds were never known to change, and he was a very tough old dog, as it took the hounds some time to break him up.

Friday, February 9th, met at Castlelyons Bridge. His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught was expected to be out this day, but, owing to a kick he received when going to meet the Duhallows a day or two before, he did not come; but we had royal sport nevertheless, and I think the run of the season. We found a fox in a quarry on the side of the road, about a mile from the meet, where he was seen going into a short time before the hounds came up, and he was off and away as soon as the hounds got near his hiding-place. They ran him in view for a time at such a pace that even all the hard-riding fraternity were lost to a man. The fences were big enough to suit the most hard-hearted, and the country was very holding in some places. The first thirty minutes was a regular 'cracker,' without anything in the shape of a check. This run lasted about an hour and ten minutes, and the fox got to ground in a rock not far from where he was found, only one field in front of the hounds. Every one of the fifteen and a half couple were up at the finish. As the run was a ring it let

in a good many at the finish who did not ride the run. Miss Curry of Lismore Castle rode to the hounds from find to finish, and Mr. Mason went very well; Harry Saunders, the huntsman, was on his best horse, Chicago, who is sixteen years old, having belonged to the late Lord Fermoy, still a splendid fencer, but perhaps not quite so fast as he used to be.

We believe that nothing is yet settled as regards a new master, though all would be glad to see Lord Shannon back again.

The good seed sown by the capital article which appeared in the last number of the Magazine on 'Hunters' Certificates' soon came up, and has already borne good fruit, for in the 'Racing Calendar' of February 8th we see that at the Eglinton Hunt Meeting, which will take place over Brogside course on Thursday, the 5th of April, a Cup will be given by the Marquis of Ailsa, for hunters the property of farmers, which have been ridden by their owners with Lord Eglinton's hounds; but *all horses taken out merely for the purpose of qualification*, or belonging to parties following any other or additional occupation than that of farmer, *are excluded*. This is the first step in the right direction, and we hail with delight what we hope may be the beginning of a new era all over the kingdom. The concluding part of the qualifications equally pleases us, namely, that 'no horse is to carry less than 12 stone; and all riders other than tenant farmers to carry not less than 12 stone 10 lbs. The distance to be two miles.' This also is quite as it should be. We heartily hope that all Stewards will at once follow the wise decision of the Duke of Hamilton, the Marquis of Queensberry, the Earl of Eglinton, Lords Melgund and Marcus Beresford, and Mr. Richard A. Oswald; we also hope that, during the month of March, Masters of Hounds will have the moral courage to give certificates to those horses only which have been ridden properly to their hounds across country, and not merely walked to the meet in bandages, then turned round and taken home again. During the past month we were out with the Pytchley, and saw four animals which could barely draw a hansom cab out qualifying, and carefully watched their movements. The owner rode at their head, and was followed in file by three greyhound-looking animals ridden by boys, or imps, such as Mr. Alexander apparently delights to honour, in regular training-ground style. Round the park where the hounds met they walked, and more than one who had read his February 'Baily,' pointing with his hunting-whip, said, 'Hunters' Certificates!' The hounds found in the park, ran across it followed by the thoroughbreds, but unfortunately the fox, not being able to get through the palings, was caught after a gallop of two minutes. After this they drew a line of coverts about a quarter of a mile from the road, by the side of which was a broad grass siding, on which the 'qualifiers' again proceeded in file; but the small coverts being blank, the hounds were taken through a village to a noted gorse on a hill; and on arriving there we looked in vain for the boys on their bandaged steeds. Where were they? As soon as they had to desert the road-siding they made tracks home: but had they not been out, trotted or galloped for two minutes, and seen a fox *chopped*? They were no more hunters, for all that, than when they left home. Hunting, however, is not their mission. But of what earthly use, save for their owners to race with, are such animals? For as a good hunting farmer observed, 'All three of them together would not carry Mr. Anstruther-Thomson or Mr. Muntz four miles over this country, and everybody knows that they are neither of them Daniel Lamberts.'

During the past month forty hunting ladies have become honorary members of the Hunt Servants' Society, making now over a hundred who belong to it. The Countess of Yarborough has sent the secretary 52l. col-

lected by her in the Brocklesby Hunt; the Marchioness of Drogheda is collecting amongst her friends in Ireland. Mrs. G. Bowers Edwards of St. Albans, and Mrs. Harvey of Upper Tooting, have also kindly promised to do what they can. Colonel Bower has again sent from the Hambledon country, which is not a large one, so that we should think a non-subscriber in his district must soon be a solecism—and we don't envy him his notoriety. Lastly, we may add that H.R.H. the Prince of Wales has generously sent a donation of 25*l.*, thereby thoroughly testifying his approval of the objects of the society, and we hope that after this we shall hear no more of regular hunting men refusing to subscribe 'on principle.'

Of course the death of Mr. Merry makes a certain mark in Turf history—though his retirement from active participation in its pursuits in 1873 made a much more important one. Known to be in declining health, his end was somewhat sudden at last, and most people who saw him at Newmarket in the autumn—his last appearance on the racing stage—were unprepared for the event. His biography and career on the Turf have been sketched by so many able hands that it would be but 'damnable iteration,' its repetition. We will take the story of Thormanby, Saunterer, Dundee, Scottish Chief, Marie Stuart, and Doncaster as told, and dwell for a few moments on the somewhat curious character of the man. Unprepossessing in manner, and not over generous in disposition, he was yet popular with the racing multitude, who honoured him for his downright straightforward character, knowing as they did that if they backed his horses they would—as far as he was concerned—have a run for their money. His early training, and such culture as he received, had given him roughness both of speech and character. There was no softness about Mr. Merry. He was essentially as hard as his own ironstone, and if it is true, as has been said of him, that he rarely if ever was seen to smile, assuredly he was not given to the melting mood. Not a lovable man, but a man who won respect even from those who disliked him. Straight as a die—keen, sharp, cool-headed (he only forgot himself once, when, after Sunbeam had won the Leger, he gave a sovereign for a race-card)—the Turf perhaps has rarely seen his equal. His love for racing—and indeed all sport where 'besting' his fellow men could be enjoyed—was shown early, and amidst the uncongenial surroundings of hard work to which his father strictly tied him. An anecdote told in the 'Van' for December last, and which we may mention has been appropriated since by more than one or two of Mr. Merry's biographers, concerning a match between a dog and a badger, is the first instance that has come down to us of Mr. Merry's native sharpness, and no doubt the happy thought to conceal the badger's death from the other side would not have occurred to every one. By-the-way, the story is very well told in the 'Examiner' of the 17th ult. Another anecdote of him in a weekly journal, as to the way in which he quieted the scruples of some of his Falkirk constituents, who heard he had run a horse in France on 'the sabbath,' is most amusing. 'It is true,' said Mr. Merry, 'that I have done so' (sensation), 'but I won a prize' (immense applause). The Honourable Member knew Scotch human nature well. He did not, we believe, love the bookmakers, and they certainly did not love him. He was firmly convinced that a leading member of the ring, now departed from the scene, tried to get at one of his jockeys on a certain occasion, and Mr. Merry much liked winning a large sum from that gentleman. It is said his grim features would relax then. People who took liberties with his horses, too, he never forgave, and we can most of us remember Belladrum's year, and the wrath and excitement of 'the busy B's.' How was not Mr. Merry abused, and how calmly he took it. He was

pleased, but not unduly excited, when he won, calm and impassive when he lost. He had a rich vocabulary which he drew upon occasionally with effect. Stern and unbending, but not unjust, he went his own way, and took counsel from no one. Never using flattery himself, he despised it in others, and the idea of his being 'popular' would have been received by him with contempt. He was a man, to a certain extent *per se*, and though there was little pleasing in his character, we could find it in our heart to wish that he had left behind in the racing world more like him.

The regret at the early death of Mr. J. F. Verrall has been universal and sincere. With his great knowledge and love of racing, his fine judgment as a handicapper, his administrative powers as a Clerk of the Course and lessee, his name can worthily be coupled with that of Mr. Frail. Whatever he undertook was pretty sure to be successful. His early associations with his native town no doubt had much to do with the labour and pains he bestowed on Lewes Races, and the high position the meeting holds in the racing world it owes entirely to Mr. Verrall. No doubt it may be said that his pains and labour were well recompensed, but that is beside the question. We all well know that the leasehold of a racecourse is a legitimate business in these days, and he who conducts it best, with an eye of course to his own interest, but with a due regard to the interests of the Turf, will reap his reward. Such a reward we hope and believe Mr. Verrall reaped. He worked hard. Quick in striking the popular taste, especially for steeplechasing on what is called 'the home circuit'—what he did at and for Croydon we need not say here. Very energetic, and regardless of money considerations if he thought he saw his way to a success, his boldness generally stood him in good stead. He was the soul of honour and straightforwardness, and had a great contempt for the dirty by-ways of the Turf and those who trod them. In private life he was the loving husband and father, the warm-hearted friend, the genial companion. Well-read, and with a retentive memory, his library was a source of delight to him in his leisure hours, and the drama was, we think, his second love. Given to hospitality, nothing pleased him more than to see a social circle gathered under the shade of the Mulberries, and to hear the quip and the merry jest go round his table. He had troops of friends, and to those near and dear ones he has left behind their warmest sympathy is offered.

When the rattle of bars and pole chains is once more heard in Piccadilly in the merry month of May, and the group of well-known faces gather on the steps of Hatchett's to witness the start of the different coaches, one face will be missed, for kindly-hearted, simple-minded Fred Byng is dead. How he loved the coaches! The weather or the indisposition must have been very bad that kept Mr. Byng from putting in an appearance at Hatchett's by ten o'clock on most mornings. What interest he took in the loads. We remember catching him once helping to put some luggage on 'Billy' Cooper's Dorking, and he looked as pleased as a boy at having done it. We are not aware if he ever was a coaching man himself in the proper acceptance of the word, but he loved and honoured coachmen, was well up in coaching lore and reminiscences, and was perfectly *au courant* at everything connected with 'the road.' He, too, had a second love, and one that showed the tender, kind heart of the man. The Home for Lost Dogs at Battersea was a child, if not exactly of his own creation, one that had much of his loving care. He was never more pleased than when he could induce a friend to go there with him, and to lionise the Home was his honest pride. Peace be to him. The quotation is somewhat musty, but still it is true that we could have better spared a better man.

And while writing of Captain Byng's death we are reminded by a valued coaching friend of other gaps and voids that will be noticed in Piccadilly this summer. In November last died Mr. Henry Willis—the senior partner in the bank—a great supporter of the road, more particularly of the Brighton in the days of Chandos Pole, when he horsed the coach the last stage into Brighton, and gave the proprietary the use of his splendid stables in Farm Street Mews. Mr. Willis kept a good many horses, and loved sport of every kind for its own sake. Then in January died John Eden, the plucky proprietor of the Wycombe Coach, which he drove himself, assisted by Lord Aveland and Colonel Stracey Clitherow, who frequently occupied his 'bench.' Eden horsed some part of the way of 'The Age' for old Clark, which ran to Brighton *via* Dorking and Horsham, and ceased running in 1862. The Duke of Beaufort and Mr. Charles Laurie also helped him. Indeed, we shall miss more faces than poor Fred Byng's on May Day, and if we look back two or three years the gaps are neither few nor far between. The Squire, Colonel Whithington, Mr. George Meek, Captain Rolls, are among the names that occur to us, but there may be more. There are still some of what we must perforce call 'the old school' left, however, and we will trust that there will be no vacancies in their ranks between this and the opening day.

The news of Captain Little's death at Paris, which reached London on the 17th, came to his many friends as a most unexpected blow. True, the long and painful illness, with which he had been afflicted about two years since, had made a great alteration in him, and his originally strong constitution was evidently seriously shaken. Still the last time we saw him, which was in the afternoon of the evening he left Town for Paris—about a month or five weeks since—he looked much better, and more like his former self. To our inquiries as to where he meant to spend the rest of the winter, he said, 'Well, I shall go to Paris first, and then I don't know what I shall do.' He was cheery, but then he was always that, and no breakdown in health, or reverse of fortune, ever found 'Josey' depressed. We have no recollection of the gallant young cornet who joined the K.D.G. some forty years since, and when Captain Little was scoring his most famous cross-country successes we were not in England. His win of the Liverpool with Chandler was in 1848, and a wonderful race that must have been to see, when master and pupil raced home together, and the latter won by a neck. Tom Oliver, who was on the second horse, The Curate, had been Captain Little's coach, and well did the latter profit by his lessons. Chandler's wonderful jump at Warwick has so recently been a subject of discussion that we need not enter into it here; but if it is true, as has been stated, that he was seventeen years old when he won over Aintree, he must have been an equally wonderful horse. Fancy a seventeen-year gentleman being alive to do it now. We believe one of the first appearances of the young dragoon in the saddle was in a match with Mr. Fothergill-Rowlands, and he held his own in company with that accomplished amateur as well as Captain Percy Williams, Captain Pettat, Lord Wilton, Lord Waterford, Mr. Beville, Lord Strathmore, Captain W. Peel, &c., &c. Captain Little won the Liverpool a second time, with Peter Simple, in 1853; and indeed he and his friend Captain Peel owned some of the best steeplechasers in England between them. Needless to say that steeplechasing was a somewhat different sport in the zenith of Captain Little's fame. The Haymarket jumpers and the riders thereon had not risen on the horizon, and the big courses in the Shires and elsewhere required hunters and men to ride them. Captain Little was the model of an amateur jock, and his seat and hands were as near perfection as possible. He was a brilliant finisher, too,

and in the race between Chandler and Curate, before referred to, there was a good deal in the jockeyship, albeit he had 'Black Tom' against him. For the rest, we need scarcely add how popular was poor 'Josey' in society. He was the *enfant gâté* of many a house, a standing dish in many a family circle. His thorough *bonhomie*, the happy pluck with which he took the buffets of fortune (and he received many), his knowledge of and clear judgment on men and horses, made his acquaintance and friendship to be highly valued. In the management of delicate affairs his advice was eagerly sought, for though he could not keep out of mischief himself—like so many others we know in the world—he was wonderfully good at indicating the right road. He never made an enemy, and the regret at his premature death is universal and sincere.

Since the 'Van' was last compiled, the grave has closed upon one who, as a gentleman, an all-round sportsman, and a friend, was hard indeed to equal; we mean the late Mr. William Matthew Coulthurst. Two years have elapsed since either the Surrey hills or Kentish woodlands last welcomed, in his presence, the personification of all that was quiet, yet shrewdly observant, modest and retiring; but the best of judges when hounds or their work or condition had to be tested. He was generous, frank, and resolute, yet at all times conciliatory; and at the ripe old age of eighty-two might be seen, the picture of neatness, enjoying his gallop across Marden Park, with the seat and hands of a workman, a freshness of countenance and cheeriness of disposition that betokened his innate love of the sport to which he had through life contributed so liberally and so unselfishly. The senior member of the Old Surrey Hunt (of which pack one of his distinguished co-partners had been Master), as, indeed, he was also the senior in his own special vocation as a banker, in which there was no one more revered or respected at the West End or in the City—he exhibited, through a long and eminently useful life, a simple-hearted kindness, a devotion to everything that was honest, manly, straightforward; and it may be truly said, that his clear perception and knowledge of human nature, as well as insight into character, brought him experiences which few have the opportunity of gaining. How well and how disinterestedly he used them, we need not attempt to say. Liberal in all things, either where churches were required, endowments needed, or the poor had to be considered; equally so when legitimate sport could be upheld, whether concerning foxhounds or harriers; for as to the latter, the late Surrey pack knew him many years as their generous Master; and he was also a capital shot. Such traits in a man's career speak for themselves. His monument is that of universal respect. He has gone from us at the ripe old age of eighty-four. All honour and peace to his memory, for we may now say, sadly, though in simple justice to it, '*hec olim meminisse juvabit.*'

Captain Hawley Smart's novel of 'Bound to Win' has been running for so many months in the columns of 'Bell's Life,' that hardly any of our readers can fail to know something of the fortunes of Beggarman and Coriolanus, of Harold Luxmoore and Berkley Holt. 'Bell' has had writers of much note amongst its contributors from time to time, but many years have passed since any of these essayed a sporting story, and no attempt at a Turf novel had been made in its columns until in a happy moment the editor fancied that such an innovation might prove a hit, and sought the assistance of the author of 'Breezy Langton.' Novelists who endeavour to describe the racecourse and the Ring generally fail dismally. People engaged in the active business of the Turf are a folk of unique habits and talk, and none save the initiated can sketch them with anything like correctness. Certain failure awaits the mere dabbler who presumes to write on racing matters. Captain Smart understands his subject

thoroughly. His owners, his trainers, his jockeys, his horses, are all drawn accurately from the life, and there is a vigour and sharpness in the description of some of the scenes—those on Ascot Heath and Doncaster town-moor for instance—that speak much for the author's observation and power of expression.

The Fitzwilliam, it is well known, always hunt on Ash Wednesday, and, from some of the neighbouring packs not going out on that day, it is generally the meet of the season, and they *always* have a good run. We heard of a rise being taken out of an Irish gentleman hunting with them which amused us. The meet on the day of cinders and ashes this year was at Byfield, and two mutual friends of the Irishman told him, and also made him believe, that the whole hunt, including the whips, would attend Divine service in Byfield Church first, and then the hounds would be put into covert. The Irish gentleman, who, to quote a saying of John Darby, 'ain't a glutton for prayers,' was much exercised in his mind as to what he should do on this occasion, and finally resolved on running up to town to have his hair cut on that day, and so missed one of the best things of the season. By-the-way, we believe that Mr. Charles Fitzwilliam always hunts on Ash Wednesday because his vicar tells him he ought not to; and George Carter has been heard to remark that he don't see see why there should not be as good a scent on A. W. as any other day. Now, supposing there are any 'aggrieved parishioners' down Milton way, the question arises, could Master and huntmen be pulled up before Lord Penzance? This had better be seen to.

We heard a story the other day of old Tom Barker, the once famous cricketer and umpire. Years ago Barker was connected with the old Leicester cricket-ground, and in the habit of standing umpire in the matches played there. A certain Mr. Cayley, who kept a large school in the neighbourhood, used to bring his boys over every Saturday to play on the ground; and this same schoolmaster, though quite an enthusiast in cricket, had taken to it late in life, knew very little of the game, and played in a style peculiarly his own—one feature of which was never to move his bat from the ground. On one occasion when he was batting, a sharp little fellow keeping wicket informed his master very seriously that if he did not move his bat he would be out. 'Out,' said the schoolmaster; 'nonsense! How can that be?' 'Barker' (appealing to him at the other end), 'I'm not out if I don't move my bat; am I?' 'No, sir,' said Barker, 'you ain't; but you d—d soon will be if you do.'

It will be pleasing to the Sporting world, especially to that portion of it to whom hunting is both a recreation and a profession, to be informed that a portrait has just been completed by Mr. Edgar Williams of St. Edmund's Terrace, Regent's Park, of that renowned sportsman, Mr. Russell of Tordown, Barnstaple. The popularity of Mr. Russell as a foxhunter and a genial friend and associate, will make this speaking likeness of him generally acceptable to the Sporting community, and the forthcoming engraving of it by an eminent artist will enable his many friends to possess themselves of a memorial of one who has long been distinguished as the fox-hunting authority of the day. As a work of art the portrait is eminently successful, of which the known reputation of the painter was a certain guarantee, and on the fidelity of the resemblance there has not been a dissenting opinion. On Tuesday, Feb. 20th, the portrait was exhibited at Barnstaple, and more than seven hundred persons of all classes came to see the perfect delineation of one beloved and esteemed by all, and who through a long life of eighty years has preserved the friendship and regard of the associates of his earliest day. Mr. E. Williams may rest

satisfied with the unqualified approbation which this clever portraiture has elicited from all by whom it has been seen and examined.

The Sandown Park Club has issued its programme for 1877, and, wisely abandoning, for the present at least, polo, cricket, and rinking, has sought to provide six good race meetings in the twelvemonth, while in addition the Grand Military and Household Brigade Steeplechases will be held on the second week of this month. This is, we think, likely to prove a very happy selection on the part of our soldier friends, and we anticipate a very good meeting. The Honorary Secretary Major Dixon, who has worked now for some years at what to him is a labour of love, has succeeded in getting capital entries, and all that will be wanted is some good going and sunshine. The prettily got up little book containing the rules and list of members is highly creditable to the taste of the publishers; and the member's badge for this year, a Maltese cross in white china, designed by Turner of Bond Street, is wonderfully taking. Our only fear is that it will get broken in careless hands. The one for the Prince of Wales is in blue enamel and gold. The course is in capital order, all things considered, we hear, and Mr. Hwfa Williams has been indefatigable in attending to it during the very trying winter we have had.

And we shall be going up the river this summer to the site and situation of yet another country club—to Thames-washed Twickenham and the lovely grounds of Orleans House, once the residence of the Duc d'Aumale. The house has been taken by Sir John Astley for a term of years, and the intention is to make it a summer resort for polo, pigeon shooting, flower shows, and the delights of life in general, including dining, which is to be done, the latter extremely well. To those who know what a charming *locale* is the spot we need not say how very promising this is; to the people who never saw the shady walks and mossy lawns of Orleans House we say that the place is as nearly perfection as possible. We can only hope, indeed we feel rather confident that with that increasing taste for an out-of-door life which each succeeding season develops, the love for a little polo and a good deal of flirting, for racing and spooning, for fêtes, flowers and fun of all kinds, Sir John Astley will have no reason to repent his venture. There is an excellent Committee, including the Dukes of Beaufort and Hamilton, Lord Hartington, Lord Hardwicke, Lord De Grey, Lord Londesborough, Sir George Wombwell, Sir John Astley, Sir Charles Legard, Mr. Chaplin, &c., and Captain Henry Wombwell is the Honorary Secretary and Manager. There is to be a Coach, which will leave town each afternoon for Orleans House during the summer months; and now that that favourite resort of the Four-in-Hand and Coaching Clubs, the Alexandra Palace, is closed, we should imagine that the Orleans Club would be an admirable substitute, and that after a morning meet at the Magazine we shall hear the word given for Twickenham and luncheon.

The victory of Coomassie has been well received in London, and throughout the country. She was nominated by Mr. R. F. Wilkins of Staines, a well known and deservedly popular owner of greyhounds. Coomassie was bought by mere chance by Mr. Calvert Toulmin, junior, who was so impressed by her easy defeat of Warren Hastings that he persuaded Mr. Wilkins, who was unable to train his own dogs in consequence of the state of the ground, to run her as his nomination. Mr. Toulmin intends having her painted, and the picture will be engraved for the benefit of all friends to coursing.



Willoughby de Broke

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE.

THE changes and vicissitudes that in course of time befall the ancient baronies held by writ of summons are, as genealogists well know, many and various. When the Conqueror bestowed the lordship of Eresby on one of his followers he was laying the foundation of two noble families—the present representatives of which have had their honours descend to them through many a devious channel. The male line of the Willoughbys of Eresby and the Willoughbys of Broke has failed more than once or twice in English history, but an heiress of the blood has come to the rescue, and in her children and descendants the dormant peerage awoke again. Their very names have been changed, and what was Willoughby is now Heathcote or Verney, but there is still the old strain that first took root in the Lincolnshire lordship, and the blood of the Willoughbys lives in their descendants.

The Willoughbys of Broke have for their ancestor Sir Thomas Willoughby, third son of the fourth Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, and the barony dates from the time when Sir Henry Willoughby fought on the side of King Henry at Bosworth and was created a Willoughby of Broke by writ of summons. The family were then settled in Wiltshire, but they were early attracted to Warwickshire, where they intermarried with the Grevilles and other noble families; and in the latter part of the seventeenth century the eldest daughter and heiress of the house married Sir Richard Verney of Compton Verney, and the old barony descended through the female line to one of her sons. A much older title (that of Lord Latimer), created in 1299, is also in the family, but the present Lord has never substantiated his right.

The latest acquisition, we believe, to the roll of M.F.H.—the subject of our present sketch, Henry Verney, seventeenth Baron Willoughby de Broke—may yet be said to have been born in the kennel, for his father was Master of the Warwickshire Hounds for seventeen seasons, and long before his son went to Eton he had taken to the noble science in all its branches, and was up in kennel

lore as he was straight-goer in the field. His love of hunting had plenty to feed on at Christ Church, and he rode in the last Oxford and Cambridge Steeplechase ever run (in 1865, we think). Four men were selected from each university, and Oxford furnished an easy winner in Mr. (now Captain) Grissell, of the 9th Lancers. The Duke of Hamilton's Pantaloon, ridden by Mr. Frederick, of University Eleven fame, and now in the Inniskillings, was second; and Lord Willoughby de Broke, on a horse belonging to the late Lord Harrington, got knocked over at the first fence by 'Mr. Rolly,' whose *début* in public it was. We need not remind our readers that the love of steeplechasing still survives in both of these distinguished amateurs. Lord Willoughby is weaning himself from it now he is an M.F.H., but yet he rode five or six winners last year; and of 'Mr. Rolly's' doings this is not the place to speak.

The late Lord, as we have just said, hunted the county for seventeen seasons, and on his death, in 1862, the Hon. W. H. North, who had been joint Master for the last two or three years, continued the mastership until in 1866 he resigned that office to Mr. Spencer Lucy of Chichester, and that gentleman has given the greatest satisfaction during the ten years he has had the hounds. It was on his retirement last year that, at the unanimous wish of the subscribers, Lord Willoughby de Broke took the head of affairs, and has entered, we need scarcely add, *con amore* into the duties and pleasures of his office. His popularity, his high position in the county, his love of all the sports and pastimes that are the heritage of an English gentleman, marked him as eminently fitted for the post; and the subscribers may be congratulated on finding such a Master ready to their hands. He is a capital cricketer, and a prominent member of the I Zingari Eleven that went to Ireland. A fisherman, and a visitor to Norway on more than one occasion, his name was also well known a few years back at Hurlingham and the Gun Club, but the latter sport he has now given up for more congenial occupations. A large farmer, with about 900 acres in his own hands, he has been a successful breeder and exhibitor of Shropshire sheep; and though latterly he has got somewhat out of the run, perhaps, as he himself says, it is because other people have got better.

Lord Willoughby de Broke married in 1869, Geraldine, daughter of the late Mr. Smith Barry of Marbury Hall, Cheshire, and Fota Island, co. Cork. Her Ladyship is as fond of hunting as her Lord, and goes well to hounds. A young family are growing up by their side, and in the pursuits of a country life and the quiet enjoyments of home both husband and wife find their delight and reward.

TURF RECIPROCITY.

WE shall not be accused of contempt of court in discussing a question which we trust will come up for decision, at as early an opportunity as possible, before a full bench of racing judicature at New-

market, to be settled, let us hope, in a summary manner, and once for all, and without fear of subsequent hauntings by its perturbed spirit. Both sides have now had the opportunity of a say upon the subject, and unquestionably much good has resulted from its thorough ventilation, both at home and abroad; while the various 'fierce lights' turned upon the question, in all its aspects, have left nothing uncertain or obscure. It has been approached from every possible standpoint, and argued, as we are bound to confess, with great fairness and moderation, all causes of offence to our foreign fellow-sportsmen having been carefully removed from the controversy, like the roast beef and plum-pudding from the coffee-shop window in John Leech's sketch, 'for fear they should hurt the feelings of 'Mossoo.' The subject has cropped up on more than one previous occasion, but its feeble plaint was either smothered at once, and the bantling carefully 'laid upon' without being suffered to make its presence known in the world; or it was regarded merely as 'an infant crying in the night, and with no language but a cry.' And things might have gone quietly and smoothly enough, had not Kisber arisen to fright this island from its propriety, and had not Tom Jennings produced his long-threatened 'second Gladiateur' at last in the shape of the Middle Park and Dewhurst Plates winner—a very lion in the path of British racing enterprise. Chamant's success, following closely upon the great Baltazzi *coup*, was the last straw which broke the back of that patient and long-enduring beast of burden, the camel-like John Bull; and by way of putting the matter on record in 'Baily's' Green-book, we may be pardoned for preluding our remarks by a short *résumé* of the correspondence which the opening phases of the great 'reciprocity' question produced. It was through the columns of the 'largest circulation in the world' that Lord Falmouth first sounded the alarm, and thus by a strange coincidence, the organ which had long been a repository for the lamentations of Senex and his deterioration theory, was suffered to become the mouthpiece of a sportsman who did not hesitate to declare his belief that our horses were as good as ever. We do not propose to discuss *seriatim* the clauses of Lord Falmouth's communication to the 'Daily Telegraph,' touching as it did incidentally on other subjects outside the point really at issue; but in the main his arguments were directed towards establishing the desirability of the idea conveyed by the hackneyed expression which we have chosen for our text. At the first blush nothing could be more plausible, reasonable, and logical than the array of facts and deductions set forth in Lord Falmouth's letter, and if it took the racing world a little by surprise, there were considerations in connection with its writer which caused it to be regarded everywhere with respect, if not with approval; and though there were a few who argued from it an unworthy fear and jealousy of foreign successes upon the English turf, the vast majority of those interested in the solution of an admittedly difficult problem, giving the writer credit for all sincerity and singleness of purpose, approached the task of examin-

ing his arguments with every disposition to allow them due weight, and prepared to form unprejudiced judgments upon the result of the sifting and weighing process. No owner of horses could have come before the public with a better chance of fair and patient hearing than the chief patron of Heath House, for never has the slightest whisper of insinuation been breathed against him during a long and distinguished career upon the turf, and throughout the same he has maintained the lofty line of policy best calculated to maintain the tone of his dearly loved sport. With such credentials as these before them, what wonder that Lord Falmouth's many admirers were disposed to fall in with his views off-hand, and to rally round the reciprocity standard which had been so chivalrously planted in the path of the invader? There was a businesslike flavour, mingled with a spice of patriotism, in his lordship's proposals of free-trade in racing, which tickled the palates of the many jealous of recent foreign successes; though there were not wanting those who denounced the movement as ill-timed, and as one certain to be referred to a passing feeling of resentment engendered by the victories of Kisber, Chamant, and Co. It was most undoubtedly a high compliment paid to the exalted position of Lord Falmouth, as a representative sportsman, that he should have carried men with him more by the force of his character than by the soundness of his arguments; and accordingly reciprocity for a time remained master (or mistress) of the situation, attracting adherents by the speciousness of the expression, no less than by the novelty of the situation. Nor did Lord Falmouth long stand alone in his Horatian determination to keep the bridge against Lars Porsena of Clusium, and the false Sexti who declined to range themselves under his banners. Lord Vivian, another Cornish nobleman, was content to 'stand at his right hand' with Lartian firmness, and to dispute the passage of Gaul and Teuton; while another unexpected ally announced himself ready, like Herminius, to 'abide by his left side,' in the person of the Master of the Buckhounds; and there the 'dauntless three' stand waiting for their enemies in the gate. Lord Vivian went far beyond his fellow-countrymen of the West, and advocated a total repression of the obnoxious foreigner from any participation whatever in English racing. *Delenda est Carthago* was his uncompromising motto, and Lord Hardwicke only slightly qualified this policy of repression; both outbidding their leader in demands for the total abolition of external interference with our racing rights; and both—it must in the interests of truth be said—turning the balance of popular opinion, which had previously slightly inclined towards Lord Falmouth, against the prohibitive measures which had now assumed so sweeping an aspect. At the first blush, however, and before arguments were heard from the other side, Lord Falmouth seemed to have made out an excellent case, and his cry was taken up and re-echoed in certain quarters, seducing many from their allegiance to the common-sense view of the situation, and deluding others into the belief that the principles of free trade were at last to be successfully applied to horseracing, as

well as to other subjects of treaties of commerce. The cry was undoubtedly a very specious and attractive one indeed, and it was fondly hoped by the followers of Lord Falmouth that their chief had succeeded in taking up an impregnable position, and in constructing an outwork proof against all his 'enemies and opposers whatsoever.' But as soon as the enemy opened fire, it was discovered that the vaunted stronghold showed signs of palpable weakness in more than one direction; and during a protracted, though desultory attack, the walls crumbled in all directions before the artillery directed against them from various quarters. The formidable-looking and carefully finished exterior was speedily disfigured by shot and shell, aimed at its most vital points; and, be it noted, the greatest damage resulted from guns placed in position by former allies, and not from the enemy against whose advance the fortress was originally constructed. It became evident that, so far from the universal sympathy of colleagues in the Jockey Club having been enlisted, many of them were inclined to make common cause with opponents of the measure, and to regard as Utopian the scheme put forward by Lord Falmouth for redressing an imaginary grievance. The foreign sporting press was lukewarm in its opposition, as compared with the 'distinguished 'personages' who took up the cudgels on behalf of their French and German fellow-sportsmen; and it was soon found that the weight of public opinion inclined towards a continuation of our present policy, and that 'reciprocity,' however excellent on paper and in theory, could not bear the test of a thorough trial in action, nor a reduction to the hard logic of facts.

That the opposition was likely to be a formidable one was shown more distinctly as time went on, and as, one after another, opponents arose to assail the weak points in Lord Falmouth's armour, and to expose fallacies and lay bare inconsistencies. There was a charming spice of banter about Admiral Rous's letter to M. Lupin which delightfully obscured his real meaning, and made it uncertain whether he was patting both or either of the combatants on the back, though his effusion was not entirely free from that characteristic love of indiscriminate attack which shows itself in an Irish row, when, for the sake of something to attack, Paddy lets fly with the shillelagh at the hapless pates of all within his reach. With all respect towards the Admiral, and with a thorough appreciation of his intention and endeavour to keep the good ship of the Turf upon a right tack, he has always seemed too hasty and headlong in action; for no sooner does an enemy heave in sight than all hands are piped to the guns, and a broadside is delivered to the inconvenience of friends and foes alike within range of his three-decker; whereas a well-directed shot or two would have the desired effect upon his adversaries, without any risk of danger to his own side. An ex-Master of the Horse and his successor in office both contributed towards the correspondence on the great reciprocity question, and subsequently General Peel was also induced to break silence; but although much good sense was brought from the garnered experience of these worthies to bear upon

the question, we do not propose to follow them through their arguments, nor to reproduce the sentiments embodied in their correspondence on a subject in which all were so amply versed. Nothing could have been more courteous than the spirit in which their strictures on Lord Falmouth's proposals were both offered and received, and the tone of the whole correspondence was worthy of the importance and dignity of the occasion, as well as of the disputants who had descended into the controversial arena.

Of the many arguments brought to bear upon Lord Falmouth's reciprocity proposals, the most cogent were naturally urged against their practical working rather than their theoretical principles. The latter, though not by any means unassailable, were at least possessed of elements which appealed very strongly to minds apt to be carried away by mere superficialities; for nothing could, *prima facie*, be more reasonable or more plausible than that racing should have a more genuine international flavour about it than at present. But, on the other hand, it was forcibly urged that, supposing France or any other continental nation should think fit to make us participators in their racing spoils, we could avail ourselves of this licence to a very limited degree, if indeed the concessions were not altogether beyond our means of enjoyment. From March until November important racing fixtures follow one another in rapid succession, and directors of the principal training establishments have their hands sufficiently full of home affairs to preclude them from undertaking, in addition, a foreign portfolio. Even if their own engagements admitted travelling to and fro between England and the Continent, the engagements of their horses, and especially of their two-year-olds, would not permit even of a monthly disarrangement of plans and stomachs, in order to enable them to assist at the important fixtures on the French circuit as well as on our own. As it is, the 'pyramid of forfeits' at home is formidable enough to contemplate without adding to the amount to be incurred abroad, and even with the long promised Channel Tunnel thrown in, we doubt whether our present system of engaging horses admits of much expansion in any direction. Indeed, in a certain sense, we have, as it is, a plethora of racing; and it should also be remembered that in a financial point of view, it would suit us to send only our best representatives across the silver streak, and that many of these are raced off their legs during the eight months which make up our season in this country. In addition to such obstacles as these cast in the way of Turf reciprocity we have staring us in the face the additional objection of Sunday racing, which prevails universally in the 'fair land' nearest to our shores. Byron sang, referring to his countrymen fifty years ago—

'You're not a moral nation, and you know it,'

but for all that, the traditional New Zealander is never likely to find us going racing on a Sunday; the feelings of the nation being happily on the side of maintaining order and decency on the prescribed day

of rest. Putting on one side for a moment the religious aspect of the question, it is clear that, with the week fully occupied by half-a-dozen meetings or more, there must be a short 'close time' for followers of sport, or its everlasting round would remind more of the treadmill business than at present.

Another very pertinent remark was that of General Peel, who asked how we could expect to meet France and Germany on their own ground with any better chance of success than here; and though this query may have the appearance of begging the question of foreign equine superiority, it must be obviously a common-sense view of the matter we are bound to entertain. We must take care lest we get *too much* for asking; for if our present position is the equivocal one our Turf pessimists would have it, how much more humiliating would it be, should we attain the object of our desires, and then, whether through unwillingness or inability, decline to avail ourselves of it? We were the first to invite 'all nations' to participate in our national sport, without any stipulation as to reciprocity, and it is not for us to withdraw or to qualify this concession because we have from time to time suffered defeat by our own weapons. As has been well remarked, the successes of foreigners have not been disproportionate to their enterprise in purchasing our best blood; and, to use a homely phrase, 'As we have made our bed, so must we lie in it.'

It would seem, therefore, that 'reciprocity,' like many other high-sounding words, is really one of 'little meaning' when the practical test comes to be applied; like some seemingly strong military position, which crumbles away before a well-directed fire. Fortunately, perhaps, for its advocates, in a racing sense, there is not much likelihood of France or Germany taking us 'at our own word,' and conceding the shadowy advantages after which some amongst us seem too anxious to grasp. Foreigners will doubtless have sagacity enough to stand by without any attempt to take action, leaving us to settle matters how we choose as regards their participation in the *spolia opima* of the British Turf. The current of public opinion, after a short run against them, has now turned in their favour, and John Bull, with the true instinct of a shopkeeper, has gradually been forced to the conviction that it will be better for his purse in the long run for England to open her lists to all comers, knowing that by these means the value of his home produce, in the shape of thoroughbred horseflesh, is certain to increase instead of deteriorating in value. He will be content to pocket his pride along with his gold, and to console himself with the reflection, so often taken to heart on occasions of defeat by Gladiateurs or Kisbers, that, after all, he holds the key to the situation, and that his horse-supply must be drawn upon to the end of the chapter. Continental nations may be comparatively strong in equine wealth, but they are not yet fit to run alone, and for many years to come must recruit their thoroughbred battalions by continual infusions of fresh blood. When they are strong enough to stand unaided by such supplies, then the question of reci-

procuity may be entertained with some chance of an establishment of free trade, but at present the drain is all from one quarter, and mutual advantage is therefore an impossibility. To use a somewhat trite expression, it is not until each country 'stands upon its own bottom,' both in breeding and in racing, that the idea of 'reciprocity,' in its fullest sense, can be seriously entertained.

AMPHION.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE W. E. G. ON THE BOAT-RACE.

WHEN we entered our office on the day of the University Boat-race, we were so puzzled by the multiplicity of reports and telegrams as to the issue thereof, that we determined to go at once to the fountain-head, and there seek advice from one who was never known to refuse information on any point with which he might, or might *not*, be acquainted. Need we say that we refer to the right honourable gentleman, the junior member for Greenwich? With that urbanity and alacrity in matters of business which characterise the life and correspondence of the honourable gentleman referred to, we received in the course of the evening a post-card, which (as it entirely settles the point at issue) we present to our readers, together with the question as asked by ourselves.

THE QUESTION.

Omniscient William, thou whose fertile brain
Doth questions on *all* subjects entertain,
Accord a seeker for the Truth advice;
(An answer on a post-card will suffice).
Supposing Oxford's oar had given way
Three seconds sooner than it did to-day,
Would Oxford, or would Cambridge, claim to be
This year the winning University?

THE ANSWER.

It ever pleases me when age or youth
Betrays an honest seeking after Truth.
Advised by me, pray let your mind embrace
'*Three courses*' which seem open in this case—
First, had the Cambridge rowed a trifle harder,
Victorious laurels I should then award her;
Next, had the Oxford oar stood longer true,
My verdict would have been—The Darker Blue;
Thirdly, and last, my judgment to complete,
If neither won, it *might be* a '*Dead Heat*.'

W. E. G.

REAL GENTLEMEN PLAYERS.

QUOUSQUE TANDEM ABUTERE
CATALINA PATIENTIÂ NOSTRÂ?

I BEING Cataline (*pro tem.*), and once more striking the cricket chord, promise not to say anything about Pilch, A. Mynn, Mr. Charles Taylor, old Lilly, Redgate, or other swells who are 'behind 'the *Styx*' (bad joke, eh, Mr. Baily?—query 'sticks'); but an outcry having arisen as to who are or who are not amateur players proper, I can introduce some who are—and who, some of them, alas! were—the stamp of real English gentlemen players, and I can preach upon one or two in particular who were *nulli secundi*.

In illustration of this, I am going to put forward below a squib written in thorough good temper and good humour, four or five years since, for private circulation only, amongst good men and true, in aid of a veteran cricketer who was, and is, and is likely to be for many years, an old, *very* old pensioner, though he is now nearly eighty-seven years of age. But he will never die, for the moment the sun shines in May, and he can get out on the cricket-ground, he puts on a tall white hat—*temp.* Geo. IV.—and a pipe in his mouth, and comes out as a 'gay spark' in the days of the Regency; and it is believed that he hibernates like a dormouse. It is a true sketch of a village match, at home and out, in which all the gentlemen who played were *bonâ fide* amateurs, ready to bear the brunt of the expense, and thinking of nothing but fair play, sinking self, and mad to win. This class—*me judice*—are the only real amateurs in England. I put this old parody forward for four reasons:—

1. Because, 'if Mr. Baily nods assent' (like the Imperial Jove), I choose to do so.

2. Because this parody on Mr. Pepys' diary, which was headed by a beautifully drawn caricature of the late Sir George Honyman—afterwards Mr. Justice Honyman—in two tableaux, one of which represented him as the British cricketer in full cricket costume, the other as one of H.M. Judges going into Westminster Hall, preceded by barristers with cricket-bats for maces, is somewhat in the nature of a *cricketensis*, *more paganorum*, *apotheosis*—this is a mouthful, like a dozen of oysters (I like to talk to my audience sometimes)—of a good lawyer, just judge, ardent cricketer, and real English gentleman, who unfortunately was cut off very soon after earning his reward.

3. Because the late judge was so pleased with the fun, that he took innumerable copies of the original squib in aid of the veteran cricketer at their fancy price, and sent them to almost all the judges and his friends; and moreover, wrote from his circuit begging to have a match kept back for him, as, in his own words, he wanted to play again against the blacksmith who had hit and run a clean eight without an overthrow, and the carpenter, and the village folk,

and to have some more of that cold beef and pickles at the White Hart; and I believe that many an old friend at the Bar will be pleased to see the late judge's name in print once more, spoken kindly of, and to know that, had the judge come again (as, but for illness, he would have done), the Royal arms were to be placed over his chair at luncheon, and a new pair of kid gloves and a gallon of shandy-gaff presented to him in token of a maiden circuit. But it was *not* to be; though his good-humoured presence and merry laughter were never forgotten by the humbler villagers, who liked to see a gentleman who was on the threshold of the Bench leading on the fun, without vulgar adulation, or losing his position.

4. Because I do not believe that it ever happened to any parish eleven before to be challenged and to play, two matches, two years running against a circuit eleven, out of which eleven two—at whose instigation the matches were made—became judges in a very short time, namely, Sir George Honyman and Sir Richard Garth. (N.B. They are cricketers, *not* tuft-hunters, in the parish where the matches were played.)

MR. PEPYS ON CRICKET.*

ADDITION TO PEPYS' DIARY, DISCOVERED IN THE MITCHAM PARISH FIRE ENGINE, WHERE IT HAD BEEN HIDDEN FOR TWO CENTURIES.

(*Laid on the table of 'Baily' by Order of Parliament and of the Cricketers of England.*)

1671.—August 12.—Up and away to Croydon, where my Lords Justices they holding the assize. To the Court, when found much dearth of gentlemen of the longe robe, the crown cases being concluded, and a civil action pending about an old road, and likely to last many days. Methought the more the counsel wrangled the less the court and the jury did understand the case. Asking the crier of the court 'Why so few barristers?' he, winking, and with much mysterie, did tell me that many had gone to Mitcham or Mickleham Green, there to play at a game called 'ye cryckette.' So to Mitcham Green, where much companie of all sorts, rich and poore, and many tents and flags, in one of which R. Garth, Esq. (a King's Counsellor, but now Chief Justice of the Empress of India her Court at Calcutta), his butler did stand behind a tabel, and did dispense a brave drinke called claret cup, in silver tankards, to the players and to the companie, at R. Garth his expense, which was very noble of him.

Pleasant, methought, to see R. Garth his Eleven, mostly lawyers, and all out of mischief for the day, a playing against the village folk; though to my mind—it being Mitcham Fair day—it not unlikely that some of the spectators who came from afar, and they rogues attracted by the Fair, might have some of these same lawyers for or against them at the next assize. Going into a tent, with a view to get information, and also hoping for some drinke, which I did get and much enjoy, R. Garth his butler whispered behind his hande that all the counsellors did not play under their right names, and that one, playing under the name of G. Mel Vir, Esq. (the Latin words for Honyman, which was his name), was a baronet and a king's counsellor; and 'marke me,' said he, 'some day he will be

* Mr. Pepys his diary ceased on May 31st, 1669: the continuation for the years 1670-3 was found in the Mitcham Parish Fire Engine, which was used in the Great Fire of London in 1666, and which is now kept on the Cricket Green. The Diary seems to be prophetic, as the events recorded therein took place on the same dates 200 years later, within the memory of men now living (Macaulay).

'a judge,' to which I added that the gentleman who supplied this good drinke ought to be one too. I did then observe Mel Vir with curiositie, and did find him the merriest of them all; and strange it did appear to me that if my life was spared, I might see him accompanied by the sheriffs and javellin men, and trumpeters attending in great state, as one of His Majesty's Judges. One Crummles, who they say hath cryckette on the brain, and very ready with his tongue, who being the manager, was styled Vincent Crummles, after Mr. Dickens his theatrical character in 'Nicholas Nickleby,' fell into discourse, and speaking of Mel Vir, he did say, 'Folks say I can talke a dog's hinde leg off, but Mel Vir he 'can talk all the legs off a packe of hounds.' At two of the clock at dinner at the White Hart Tavern, where a mixed companie, the lawyers, and the blacksmith and the carpenter, and the scorers and umpires, and one a neighbouring clergyman, all sitting down together to brave dishes of cold meat. Pleasant to hear the laughter and good humour; and, good faith! to see them drinke shandygaff—a compound of ginger ale and mild beer—they being tired and dry, to boot; but no wine or spirits, which glad to see. What Crummles said was true; Mel Vir being the greatest talker I ever heard, and Crummles silent, not getting in a word, which methought strange for him.

After dinner, much talk with Crummles about the game of Cryckette; and he did informe me that the village green had been famous for upwards of a hundred years, and did shew me a fine old man, who had been a great player, named Bowyer, at present 83 years old, who for six years was one of Mr. E. H. Budd's and Lord F. Beauclerc's B Eleven, consisting of players whose names began B, who used to play and beat all England. Learnt from Crummles that many of the greatest crycketers in England had come from, and still came from Mitcham, and that many of the greatest players had played there from time to time, and that it was impossible to write the historie of Cryckette, and leave Mitcham out. And he did saye that now one Southerton, a barber there, was one of the best bowlers in England, who doe make the ball spin like a tom-tit going round a corner, and much sought for, he going all over England and to Scotland and Ireland to play. Moreover, that a young spark, one Dick Humphrey, though unknown three years ago, is one of the best eleven men in England.

Came suddenly in a covered carriage a spruce man, a barrister's clerk, express from Croydon, and did announce in a loud voice that R. Garth, King's Counsellor, his case unexpectedly called on. Quaint to see R. Garth in his flannel clothes—he 'bloused' (one of Oliver Goldsmith's words; *vide* ye Vicar of Wakefield) with running, jump into the carriage, and changing his flannel dress for sad-coloured clothes in which to appear before my Lords and argue his case, the clerk holding his wig and gowne ready to put on as soon as he had changed his clothes; the horse—a hack cab-horse, with a Roman nose and bowed back—galloping the while, and R. Garth his face shining with heat like the setting sun. To think of R. Garth hurrying off, like a schoolboy who had missed school. Pleasant withal to see a middle-aged man with all the fire of a boy in him still.

Crummles says that, owing to the great name of Mitcham and the good character of the crycketers, the publicke do support the game, and said he, 'I can ask them without shame to promote a sporte which contributes to the 'happiness of all.' Whereupon, commending Crummles for this, I did hint to Crummles simply to put the case before the publicke, and not to dun them like a tailor or a tax-gatherer (from whom heaven preserve us!), and Crummles, thanking me for my good worde, said he would not, 'but remember,' said he, 'we look after the green as well, which is a place of sport for all.' And so home through the Fair, where much noise and gingerbread shows and roundabouts, and did buy a pin-cushion for my wife, which did cost iii-pence, but it proved trumperie, and did burst in an omnibus wherein I travelled, and annoyed the companie, and some, to my grief, did swear. To think I did spend only iii-pence on my wife and xii shillings on myself.

1672.—August 19.—To the Oval ground, where a great match, 'Mitcham 'against the Surrey County Club and Ground.' To the pavilion, where a crowd of

crycketers spectators, and did see many of the Mitcham village folk. A drawer at the bar did say in my eare, that although the match was against the County Club, many of the club hoped that Mitcham would win, out of admiration for their courage in playing the club on their own ground, the Mitcham eleven modest withal.

Pleasant to see the excitement of the village folk, some of them bringing trained carrier pigeons to take home the news from time to time; and soe the match it began, Crummles having wonne the toss and sending his side in. One bold man, who stood on the steps, did cry out 'Five crowns to three on the Surrey Club,' to which Crummles cried out 'Done,' he taking the bett, but explaining to me that it was not for the sake of gambling, which he did not like, but, said he, 'they shan't bully us.' Crummles did say the game was going against them at starting, three good men going out quickly, but he hoped that one Game, a boy of eighteen, of Sherborne School, might turn the match, which he did with much braverie, hitting the ball all over the field and scoring 45 in half an hour, and then out, and much cheered. Then the Mitcham men stood firm, and did at last get out for 127 runs, Crummles going in last and receiving one ball, 'which,' said he to me afterward, 'must have gone for six if I had hit it 'instead of its hitting my wicket.' The Surrey then in and one man out forthwith, but after him two did make a great stand and nearly 50 runs, and they still steady. Hereon a council of war in the field, and, to the delight of the Mitcham spectators, two new bowlers were put on, Higgs and Bayliss, and at the seconde ball which Higgs did bowle away went Mr. James—a brave player—his wicket, whereat much joy, which mightily increased when Bayliss, a blacksmith—he very fierce and quick with the ball—in the next over at his seconde ball did knock the middle stump of Mr. Betts right up in the air, and he out, scoring 26 runs with much care and skill, and likely to have been in all day. Then the game did look favourable for Mitcham, though the scouts had to work very hard, and at last did get all the Surrey side out, they being 15 runs behind, and soe a victory for Mitcham.

Good lack! to see the Mitcham Eleven throw their hats into the air and to hear their own people cheer; and many ran up, and some strangers too, and did shake hands, being much pleased, for it was the first time the village had wonne in London, though victorious at home. And then some ran to the telegraph, and others did set free the pigeons to bring the news home, and I do heare the pigeons mostly bring the news first. Pleasant to see so much joy, and all for honour, without gambling or ill-feeling, the five crowns which Crummles did win going to the paid players to drink healths.

1673.—*January 25.*—To the Common Pleas, to see Sir George Honyman, Bart., made a serjeant-at-law, before taking his seat on the Bench, he being elected one of His Majesty's Judges. Much badinage between Chief Justice Bovill and Serjeants Ballantine and Parry about the King's writ being lost. Strange, methinks, that two lawyers should lose the writ, but, on second thoughts, not so strange, because the Chief Justice and Serjeant Ballantine, and also the new Judge, had been engaged in the Tichborne case, and probably they now muddle-headed for life.

Comes Sir George Honyman in full dress robes, the Court being full of companie, barristers, and many ladies, and I did see R. Garth his smiling face there, but, good lack, my surprise when I did see the new Judge to be G. Mel Vir, Esq., who was the merriest of R. Garth his Eleven, and to think of him in his flannel clothes and straw hat lying on the grass and laughing, and now one of His Majesty's Judges. Pleased to think how many crycketers over England who have played with him, and heard his fun, will respect his wisdom and learning none the less because of his merriment and good nature.

In Westminster Hall met Crummles, and expressing my surprize to him, he did laugh and urge that there be two kinds of people in this world, some who are not ashamed to be seen idle, when they have leisure, and some who with much hypocrisy do pretend constant hard work, they being idle on the sly, and who live only for greed and false praise. 'And many of them,' said he, 'who seem 'most idle, are just the kind of men who, when work has to be done, will work

'night and day, without show or pretence, and will be cheerful, and never neglect their business; but when they take a rest, they are not ashamed to be merry, like schoolboys out for a holiday, having no pride but proper pride.' Crummles did tell me how a former Vice-Chancellor, Sir Launcelot Shadwell, he being a great patron of rowing and swimming, did appear often on the Thames in an eight-oared galley with seven sonnes, he pulling stroke; and, moreover, how in the long vacation some parties, being aggrieved, did apply to this same Vice-Chancellor at his private house at Roehampton, and found him swimming in his bath in his garden adjoining the Thames, when he, as it was said, swimming on his back and treading water, did hear the counsell, they standing on the bank, and did grant the injunction, to the merriment of all.* Alsoe he did relate how a well-known police-magistrate taking his nephews to Ascott races, in default of a carriage at Windsor, went to the course in a baker's cart, forgetting that the pickpockets would recognise him, which they did, and cheered him lustily on the course, he laughing the while. And, moreover, he related how Baron Alderson, a good and just judge—the assize terminating suddenly,—did, on behalf of the bench and bar, challenge the town to cryckette, he standing umpire, and did himself give his own clerk 'out' on a doubtful point of cryckette law, to shew his love of justice and impartiality. And how the late Lord Carlisle, when Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, did greatly promote cryckette in the vice-regal park, himself always scoring, and providing a banquet beside. All of which things, Crummles argued, shewed that great men of position, were never ashamed to do small things and to do them well, and for the delectation of others; their example, he added, being worthy of imitation by all honeste men. Asking Crummles why lawyers play under feigned names, he did answer that the matches were published in the newspapers, and people were so scurrilous, that if a lawyer's name did appear, they would say that he was neglecting his clients; which remarks methinks ungenerous and unkind, and not worthy Christian men. Having business, I did leave Crummles, although he ready to talk about Cryckette, Pilch and Felix, Wenman and A. Mynn, and other great men, till next quarter-daye.

So home—thinking what a noble game cryckette is, and how much amusement it doe cause to all, both peer and peasant; and profitable, too, as promoting good fellowship and harmonic, and tending to stamp out vulgar pride.

(POSTSCRIPTUM.)—On reading this through after five years, sad to think if the Blacks in India, they once subjects of 'ye great Mogulle,' and now pulling punkahs over the heads of His Majesty's Justices at Calcutta, and perhaps under the new School Board now learned in the English tongue, should see this, and should apply their thumbs and fingers to their noses, whilst pulling the punkahs, knowing that my Lorde Chief Justice had run away from a cryckette ground, changing his flannel bags in a cab, behind ye Roman-nosed horse with the bowed back. And sadder still if a member of ye Indian bar, when chided by ye Lorde Chief Justice for being absent, should wynke at his learned brothers, and should hand round Mr. Baily his Magazine in ye court, at Calcutta, which 'δαμνεδ'or' I guess.

Any stick will serve to thrash a dog with, and this article will serve to hang a moral on, and the moral is this. The 'amateur' 'cricketer' question is becoming a downright nuisance, and the Marylebone Club ought to draw a hard and fast line once and for ever. I saw, myself, a bill from a county club for 70*l.*, for the services of four or five amateurs (?) in a 'Gentlemen and Players' match on a London ground; or, perhaps more strictly speaking, a bill sent in by the amateurs. I do not see why the London club should not have given them 100*l.* if they chose, and why the

* In the long vacation one of the Equity Judges always remains in England to hear urgent cases; when the Barristers go to his private house without robes.

amateurs should not have received the money, just as the late Mr. Thackeray and the late Mr. Charles Dickens received large sums for reading and lecturing. If my profession failed, I should not be the least ashamed to hire a large ground and let it for, and arrange, matches during the summer, and make my living by it, and I believe I could make a very good living at it, too; and I should not mind being called 'a gentleman professional,' and giving up all title to the name of 'amateur.' Why then should not those who cannot afford to play cricket for nothing, openly avow that they are paid, and make money by it, and have a star against their names [*], and be known as 'gentlemen professionals,' as distinguished from amateurs—and play with the professionals in a match called 'Amateurs and Professionals,' instead of Gentlemen and Players? The real amateurs might receive a bare second-class railway pass, and nothing more, honestly I suppose, for going long distances, as a country curate's son cannot go two hundred miles at his own expense.

I am not ashamed of receiving a cheque for writing magazine articles, and Heaven forbid that my friends should think that I forfeit my title—*valeat quantum*—to the name of a 'gentleman' by so doing; and common sense seems to say, 'Let those who have the status of gentlemen take money for playing cricket if they please, and cease to be amateurs; but let them take the money openly and avowedly, and not be ashamed of it, and play as professionals.' That is the real English mode of settling a question.

If a magazine called 'The Amateur' was started solely for those who had never received publishers' money, I should be disqualified as a contributor, but I should like to retain my name as a gentleman.

William of Wykeham's old motto,

'MANNERS MAKYTH MAN,'

is the golden rule for right or wrong, and many professional players, proper, are much more real nature's gentlemen than dozens who are many grades above them in the social scale, who are horrified at the name of 'a professional.'

At any rate let us stamp out the mongrels who, on the sly, take half a player's fee, and keep a player out, and who, instead of taking bare expenses (always a questionable amount), put money in their purse, and call themselves gentlemen. I like the old Yorkshire saying, 'Be a man or a mouse—hedge nought.'

(POSTSCRIPTUM No. 2).—The 'Alfred Mynn and Felix case' is no precedent, as regards paid amateurs; the facts being that both of them loved cricket not wisely, but too well, and crippled their finances by the expense attending it, and consequently, by universal acclamation, they were retained in the ranks of the amateurs—though being regularly paid—which ranks never boasted any more zealous exponents of the noble game, or two more unselfish cricketers, who fought under the old Kentish banner, the motto of which was 'Invicta.'

Mitcham, April 1877.

F. G.

A LETTER TO GEORGE ANDERSON, ESQ., M.P.

SIR,—Three-quarters of a century ago Mr. William Windham, in his place in the House of Commons, spoke against the injustice and impolicy of depriving the lower orders of their amusements.

One by one the sports of the people have been suppressed, until at length what remains? The prize-ring has been put down; Greenwich, Camberwell, Edmonton, Fairlop, Pinner, and all other fairs round London, where wrestling and back-sword were played, have been abolished; walking and running matches on the high road are no longer allowed, and by your Bill for licencing racecourses, it is now proposed to prohibit any horse-race within a radius of ten miles from Charing Cross. Should this become law, the butcher and the baker who trot their nags against each other, at Ponders End, for a leg of mutton and trimmings, would both be liable to penalties of 10*l*. or two months imprisonment.

The rich have their hunting and their shooting, their moors and their deer forests, their salmon fishing and their yachts, or whatever their inclinations may dictate, and we should be sorry to suppose that they can be so selfish as to desire to have a monopoly in sports. And yet, how does the case stand? During the past month vast sums of money have been won and lost, at whist and at *ecarté*, at two West End clubs. If a tradesman were to play a game of cards at a tavern (which is his club), he would be liable to fine or imprisonment. The law allows gentlemen to bet at Tattersall's, but woe betide the working man who lays a wager in Whitechapel.

You, Sir, no doubt, hope to elevate the minds of the lower classes by giving them a taste for intellectual amusements, for which, however, you will find they are totally unsuited, either by inclination or by education. Surely this game has been already pretty well played out, at the cost of the shareholders of the Crystal Palace and Alexandra Palace Companies. There are persons who, to use the words of Mr. Windham, 'appear to act on the opinion that the common people have nothing to do with any amusement, but ought only to work.' The right hon. gentleman proceeded to say that 'in dependent of the injustice of encroaching upon the few small amusements of the poor, he would beg the House to consider the consequence of rendering them discontented or dispirited by leaving nothing for them but the wide waste of labour.'

Upon these grounds I rely that the true sportsmen in the present House of Commons will have consideration for the humbler classes in this great metropolis, and will not deprive them of the only pastime left open to them, the inevitable result of which would be to drive them into the gin palace.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

LONDONER.

OUR MARES.

'Give my horse to Timon !
'It foals me straight and able horses.'

We shall offer no excuse for laying a few remarks before the readers of 'Baily' concerning our mares. No one will, we fancy, contradict us that the future of all equine celebrities in a great measure depends on the dams from which they are to be produced. A month or so ago, in these columns, a veteran sportsman and pleasant writer pointed out the fact, that as regards those mares which would produce hunters and horses of general utility the foreigners had pretty nearly swept the board, adding that many men who had kept, and would keep, good horses for the use of their district found it of little or no service, as all the best of the fillies were soon carried away to the Continent. In plain truth, we have been killing the goose that laid the golden eggs, and now begin to find that both eggs and goose are nearly lost to us, as truly they will be unless steps are very soon taken to alter things, and energetic ones. We have heard a great deal about government studs, providing stallions for different districts, and so forth, but, as the writer before mentioned points out, that will be of little use if all the best of the fillies are swept away at three and four years, leaving us only such as our continental neighbours reject, to breed from. Self-examination is by no means always a pleasant task, nevertheless it is not clear that we may not indulge in it on this subject with some national advantage.

Before doing so, however, let us turn to our great forerunner in the science of horse-breeding, the Arab, and we shall probably find that although his love for his horse or mare is as purely fabulous as a tale from the 'Arabian Nights,' and that he is ready at all times, or any time, for a deal, provided money enough is forthcoming, it is in nearly every case for horses, and that he keeps his mare as he would the apple of his eye—not because she is one jot dearer to him than the horse, but simply that she carries him and breeds him foals for sale almost at one and the same time. The Arab's attachment to his mare is founded on no sentimental feeling, but on sound commercial principles. Oftentimes she is his sole capital, and to her and her filly foals he sticks like an Irishman to his cabin and bit of land.

In England for years we have followed an exactly opposite course. If a farmer had colts and fillies on his hand, equally good-looking, he soon found that, as far as the home market was concerned, he could find a much readier sale for the colts than the fillies. In fact, whether for hunting, harness, or hack work, we have entertained a most absurd prejudice against the use of mares. Many people would at one time not have them at all, and others who were not so scrupulous, when they bought them expected to

do so at less money than they would give for geldings of equal quality. The consequence was, that when a market opened with the Continent, breeders were only too glad to avail themselves of it, and it has been said on very good authority that foreign noblemen buying hunters for their use there were very much given to select mares in preference to geldings, so that when they got too stale for work, or in case of any accident happening to them, they may yet have a valuable brood mare. The consequence of this undoubtedly has been, that when an English breeder has lost his brood mare (sometimes price has tempted him to let her cross the water also) he has found far more difficulty than formerly in replacing her. The extinction of the fast coaches also has helped this, for they absorbed a good many mares which in some slight respect were not quite up to the mark, but no doubt, after being cast, made very useful mothers.

We believe that if all would put their shoulders to the wheel with a will this evil might even yet be in a great measure rectified. The worst of it is that what is every one's business is no one's, and public spirit has fallen in the present day so low that it is very heavily handicapped in comparison with even private caprice. However, there is no knowing when bread cast on the waters may return, and what we are now writing may perchance some day bear fruit.

We have read, where does not at this moment occur to us, of an estate agent, a heavy man, whose business caused him to be very much in the saddle. From his weight, pressure of time causing him to ride fast, and bad roads in those days, accidents were of frequent occurrence in his stables, and the outlay in horseflesh proportionately heavy. However, he had a friend wiser than himself, who, after much counsel, persuaded him to give up geldings and ride mares, against which he had always entertained a prejudice. Following his friend's advice, and whenever a mare was rendered useless for the road, selecting a suitable mate for her, he found himself in possession of a lot of valuable young horses, and the expenses of his stable decreased in a considerable degree.

What that estate agent did individually we should do nationally. We know that there are some few drawbacks attending the use of mares, especially for harness work, in the spring of the year, but these are as nothing compared with what would be the national advantage could the best of our hunter, hack, and harness mares be reserved to help forward the national horse supply.

We shall no doubt be asked, Is every one who has a broken-down mare to set up breeding? By no means; but if those only even who can afford to do so, when in possession of a really powerful mare of the right stamp, who through accident had become useless in their own stables, would lend her to some farmer fond of horses, to breed from, a great step would have been gained. We say lend, not give her, or perchance after she had produced one foal, or perhaps before, the former owner may see her working out the remainder of her existence in a higgler's cart instead of doing the duties of a matron; such things

have been known before now. It would be also a very good plan to stipulate for the first offer of her foal, at a fair and remunerative price, according to the age at which the transfer took place. This, no doubt, may sound an Utopian idea, but we feel certain that if those in high places would only set the example, or, in other words, make it the fashion, a very great deal might be done to place us once more in the position we ought to hold as a horse-breeding nation. Beyond this also, how many men might give a mare lamed by accident a run in their park, and, at the cost of a few oats through the winter, breed horses for themselves at no appreciable expense. It would not, perhaps, absolutely pay; neither does rearing pheasants at a guinea a head to sell at seven or eight shillings a brace, or a great many other things that are now done, and will be continued long enough after all our horses are imported from other countries. The question is, would it not pay better than having to give the enormous price we now do for a very inferior article. Prohibitive duties on the export of mares we can never hope to see, neither, perhaps, would it be wise to introduce them; but the buying young mares instead of geldings, where possible, and when done with, instead of including the best of them amongst 'horses, the property of a gentleman going 'abroad, to be sold by Messrs. Tattersall,' placing them as we have advised, very much might be again done to foster a love of breeding, and induce farmers to turn their attention to the produce of horse-flesh as well as beef and mutton. Another advantage to the breeder would also accrue, which is that, by having a good mare thus placed in his hands on loan, no capital beyond her keep would be required on his part. We all know that the returns in horse-breeding are very slow to commence with; also that a mare suitable to produce first-class horses in the present day costs a good bit of money, as oftentimes, although no longer fit for use in a gentleman's stable, she may have a deal of work left in her for van, 'bus, or cab, if of size and power, and assuredly no others should go to the stud. Then there is the risk that she may prove barren, and after twelve months' keep not come out worth so much as her cost price, through not being in hard condition; so that a cautious man who has to get his living from the land shakes his head, and declines to put down a good round sum for her possession, and determines if he goes in for horses at all, that it shall be the much more certain venture of breeding cart-horses. Who can blame him? But a mare of a really good stamp, put into his hands free of cost, with a certainty of a fair price for the first foal if a likely one, and the probable contingency of sending others in the same track, would materially alter the aspect of affairs. This is a work which all who use horses and have any acquaintance in the country—let us say, then, all who hunt—at any rate might lend a helping hand, at a cost to them which would be very slight, and for which there is the chance of a return in the future.

Seeing that Lord Calthorpe's scheme for placing useful sires throughout the country was allowed to fall still-born, we have little

hope that anything we can write on this subject will arouse the spirit of Englishmen to its importance from a national point of view. But as 'Baily' circulates amongst the class who have the best means of putting our suggestions in practice, and amongst those to whom the fact of being well mounted is perhaps of graver consideration than to any other class of men in the world, we venture to lay this short paper before them; and if only one here and there should think it worth while to try how the scheme works amongst his tenantry, our labour will not have been entirely in vain. There has been much written of late concerning the importation of horses from America and Canada; and no doubt, for many purposes, they would prove useful if they can be brought over at a certain price, as all accounts agree that they can stand a great amount of wear and tear on the road, and that battering which would screw up most horses has little effect on them; but we believe that, take him for all in all, there is no horse or class of horse in the world so generally useful as the English hunter in his best form. The short-legged compact horse, deep in the girth, light in the head, and big in the quarters, that is, alas! becoming scarcer year by year. For road, harness work, military purposes, or his legitimate one of following hounds he has no equal; and it surely is of importance that in the richest nation of the world, and in an age when its wealth has reached a degree that was not even dreamed of a few years ago, he should not be suffered to quietly die out from amongst us without an effort to preserve him.

Go he must, as surely as the mastodon and the dodo have gone before, unless something is done for his preservation. Those who should know, tell us that our racehorses are better than ever they were (while our hunters are getting worse), so that there can be no lack of sires to keep up the breed. And it appears to us that we should, as one man, turn our attention to preserving what mares are left in the country with bone, blood, and power enough to produce hunters. If any one can suggest a better plan than the one we have indicated, we shall be glad to see it made public.

FRANK RALEIGH OF WATERCOMBE.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

NOTWITHSTANDING a somewhat catching and inclement autumn in that dampest of all countries, the southern slopes of Dartmoor, the corn at last had been generally well saved, and cub-hunting had commenced in earnest throughout the district. Happily, too, since the reclamation of Tom Franks from his vulpecidal ways, few coverts might now be said to lack a fox; not the fat, game-pampered brute too often met with nowadays, possessing neither muscle nor knowledge of the country, but a flying dragon, long and lean as a

half-starved wolf, and wild as the winds of his native moor; ay, and fit to cope with the stoutest blood that ever occupied the benches of a kennel.

The entry, too, of which the Squire might be justly proud, augured well for the coming season; claiming, as many of the young hounds now could, a direct descent from the famous Abellard, a Beaufort badger-pie, whose progeny had become no less distinguished for their power of nose and stout enduring qualities than for the dash and desperate ardour they displayed in chase; nor, according to the opinion of the best hunting judges of that period, were there any hounds in England to compare with the Duke's badger-pies in point of noble carriage and grand hound-like appearance at the covert-side.

Such being the blood, then, infused into and commingled with the old stag-hound strain of the Watercombe kennels, it was no wonder that a better-bred animal than the honest Devonshire pack-horse should at once be needed to live with the Squire's hounds; for when, as it frequently happened, the meet was within reach of the moor, and the scent proved to be favourable, hopeless indeed was the case of him whose steed lacked the pace and staying power of the nobler race. Wild foxes and fast hounds, it became painfully evident, were not to be followed in the old-fashioned way, and the man who would see the brilliant episodes and ever-varying passages of a run over that open grassy moor could not hope to gratify his ambition except he were carried by a bit of blood. Consequently, among the gentlemen of the hunt, horses of a better stamp were soon observable at the covert-side; nor were a few of the farmers slow to follow their example, perceiving, with an eye to business as well as pleasure, that when better mounted, not only would they be able to see more sport, but to realise better prices for the horses that carried them; and thus was a signal service conferred on the whole community by the introduction of the Beaufort blood, for to it was justly ascribed the improvement that so perceptibly took place in the quality of the horses throughout the length and breadth of that forest land.

Deeply mortified by Frank's conduct towards Mary Cornish, which he had not scrupled to denounce as at once heartless and dishonourable, the Squire had maintained so cold a reserve towards his son, not only at home, but in the hunting field, that at length Frank could endure it no longer. A fit of remorse, too, had seized him on hearing from Lady Susan that his old friend Host had been sent for to see Mary, whom he had found in a state of pitiable depression and seriously ill, her ladyship remarking to her son, with a sarcastic smile, that she concluded he was only acting up to that code of honour he had so well studied at Buckbury School.

So that, altogether, Frank found it anything but a bed of roses on which he was compelled to lie during his stay at Watercombe; nor, even with the hounds, could he shake off the ever-present uncomfortable conviction that, by not fulfilling his vows, he had probably broken the heart of a true and devoted woman. Heavier than

usual had this feeling been weighing upon him, when one day on his return from hunting, wet, wearied, and dispirited by a long and fruitless chase, he re-opened the unwelcome subject before his father, and thus unburdened his mind.

‘I own, father,’ he said, with an air of unmistakable dejection, ‘that I have done Mary a great injustice, and deservedly offended you. My conscience tells me so too truly; but I am now ready to make the only reparation in my power, that is, to marry her on the following conditions, namely, that after the ceremony we part at the church door.’

‘Mary Cornish, or I’m much mistaken, has far too independent a spirit to comply with such terms,’ said his father indignantly. ‘What, Frank, swear to protect her one moment and repudiate her the next! A monstrous proposal; and she, too, so good and so gentle! No, Frank, you can’t treat the poor girl in so unmanly a way! You’ll think better of it, I hope, before the time comes.’

Frank made no answer, but from a certain inflexibility of purpose now visible on his face—an expression he was wont to exhibit when cramming an awkward horse at a big fence—his father rightly inferred that, for the present at least, he had better press the subject no further. However, the next morning, directly after breakfast, the Squire, whose thoughts had been exclusively occupied by Frank’s concession and the unnatural terms appended to it, mounted his favourite hack, Mayday, at the door, and started off for Buckbury; his object being to consult his friend Waldron Barker as to the best mode of bringing the young people together, and of dissuading Frank from so cruel an act as deserting his bride at the church door.

Luckily, the Parson was at home, and as he had been utterly at a loss to account for Frank’s conduct towards Mary, and had observed with tender solicitude that, owing to it, the girl’s health had fairly broken down, he gladly welcomed the mission on which the Squire had come.

‘He’ll give way, depend upon it,’ he said confidently. ‘Church door, indeed! Only let the knot be tied, and he will be more than mortal if he can resist the charms of so sweet a bride.’

‘Well, I devoutly hope that may be so; but the boy has an iron will of his own,’ replied Raleigh, ‘as I know to my cost. Then, again, I doubt much if Mary will ever consent to so unnatural an arrangement. We are reckoning, Barker, without our host, I fear.’

‘I apprehend no difficulty on that score,’ said the Parson. ‘Mary has ever regarded Frank as her affianced husband, and, in spite of his conduct, loves him still as much as ever. Besides, let the wedding be fixed, as if by accident, on the very day his leave expires, and the call of duty, if he holds to his purpose of deserting her at the church door, will at least serve as a plausible reason for his immediate return to his regiment. But leave it all to me,

‘Squire ; I’ll talk to the widow, and with her help I entertain no fear of failure whatever.’

‘So be it,’ said Raleigh, elated by his friend’s suggestion, and the confidence he expressed in its ultimate success. ‘In the meantime I’ll pave the way for you by urging Frank to write Mary a letter, in which he shall beg forgiveness for his past conduct, and intimate a wish to fulfil his promise without delay.’

Accordingly, the two gentlemen having so far settled their plans, set to work with all diligence to carry them into effect. Nor did Frank’s father find much difficulty in persuading him to write to Mary and express his unfeigned regret at having caused her a moment’s pain, adding, moreover, that he was now prepared to fulfil his engagement to the letter and marry her forthwith. But, against all argument, he avowed his unalterable intention of quitting her at the church door.

A sadder and far more difficult task was that of Barker to prevail on Mary to accept those bitter terms ; nor for some time could she be brought to believe either that Frank had suggested them, or that his old affection would permit him to treat her in so cruel a manner. When, however, she thoroughly understood her position, a sudden change seemed to take her ; her depression disappeared, and under the full conviction that, the knot once tied, she would find little difficulty in winning him over from his heartless purpose, she yielded to persuasion and consented to marry him as he proposed.

When the day arrived—the last day of Frank’s leave—the ceremony, performed with the utmost simplicity, took place in the presence of a few only of their nearest friends, and on leaving the little church—a chapelry, in fact, attached to Buckbury—intense was the excitement of those few on witnessing a yellow post-chaise drawn up at the churchyard gate, and Frank, without a word to any one, or even taking a look at his wife, springing into it and starting off alone.

So paralyzing was the shock to Mary that she was carried home senseless from the ground, and for months afterwards remained in a condition of the most pitiable depression, never alluding to her husband, nor taking the slightest interest in the concerns of life.

Time, however, that healer of all woes, brought its balm even to her. Waldron Barker, having married the fair widow, had now become master of Heathercot, and under his paternal guidance the duty of visiting the poor cottagers of the district, and administering to their wants, supplied Mary with a daily occupation at once interesting, useful, and congenial to her taste ; while, mounted on Mayday, the especial gift of Mr. Raleigh, she enjoyed many a fleet gallop over the moor—a recreation that by degrees invigorated her frame, and brought back the hue of health, the damask to her cheek in all its former glory.

More than a decade of years had rolled by, unmarked by a single incident worthy of record, bringing, as they each passed, little or no variety to the daily routine of the Heathercot family, when at length

a circumstance occurred which, by a strange turn of the wheel of fortune, threw matters into a new groove, and eventually changed the whole tenor of Mary's life.

The kind-hearted and jovial old parson, now no longer able to take the strong exercise to which he had once been accustomed, but still enjoying his whack of port—limited, indeed, to a pint, but often increased to a bottle whenever a friend dropped in to dine with him—was seized with an alarming attack of rheumatic gout, which, finally settling in his legs, left him in a state of apparently hopeless decrepitude. Still Host, who attended him, had never despaired: he prescribed the Bath waters, and assured him that, if given a fair trial, they would restore him, as he believed, to perfect health, and that thither he must go as soon as he was able to bear the fatigue of so long a journey.

Accordingly, a suitable house having been secured for them within a short distance of the Pump-room, Heathercot was shut up, and the whole family, travelling of necessity by easy stages, owing to the suffering condition of the invalid, reached the then still fashionable city on the evening of the fourth day. A peal from the abbey bells greeted their arrival, and before they had been located twenty-four hours at Nassau House, in Orange Grove, the Master of the Ceremonies, learning for whom the bells had been rung, left his cards with a polite invitation that Mr. Barker and his party would honour the weekly balls and concerts at the Assembly Rooms with their company.

They did not, however, enter into much gaiety, Barker's time being more sensibly devoted to the regular business of bathing and taking the waters, by which, as his physician promised him, he hoped for a speedy restoration to health; while Mary, who had brought Mayday with her, far preferred a gallop over the fine elastic turf of Lansdown, or an occasional day with the Beaufort hounds, to mingling with the pack of idlers, *ennui*-dispellers, and fortune-hunters that crowded the Pump-room and other places of public resort.

When equipped for riding in her blue habit and broad Spanish hat, though now somewhat past her *première jeunesse*, Mary, if possible, was looking handsomer than ever, for, in addition to her finely-cut features and exquisite complexion, her figure, though slender-waisted, had become magnificently developed. Still, winningly sweet as was her smile, there was at times just a tinge of sadness in its expression which even intensified the attraction created by her uncommon face. Not a whisper, however, was heard of its latent cause, nor was the sorrow of her heart suspected by a human being beyond those of her own household.

They had now been more than six weeks in Bath; and already the waters, having done wonders for Barker's limbs, which were fast regaining their wonted power of locomotion, he expressed a longing wish to return to Devonshire in the course of a few days. By the advice of his physician, however, he reluctantly consented to

remain and take the waters for another fortnight. During that period it so happened that a well-known company of London actors, including a celebrated Opera dancer, made their appearance on the Bath boards, and attracted a large assemblage nightly to the fashionable and pretty little theatre.

Now Mary had never yet witnessed a theatrical performance; nor, indeed, had she ever entered a theatre, except on that memorable occasion at Oxford, when, nearly fifteen years before, she had gone to the Sheldon theatre in company with one whose name was now never mentioned by her family, but the remembrance of whom was still cherished by her as the sacred fire by a Roman Vestal.

‘I should like amazingly to see this charming comedy acted,’ said Barker, coming home from the Pump-room and pulling out a play-bill announcing the performance of ‘*A Midsummer Night’s Dream*.’ ‘What say you, ladies; shall we take a box for four, and ask your old Scotch friend Lady Glentulchan to accompany us?’

‘That would be a most delightful treat,’ said Mrs. Barker and Mary in one voice. ‘Lady Glentulchan, too, would, I’m sure, thoroughly enjoy it,’ continued the latter; ‘for I heard her say, only last evening, she had never been to a theatre in her life: so pray ask her.’

On the following night, therefore, a small private box having been secured, the party of four repaired to the theatre and witnessed that exquisite creation of genius, ‘*A Midsummer Night’s Dream*,’ unquestionably the most purely poetical and imaginative of all the great author’s works. The fourth act had commenced, and Theseus was describing to Hippolyta the character of his Spartan hounds—

————— their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee’d and dew-lap’d like Thessalian bulls
Slow in pursuit, but match’d in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never holla’d to, nor cheer’d with horn,

when some commotion was caused on the opposite side of the theatre by the late arrival of a gentleman who, having taken a front seat overhanging the stage, was politely requesting the occupants between him and it to rise, in order that he might pass on to his own place.

The attitude of the newcomer, evidently a handsome military man, and the murmurs of the unseated, intent upon the play, to which the gentleman seemed to give but little heed, attracted, of course, very general attention, and from all parts of the theatre glasses were turned in that direction to take a look at the unwelcome interrupter of so interesting a scene.

Mary, among others, lifted her glass, and for some seconds her gaze appeared to be riveted on the stranger. There was something about him so like one who had been long enshrined in her memory, and whose image, wherever he might be, was never absent from her thoughts, that the agitation she felt became almost too painful to be endured.

Had Oberon and Titania been real fairies, they would scarcely have been favoured with another look from Mary; but over and over again was her glass levelled nervously in the direction of the opposite box, and the more she looked, the more convinced she became that the man was no other than Frank, her own husband.

He, however, never once turned his eyes in her direction. He had come down from London in pursuit of the Opera dancer, the young and beautiful artiste who was now pirouetting under his gaze with infinite grace and agility. Nor could Mary, in consequence, obtain a front view of his face, which, from its position, and the opera-glass he held continuously to his eyes, kept her in such a strain of suspense and anxiety that, if Lady Glentulchan had not abruptly risen to depart, she would probably have yielded to the fainting sensation that now crept, like a chill, through her whole frame.

The prim, old-fashioned Scotch lady, a true descendant of the Puritans, had been growing momentarily more and more fidgety as she viewed with half-averted eyes the sparkling *danseuse* displaying her matchless and apparently unclad limbs to the public, and, with unabashed air, bounding over the stage with the ease and elegance of a gazelle.

Lady Glentulchan could endure it no longer. She had ejaculated, 'Herodias' ain dochter,' more than once, audibly; and now she rose in haste, twicking Mary by her dress, and saying aloud, 'Ech, lassie! let's be gangin'; this is nae place for daisent folk.'

Roars of laughter from some gentlemen in the adjoining box greeted this speech, the drollery of which, for the moment, had the happy effect of turning Mary's thoughts from the painful suspense in which they had been held. She then rose, and, following Lady Glentulchan, quitted the theatre.

The military man, who in truth was Frank Raleigh, now promoted to the brevet rank of general, maintained his seat to the last; but then, soon after, had the mortification of finding that the fair *danseuse* had been accompanied from town by another gentleman, for whom she made no secret of showing a most decided partiality. In no particular good-humour, he resolved to return to town forthwith, but, while waiting for the coach, occupied himself in turning over the Visitors' Book by way of something to do, and there lighted on the names of Mr. and Mrs. Waldron Barker and Mrs. Raleigh.

'This,' he said, putting his finger on the last name, 'must be my wife—this the woman I once so loved, and then so cruelly deserted.' Then, stung by a sense of shame and remorse, he sat down and wrote the following note:—'M.-General Raleigh presents his compliments to Mrs. Raleigh, and will be happy to wait on her if she will permit him to do so.'

The answer came directly:—'Mrs. Raleigh presents her compliments to the General, and will be very happy to see him.'

They met, and never parted again. Mary won back the love that

had once been hers—the love that in its former intensity and purity had never been given to another woman.

Waldron Barker having resigned the living of Buckbury in favour of Llewellyn Powell, and vacated Heathercot for his own ancestral home, to it the happy couple retired: and there, within easy reach of his father's kennels and the best of the moorland meets, Frank and his wife, soon blessed with a young family, were permitted to enjoy the noontide of their lives, not, perhaps, in uninterrupted sunshine, but certainly with as few shadows as darken the days of the most favoured of men.

On the death of his father, at an advanced age, Frank took possession of Watercombe, but, owing to the heavy mortgage with which it was encumbered, and the post-obits he had given to Skinner, the Oxford money-lender, he was strongly urged by his man of business to adopt at once a rigid course of retrenchment, and especially to give up his hounds. Great was his quandary at this prospect, and many were the schemes he devised with a view to retaining the pack that, for so many generations, had been handed down as an heir-loom, inseparable from the inheritance of Watercombe.

Those hounds, now so perfect, were the joy and pride of his life; and, 'rather than part with them,' as he told Mr. Whiteman, 'he'd cut down every stick on the estate.'

'No, General, that would never do,' pointed out the agent; 'if you *will* keep on the hounds, far better take a subscription from the country than denude the estate of its grand timber and give it the aspect of a settler's clearance in the Far West.'

The argument, however, was of no avail; the General would not hear of a subscription, and ordered Whiteman forthwith to engage a body of men, qualified to bark and fell fifty acres of timber, in the forthcoming spring, declaring he would make a clean sweep of it before he would part with his dear hounds, or ask the country for a single shilling.

That winter brought many changes in and around Watercombe, and before the first primrose,

Nursed in whirling storms
And cradled in the winds,

gave promise of the coming spring, the heavy news of Waldron Barker's death reached Watercombe, and brought the hunting to a close soon after Christmas.

It may be the old saying of a Cornish wrecker, intent upon the harvest of a storm on his own wild coast, that 'It's an ill wind that blows no luck;' or it may be the saying of some needy landed proprietor, befriended by a gale of wind, which knocks down the hereditary timber the law forbids him to cut. Whatever may be the origin of the proverb, its truth was fully exemplified in the case of Waldron Barker. Living to be of use to his fellow-creatures, the rich and the poor mourned him alike; for all felt they had lost a friend who could not be replaced. Even in death, proof remained

that his loving heart had largely provided for the wants of others ; and if the tears of many a poor widow and orphan ' bedewed his cold ' graveside,' they were at least cheered soon after by finding that in his will he had bequeathed a large sum to the poor of his parish for ever.

But theirs was a mere bagatelle compared with the benefit that accrued to Frank and Mary by the fall of that stately tree ; to them were left not only the whole of the landed property, with extensive manorial rights, but a large sum of money, sufficiently large to pay off the debt on Watercombe and all the Oxford post-obits ; that it should be so applied being the recorded wish of the testator.

The hewers of wood received orders forthwith to stay their hands ; and from that day, not less to the gratification of Frank than to his whole country, never a word more was heard about giving up the Watercombe hounds.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A HUNTSMAN.

Dictated by himself.

THE following pages give some of the adventures of a huntsman's life, as told by himself, in his own words as nearly as possible. He is one whose horn has been heard in many lands ; and we trust that our readers will not only find his narrative of sport and adventure interesting, but admit, when the story is told, that the old adage of truth being stranger than fiction has received another confirmation. As we sat opposite him, pencil and note-book in hand, he commenced as follows :—

' You want to hear all about my doings ? Well, as nearly as I can, I'll tell you, though I have no notes, and it's a longish way to look back now. I have had some ups and downs, and seen some strange things and countries : a great deal I shall be sure to forget, but I think I can remember enough to amuse you. I believe I was born either at Exton or Corhampton, in the county of Hants, on the 25th of July, 1835 ; and I can boast that I entered myself to hounds, for after Mr. King gave up the Hambledon, and Mr. Walter Long took them and moved the kennels to Preshaw, I was found by my father—who was his huntsman—with an old bitch named Lightning, and her five puppies, curled up, and as happy as any of her own lot. Ever after the old man said I was sure to make a huntsman ; and his word proved pretty true, for as I got older nothing could keep me out of the kennel. Soon afterwards we moved to Kilmiston, and I had to go to school at Hinton ; the H.H. often met in that neighbourhood, and I knew the meets as well as any one, as my father always read " Bell's Life " on a Sunday night ; so I used to play truant, and many a good run have I had over Bramdean Common. You have

' heard of the late Colonel George Greenwood of Brookwood ?
' —he was so pleased with me that one day he gave me half-a-crown ;
' and you may be sure that neither interfered with my love of hunt-
' ing, or made me more regular at school. I can't tell you the
' dates—I ain't good at them—but before long I remember that we
' moved back to Preshaw, and I was sent to Bishops Waltham to
' school ; nevertheless I managed to have a day's hunting when-
' ever the fixture was near. The first large meet I ever saw was
' at Cranbury Park, the seat of the late Mr. Thomas Chamberlayne,
' on the 13th of February, 1846, when there were seven couple of
' hounds each, from the Hambledon, the Hampshire, and the
' Hursley. My father hunted them, but Captain Haworth and Mr.
' R. Cockburn went into the covert with them to draw. They ran fifty-
' five minutes, and killed in a thick coppice, when all three got off
' and raced for the brush, which my father secured. Mr. Long soon
' gave up the hounds ; and as Mr. Thomas Smith took them and
' hunted them himself, my father had to leave, and was fortunate
' enough to get Colonel Wyndham's place as huntsman at Petworth.
' Here again I went to school for a short time ; but the stud-
' groom, whose name was Livermore, always had a spare horse
' to ride, so I often had a mount on a young one.

' My first start in life was through the late Mr. Campbell-Wynd-
' ham of Corhampton. Sir John Pollen of Redenham, near Andover,
' wanted a boy to ride his horses and take them on to covert, and he
' got me the place. I was not there long, as I was not strong enough
' to put heavy harness on big horses ; but I enjoyed myself while
' there, and went often to Mr. Assheton Smith's, at Tedworth, where
' there was always a capital spread and a glass of good old home-
' brewed ale. After leaving Redenham, I went home again to the
' Drove, near Singleton, and Admiral Poulett, the father of the
' present Earl, who had some horses at Petworth, sent me with his
' groom and horses, travelling by road, up to London. I got on
' very well, and the Admiral got me a place with Mr. Boulton of
' Springfield, near Knowle, in Warwickshire. He was a good
' master, and I stayed with him twelve months, and used to take his
' horses on to covert. Then Colonel Wyndham thought I was man
' enough to ride second horse to him, so I went back to Petworth,
' where my father was still huntsman. At that time we used to have
' out the late Duke of Richmond, and the present Duke—then Lord
' March—Lord William Lennox, Lord Turnour, and his father
' Lord Winterton of Shillinglee, who were both good men at
' cricket ; also the two Nappers, Admiral Poulett, the Honourable
' Grantley Berkeley, and his brother the Hon. Augustus Berkeley,
' who lived near Goodwood. I helped in the stables for some time,
' but was sent away because I made a horse's mouth bleed.

' The Colonel's whips, when first we went to Petworth,
' were Jem Norris, who had hunted the hounds four years after
' Sharp, and Charles Barwick (as second), who now lives with Sir
' Harcourt Johnstone ; but poor Norris had to leave, as had also Bar-

‘ wick at the end of the season. Sam Powell was riding second horse for the Colonel, until my father asked to have him as whip. ‘ Powell had been brought up in John Day’s stables at Danebury, ‘ and his father had hunted Mr. Wyndham’s hounds in Wiltshire. ‘ He was a fine horseman, and such a whip as you do not see in ‘ the present day. After Sam left, George Hagger, who is now at ‘ Tattersall’s, came out of Essex, but was there only a short time. ‘ Besides those I told you of before, we had then hunting Lord De ‘ la Zouche of Parham Park—where we once found a fox, which ‘ ran round for a distance and then came back, when the hounds ‘ suddenly threw up their heads, and there was the usual diversity ‘ of opinion, some saying he was gone here, some there. Presently ‘ an old hound threw up his head, and my father said, “I’m blessed ‘ “if my fox is not in that tree!” and he sent for a saw, had it cut ‘ down, and killed his fox. Colonel Knox used to come out, Mr. ‘ Prime of Walberton, two Messrs. Godman of Park Hatch, near ‘ Godalming, Mr. Dixie of Petworth, Mr. Dorian, who lived near ‘ Chichester, and owned Chief Baron Nicholson, who ran third in ‘ the Derby; Mr. Saunders, who lived between Midhurst and ‘ Petworth, Mr. Elliot of Houghton, Mr. Sherwin of Byworth, Mr. ‘ Smith of Stag Park, Mr. Puttick of Rotherbridge, Mr. Mitford of ‘ Fitzhall, Mr. Haben of Chichester, Mr. Dearling of Singleton, Mr. ‘ Mills of Billinghamurst, Mr. Burtonshaw, Mr. Fletcher of Dale Park, ‘ Sir Henry Shiffner of Coombe Place, Mr. Hopkins of Petworth, ‘ Sir Jervoise Clarke-Jervoise of Idsworth, and his two sons, Sir ‘ Edmund Antrobus, Colonel Kingscote, Mr. Carnegie, who lived ‘ near Rogate, the well-known Frank Mellish, whom you would ‘ always see in his leather gaiters when the hounds met at Ball’s ‘ Hut, Mr. Aylward of Charlton, Mr. Saddler of Chiddingfold, and ‘ others.

‘ I told you I was discharged for making the horse’s mouth ‘ bleed, so, in 1851, Admiral Poulett, who was always a good ‘ friend, sent me up to Mr. Henry Wigram, who lived in Brook ‘ Street, as pad-groom; and many an hour have I stood outside ‘ the first Great Exhibition in Hyde Park, and many a mile ‘ have I ridden in the Row. But I had plenty of leisure time, ‘ and must needs learn to fight, and I could box well then. ‘ My first public performance in that line was at Savile House in ‘ Leicester Square at Tom Sayers’s benefit, after his fight with Jack ‘ Grant. A well-known huntsman, who was fond of a bit of fighting, ‘ was there, and as I was waiting for time to be called after the first ‘ round, he poked me in the back with a stick, and asked what I ‘ was doing there. I said, “Come up here and I will show ‘ “you.” He always asks, when I see him, if I have “been on the ‘ “stage lately,” even now.

‘ I made my appearance in the 24-foot ring, but after doing a ‘ round or two down the river without the gloves, finding that was ‘ too warm a game, I turned my attention to another stage.

‘ Old Drury Lane Theatre was the scene of action; it’s not

‘ many huntsmen have been on the stage in the Italian Opera, but
‘ I have, though many would scarcely believe it. I rode as a knight
‘ on the stage to protect Mario and Grisi. It was such fun—the horses
‘ came from Knightsbridge. I often saw old Mr. Wigram, my
‘ master, in the front of the house. I used to go on the box beside
‘ the coachman and slip in by the stage-door, draw on some long
‘ white boots with brass spurs, make some moustaches with a burnt
‘ cork, and mount my horse. How proud I felt of the sword by my
‘ side, and to have the honour to protect such celebrated vocalists
‘ as Mario and Grisi. When she and Mario had finished singing,
‘ we advanced with our horses to protect them, and rode, in proces-
‘ sion, off the stage. There was porter if you liked when you went
‘ in and when you had done, but the dressing was the fun. I
‘ performed in “Le Prophète,” “La Juive,” and “Les Huguenots.”

‘ I saw a little life then; but next year (1852) I went back
‘ to hunting again. Colonel Wyndham took me as second whip;
‘ Sam Powell was still first; he hunted the Cottesmore after-
‘ wards when the late Lord Kesteven was Master. We certainly
‘ had far away the best pack of hounds in Sussex, and were mounted
‘ on capital horses, mostly home-bred ones, by Harkaway out of
‘ Camel mares, clean thoroughbred, and rum ones to jump. One
‘ called Leconfield was a clipper, and we had some rare ones by
‘ Lanercost; poor old Whalebone’s grave is close by the stables at
‘ Petworth. I must not forget to tell you that we had a jolly ball
‘ every year at Petworth House, when we all went in hunting
‘ costume, and, as they say, made a night of it. There was one
‘ capital run we had from West Dean Park straight over the
‘ Trundle Hill, then bore away for the right as if for Lavant,
‘ skirting the barracks, turned his head to Sir Henry Roper’s place,
‘ where they ran into him, and Sir Henry begged my father to stop
‘ the hounds, as he did not want him killed. We had another good
‘ run with these hounds, in which Admiral Poulett dropped dead
‘ from his horse. We found near Emsworth and ran a clipping
‘ pace to Little Green and killed. Found another in a hanger and
‘ ran away towards Chichester. I saw the Admiral fall off his horse,
‘ but I dared not stop, as my father was a rum one to whip in to,
‘ and would let out if you were not there; but I did not know the
‘ poor old gentleman, who had been such a good friend to me, was
‘ dead. He never moved again, and they buried him in Petworth
‘ churchyard.

‘ When Sharp hunted these hounds, they were running into their
‘ fox, as they thought, near Molecomb. Sharp shouted out to Jem
‘ Norris, “Save him, for he’s the whitest fox I ever saw.” The
‘ hounds had changed on to a terrier, and he thought it was a white
‘ fox.

‘ I have seen Wisden, old Jemmy Dean, and George Wells, the
‘ cricketers, and also Challen and Sopp, all taking a breather after
‘ the hounds. Jemmy Dean was a miller at Duncton. Frank
‘ Butler, the jockey, also used to come out with us. Strange to

‘say, one of the best fox-preservers at that time was the late Bishop of Oxford (and afterwards of Winchester) at Lavington.

‘I left at the end of that season because I could not agree with my father; but I must say a word in praise of Gibson, the stud-groom at Petworth, who has now been there for twenty years.’

‘Well, I came up to London again, where I stayed some time, and I asked the present Lord Leconfield to give me his cab-boy’s place, as I was quite a little fellow in those days; but he told me “if I had stayed at Petworth he would have done anything for me, and I was to go out of the room;” so that job was soon settled. I was not long in London, but remember seeing the Duke of Wellington’s funeral in November 1852, and after a few days I took it into my head to go to Paris, of course not knowing one word of French. When I arrived I met a couple of Germans, with whom I changed a sovereign, and they gave me twenty francs, all bad money. I soon got a place as pad-groom with the then Marquis de Caumont la Force, with whom I stayed nine months, during which time I learned to speak French. I then left him, and entered the service of the Duke de Grammont, with whom I stayed three years. I went out hunting with the Emperor at Compiègne, and a beautiful forest it is. We used to hunt wild deer, but the pack was entirely composed of English foxhounds. They hunt stags all the winter there, and not only in the autumn, as here. The pack and the kennels were splendid, and the horses the best that money could buy; and I can assure you it was a sight to see the Emperor and Empress and all their Court. The Emperor could ride a bit, and we had first-rate sport.

‘I also went out with a Count at St. Quentin, whose name I cannot remember. And I went boar-hunting, and saw a young Count, after the boar had been brought to bay, catch him by the ears to see if he could hold him; but the boar shook his head and ripped up his topboots; then he let go. The Count once brought his pack to Compiègne to show the Emperor a boar-hunt, and I never saw a prettier sight than, as we were standing on a bridge, to see the boar cross the river, as broad as the Thames, with the hounds all swimming and baying round him. He was then soon beaten, and the huntsman ran him through the heart with his *couteau de chasse*, instead of shooting him, as they generally do, everything being done in regular order on that day. These were English foxhounds also.

‘I was at the first Exhibition in Paris, in the Champs Elysées, in 1855, when our Queen was there, and helped to cheer her as she passed the Place de la Concorde; and I was there also when Orsini threw the bomb at the Emperor. I was looking at a picture in a shop-window when I heard the report. When I was in Paris I was the Champion, having, as I told you, learnt to use my fists and take care of myself in London, and I thrashed them all over there. I beat one man in the Rue d’Aguesseau, opposite the Ambassador’s,

‘ but it took me three-quarters of an hour to do it. We went to live
‘ at Vendôme, and after staying there a few months the Duke was
‘ appointed attaché to the French ambassador in London, Count de
‘ Persigny, and we took up our residence in Albert Terrace (at that
‘ time, the Duke not speaking any English, I was his valet); but I
‘ soon got tired of this work, and persuaded him to buy some hunters
‘ and station them at Leighton Buzzard. We had ten of the best that
‘ ever went over the Vale of Aylesbury. In 1856 the Duke had to
‘ go to Russia at the proclamation of peace, and I had two of his
‘ horses (Windsor and Morning Star) in training for the Dieppe
‘ Steeplechase, which he was in hopes of winning. I took them over
‘ to Dieppe, and put a man named Constance on Windsor in the
‘ Grand Steeplechase, but he bolted; Morning Star I started in the
‘ Selling Race, with Enoch up, and he ran third. I took them back
‘ to Leighton Buzzard, and the Duke, on his return from Russia,
‘ joined Count Talon, and bought Weathercock from old Ben Land,
‘ who was second to Emigrant (ridden by Charley Boyce) in the Liver-
‘ pool. We also had Sting and Kilkenny Boy in England, and they
‘ had another stud at Maison Laffite in France. The Count rode
‘ Windsor at Brixworth, where he fell (they then finished close to
‘ where the station is now, over the big bank), and he was the only
‘ Frenchman who could really go over this country. He was afterwards
‘ beaten at Windsor on the same horse. Sting ran seventh for the
‘ Liverpool, with Hanlon up, and Kilkenny Boy was third in the Ain-
‘ tree Plate in 1858. The next Sunday the Count won a race at La
‘ Marche, and then got back to England with Kilkenny Boy in time
‘ to see Sting get third at Warwick. The week following she won
‘ the Grand Annual at Birmingham with Teddy Weaver, the well-
‘ known trainer, up. The Count also won the Grand Military
‘ on Magenta, but that was after, I left him. That same year
‘ I rode in the Aylesbury Steeplechase on a mare called Betsy,
‘ and got third; Enoch won on a horse called The Painter, belonging
‘ to Charles Symonds of Oxford. It is all a big course, that Aylesbury
‘ one, I can tell you. The following summer the Duke sold off, and
‘ I took a couple of horses to Paris, and remained there as head man
‘ and coachman. The racehorses were all sent to Maison Laffite,
‘ and trained there by Harry Rackley—a rare bold horseman. After
‘ a bit I got tired of being in Paris, and left the Duke against his will,
‘ returning to England; and after Goodwood Races I found that
‘ George Turner wanted a second horseman with the Blackmore
‘ Vale, so I went to see Mr. Digby at Sherborne, and he engaged me
‘ at once at 80*l.* a year and my lodging. I was there two seasons,
‘ and Turner, who was a real good fellow, never gave me an angry
‘ word. He was a great big man, and the late Lord Southampton
‘ used to call him “The Clock,” and once asked at Leighton Buz-
‘ zard, “Have you seen my clock-case anywhere?” Tom Clift was
‘ stud-groom, who, after leaving Mr. Digby, went to Milton, and
‘ was groom to the late Hon. George Fitzwilliam. He was quite one
‘ of the old sort, not like the fops you see nowadays. We had all

the horses from Bob Chapman of Cheltenham, and better ones could not be bought. Jack Cummins, who was killed at the Duke of Grafton's, was first whip, and George Jones second, and Edward Kingsbury, who now hunts the Bramham Moor, was Mr. Digby's second horseman. William Boxall came after Cummins, and was a first-rate cricketer. I was able to do a little bit at it also; and George Turner being fond of the game, we sent a challenge to the Sherborne eleven to play them on our own ground, which they accepted. Sherborne is about four miles from Charlton Horethorne, where we lived. Boxall played well for our side, but they beat us, and of course we had to play the return match at Sherborne, where we went in style, Mr. Morgan of Bruton bringing his drag and four horses to take us to the scene of action. The Sherborne people are all foxhunters, so you may imagine we made a night of it and things got rather warm. The clock was just striking twelve as we got to the turnpike on the Wincanton Road, going home, and the pikeman shut the gate, declaring he would be paid again. I was just ready for any lark, so I jumped from the top of the drag, took the chain off the gate, and let them through all right. I believe Turner had to square him with rather a heavy hand, or I might have had to do a little on the everlasting stepper at Dorchester. The Blackmore Vale is a fine country, and I have seen good runs in all parts of it. I have known Lord Portsmouth and the Rev. Jack Russell come out of Devonshire to have a day with us. The Rev. Sam Dendy of Lattyford, near Wincanton, was a capital man; and the late Mr. Yeatman—or the Rev. Mr. Yeatman, I suppose, for I believe he was a parson of Stock House—was a right good sort. Whenever the hounds met at his house there was always a rare bottle of old port sent out for the men. He went to the kennel every Sunday as soon as he was out of church. I have often seen him there. He could not ride to hounds at last; but how he would sit on the top of a hill and scream! He had a wonderful pack of harriers at one time, I have heard, all fine-bred dwarf foxhounds; and he was delighted, when they were feeding, to lay a stick along their backs to show how even they all were; and then he would hold it along behind them in the same way. He hunted roe-deer with them in the spring. Mr. Marwood Yeatman, his son, was also a rare good man, and one day he swam a river when no one dare follow him. Mr. Drummond, the banker, hunted there; Lord Digby of Minterne; Mr. Parsons and Mr. Bevan of Charlton Horethorne; Mr. Gerard Sturt; Mr. Drax of Middlesmarsh; Mr. Elwes, who at one time used to ride races, a nephew of the miser Elwes, went well on a stallion; Mr. Symes; Lord Portman used to be out with us; Sir Harry Thynne; Sir Henry Hoare of Stour Head; Captain Digby; Sir William Medleycott of Ven House, Milbourne Port; Captain Bullock of Sedgehill House; the Messiters of Wincanton were also great hunting men; Captain Warriner, a welter, who went well; and Captain Browne from Cheltenham; Mr. Raxworthy of Codford, on the Wiltshire

‘Downs, where I have seen racing, and never heard the noisy row of betting men and welshers.

‘A well-known character at this time, who was always to the front, was Tom Burrows, a steeplechase jockey, of Sherborne. He could ride, I can tell you; and many an old race-goer will recollect him, and how he used to astonish the west-country folk. He was the only man I ever saw who rode Little Charley properly, though Billy Archer, father of the present young jockey, did win the Liverpool on him by a fluke.

‘Harry Honey, an old huntsman, who keeps a small hotel at Castle Cary, not far from Jack White’s gibbet, used to come out, and old Jem Treadwell, father of the present John Treadwell, of the Old Berkshire; then there was Kit Atkinson, a well-known old huntsman, you would always see at the Giant’s Head, as we got a flier away from the Middlemarsh coverts, and he meant Cerne, or to take us over hill and dale to Melbury Park. The old saddler of Stalbridge, Harris, was also a thorough sportsman; he could tell you hound pedigrees and everything else about hunting.

‘Mr. Digby discharged me at last for jumping a horse into a lane and breaking his knees. Of course, when I left, I must needs go to Salisbury races, and there lose what little money I had saved up. I was then after a second whip’s place at Milton; but did not get it, so things began to look rather seedy with me. I was on the London streets with no money and no friends. This is all a caution, I can tell you, but such was the fix I was then in; turned out of one lodging here and another there, because the rent was not forthcoming. Now and then I put in for a night’s sleep in the Mall; I never did a casual ward, but have had a pennyworth on the line. You don’t know what that means? Well, I’ll tell you. You pay your copper, and are then introduced to a long room, where a line is run across about half a foot from the ground, so that you can just lay your head over it for a pillow. The good old lady in St. Giles’s, Seven Dials, who kept the place, used to kindly wake us up about six in the morning by letting go the rope, so that our heads came with a bump on the floor. That rouses you properly, and you are turned out wide awake and hungry. Thanks to the Serpentine, I always had my bath and kept myself as clean as I could, living on a penny “buster” and a halfpenny fagot (a fagot is a kind of black pudding) a day.

‘I got very low, so that I pity many I see now walking about the London streets. But better times were in store for me; and one morning a letter came to my address in Rupert Street, Haymarket, from the Duke of Cleveland, saying that he wanted to see me. So I got smartened up and went to his Grace in St. James’s Square. The present Earl Poulett had spoken to him for me; but he said, “I must have your character from Mr. Digby.” This put me in a fix again; but a hard-up friend helped me out by telling me to write to Mr. Digby, and he would take the letter to his house in Lower Brook Street. Well! I wrote and asked him not to take the bread out of

‘ my mouth, but to give me a character to get a place with the Duke as
‘ second whipper-in. This time he gave me an excellent character (so
‘ the Duke told me), and I was duly engaged. The next thing was
‘ how to raise the money to get down to Raby ; but, after hunting
‘ about, I got a friend to lend me five pounds, and so managed it. I
‘ had a nice room over the stables there. George Cox was huntsman,
‘ Tom Morgan first whip, and Tanner of Melton Mowbray was stud-
‘ groom. I had to look after three hacks that were kept for Cox and
‘ Morgan, and in the hunting season I had two horses to do ; but I
‘ did not care for that—I was so glad to be off the London streets.
‘ What a contrast it was ! and how many happy days have I spent at
‘ Raby, well mounted, well clothed, and well fed. The Duke never
‘ wanted to see any servant about ; you had only to keep out of his
‘ way, and he would never listen to any tales ; but on a Sunday, about
‘ four o’clock, he used to come to the stables, and of course every-
‘ thing had to be up to the mark, and Tanner, who was a good groom,
‘ was always on the alert.

‘ Raby is the place where poor Jack Shirley was murdered. Well
‘ do I remember his coming over to our house at Preshaw in
‘ Hampshire, and, after seeing the young hounds, he and my father
‘ sitting under the old ash-tree smoking their pipes and taking a
‘ quiet glass of home-brewed. I shall never forget him, because
‘ he always gave me something. I have heard many a tale about
‘ him in the Raby country—how much he was liked and so on.
‘ He could fight a bit, which all the pitmen knew. It was all
‘ by accident that Shirley was murdered. He was going up to
‘ smoke a pipe with the park-keeper ; on getting to his house
‘ the keeper heard shots, and said, “ I will go and show myself,
‘ “ and they will be off.” Jack said, “ I will go also.” The poachers
‘ were not to be done so easily, and a terrible fight ensued. One of
‘ them told Shirley to stand back, but the reply was, “ I never did
‘ “ stand back.” Then the fellow shot him in the arm, but Shirley hit
‘ him and cut his face open, and swore to him when on his death-bed ;
‘ so he and another were strung up at Durham. His name was
‘ Thompson, of Staindrop. The Duke went to see Shirley just before
‘ he died, and told him his wife and family should not want ; and in
‘ Staindrop churchyard is a nice stone tomb erected to his memory by
‘ the Duke. Tom Flint in those days was first whip to the Duke of
‘ Rutland, and the Duke of Cleveland, who was then Lord Darlington,
‘ promised him that when his father retired, he should hunt the
‘ Raby pack. True to his word, he did so, and Flint and Shirley were
‘ there together, and a man named Walker was second whip. When
‘ Shirley met his death, George Cox came in his place. Tom Flint,
‘ the huntsman, was killed going home from Barnard Castle fair, and
‘ Cox was promoted to be huntsman, with Harry Sebright as first
‘ whip, and Jack Woodley second. Both of them left at the end of
‘ the season. Sebright went to hunt Lord Henry Bentinck’s hounds,
‘ and Woodley, recommended by the Duke, as first whip. When his
‘ Lordship saw him in the kennel at Reepham, where he always went

‘ on Sunday, he inquired who that man was? Some one said, “He is
‘ “your new whipper-in from the Duke of Cleveland’s.” Lord Henry
‘ replied, “The Duke has made a mistake, and sent me the postilion
‘ “instead of the whipper-in.” When these men left, Tom Morgan
‘ and Charles Roberts were first and second whips.

‘ I used to ride steeplechases at Sedgefield and at Fighting Cocks,
‘ for Mr. Sutton; and on the occasion of the last mount I had, the
‘ Hurworth hounds came right across the course, and I was nearly
‘ taking a turn after them, instead of trying to win my employer’s money.
‘ My services in this way were often in demand, but Cox would not
‘ always let me go. In my time Raby was a good-scenting country,
‘ and there were a lot of foxes, so we used to have good sport.
‘ Hunting here at that time were Messrs. Maund, Scarths of Kevers-
‘ ton, Bowser, Trotter, Stobbard, Wood, Stott, Jackson, Hutchin-
‘ son, Cradock, Gilpin-Brown of Sedbury, Roper, Mitchel, and
‘ Robinson; and amongst the good farmers were the Catricks,
‘ Orridge, and Sutton, for whom I rode Oakley at Sedgefield.

‘ I was next engaged to Mr. Morris of Oxton, near Shrewsbury, as
‘ second whip to Zach Boxall, where we used to dig drains, and I had
‘ to pitch hay, kill and skin the horses, and ride the worst brutes that
‘ ever were born; one of which kicked in a shop-window in Shrewsbury
‘ High Street, and some one sent me a shirt-pin for the way I sat on
‘ him. I never knew who it was. After three months I left, in August
‘ or July, as I thought I was above that sort of place. Of course I
‘ went racing, as usual, and turned up at Goodwood—and also of
‘ course I got broken, but found my way to Brighton, where a turn of
‘ luck enabled me to get on to Lewes, and from there up to London
‘ once more. I went to a lot of race-meetings before I heard of a
‘ place; but seeing one advertised in the “Field,” for the Lanark and
‘ Renfrewshire, of which pack Colonel Buchanan was the Master, I
‘ applied for it. John Harrison was the huntsman, and a good one
‘ he was. I was made first whip, and Harrison’s son second. Charles
‘ Cole was stud-groom, and a better man with horses it would be hard
‘ to find. He used to buy the hunt horses in Ireland and bring them
‘ over to Glasgow, and I must say that they were always fit to go.
‘ The Colonel went very straight when he got to the front, but did
‘ not ride if he was behind. He was a very good master, rather hot
‘ in the field at times, but at home as mild as milk, and always had a
‘ good word for all. I liked the place; but what would the swell
‘ whips of the present day think of having two horses to do as well as
‘ their own horse to dress after hunting? Harrison had a bad fall off
‘ his old grey horse Simon the Cellarman, from a wire on the top of a
‘ wall, and the Colonel hunted the hounds while he was laid up, but
‘ they did not work well, and we had many blank days. At the
‘ end of that season Harrison left, and John Squires, from Lord Lecon-
‘ field’s, succeeded him; that was in 1862. I continued there as his
‘ first whip for another season, and excellent sport we had. The
‘ country is a stone wall one, and takes a good horse as well as a bold
‘ horseman to live with hounds when there is a scent. The gentlemen

‘ hunting with the Lanark and Renfrewshire at this time were: Mr. Houldsworth and his present trainer, James Ryan, both pretty well sure to be in front; Mr. Cooper of Glasgow, a great yachtsman; Sir Michael Shaw Stewart, Colonel Muir of Cadwell, Sir William Napier of Johnstone Castle, Mr. Stirling-Crauford and Captain Stirling of Castle Milke, Mr. Spiers, who was a great curler. The late Lord Glasgow was once Master of these hounds, and John Dale lived with him, but his Lordship would never have a fox killed. Many a gallop have I seen from Haukshead, close by Paisley, and away to Glen Effer, by Johnstone, and run into him at Huston. Besides the hunting in Scotland we had plenty of cricket, for the Master was very fond of it, and kept Sand of Sussex and a professional bowler. Of course I was one of the Drumpelier eleven, and we had jolly matches in all parts of West Scotland. I was always good to kill a bowler, and could break his heart though I could never get runs; but one day, when Carluke was playing us at Drumpelier and the match appeared to be lost, I was sent in, and, to the surprise of all, I began to hit the bowler about. Cheer after cheer went up when I had got 20; and I pulled the match out of the fire by an innings of 37, and was then caught out. The Colonel was not playing that day, and he was surprised, when he came back from Glasgow, to hear of 37 to my name. Those were right glorious days. I never shall forget once when I was standing umpire at Paisley, for Drumpelier, giving a crack man out ‘leg before.’ Wall, an Oxford professional, was bowling. ‘How’s that?’ said he. ‘Out!’ was my reply. And we had a drawn match.’

ATHLETICS AND AQUATICS.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.

THE days preceding the University Boat-Race have now for some years been devoted to athletics of importance, and on this occasion the usual programme was carried out, and additional attraction was provided on the river in a boat-race between Spencer of Chelsea, and Harry Clasper, the youngest son of the late H. Clasper, who will be remembered as the inventor of the out-rigger, as well as an oarsman of unusual skill. The event resulted somewhat unsatisfactorily, there being three fouls, but Spencer, whose career of match-making has been most fortunate, he having won all his matches, was declared the winner, and certainly proved himself the better man for the distance, though the young Clasper showed greater pace for the first mile or so. The boxing for the Marquis of Queensberry’s cups again drew a large company to Lillie Bridge; and when we remember the Arcadian simplicity of the arrangements some eight or ten years ago, when the spectators numbered about thirty or forty, it is curious to notice the rapid strides the sport has taken in public interest. Performances commenced with the light weights, amongst whom J. Skeate of London, J. Saunders, and E. Pinto showed the best form, the former eventually winning. Amongst the middle weights the honours lay between Dawkins, Douglas, and Francis, and this trio were very level,

especially the latter pair, who had to spar an extra round before the judges made their minds up, when they decided in favour of Douglas, who has now won three times running. The Heavies attracted four aspirants, and the first draw brought out R. F. Smith and G. H. Vize, the former a very sturdily-built customer who looked a trifle fleshy, while Vize, taller and equally muscular, appeared fitter and more artistic. Smith, however, scored the points, and J. M. R. Francis, of Twickenham, disposed of R. Wakefield somewhat easily. The final was expected to be hot for Francis, as his opponent was probably the most powerful of the quartette; however, he stood up pluckily, and the verdict was eventually in his favour, a considerable triumph for him, as the youngest and lightest of the lot, and indeed he would have gone for the middle weights but for an unwillingness to oppose his brother, who very nearly won them. The Richmond Boxing Club, to which both the brothers Francis belong, must be congratulated upon their representatives, as the club is of quite recent date.

The Inter-University Sports, in spite of a fickle chilly day, attracted more visitors than ever, and the promenade in front of the Clubhouse was almost impassable. The stands were crowded with ladies, and there was the usual complement of carriages, though the weather, an unpleasant contrast to last year, doubtless deterred many who are wont to drive there and lunch *al fresco*—if the shade of a half-opened landau may be so described. Cambridge were favourites for the odd event, long odds being laid against Oxford obtaining five wins, even after the Dark Blues had drawn first blood in the Hundred Yards. This race was a close one; Treppin of Brasenose, getting a trifle the best of the start, held a slight lead throughout, Palmer of Corpus (Cambridge) running second. In the High Jump the Cantabs commenced a trio of victories, the mile—which near home looked a moral for Tylecote (New College, Oxford)—falling to Cunliffe of Trinity, Cambridge, who got up thirty yards from the tape, and won by a couple of yards. Throwing the Hammer proved the moral it seemed for G. H. Hales of Trinity, that doughty Cantab having already won the event thrice. Oxford now had a look in, the Hurdle Race going to Jackson of St. John's, though had Salmon of Jesus, Cambridge, not fallen, the result would probably have been different. Davidson of Trinity secured the 'put' for Cambridge, and the Quarter Mile went to them also, Churchill of Jesus getting first from Metcalfe of New College, Oxford, who was palpably shut in halfway down the run in, and it appeared that otherwise he might have won. Anyhow Cambridge had now scored five to two, and though Oxford had the last two events to themselves, the interest of rivalry was pretty well gone. In the Long Jump, C. M. Kemp of Oriel, and Haskett Smith of University, secured both places for Oxford; and the closing event, Three Miles, was robbed of its interest from Bullock Webster of Hertford (Oxon) going lame and retiring about halfway, leaving his mate, Stevenson of New, an easy victory from a gradually lessening field, of whom only King of St. John's, Cambridge, finished the distance. A fortnight previously, at Oxford, Webster had, to the surprise of most people, beaten Stevenson, owing, it was supposed, to his being not fully wound up; and under these circumstances their meeting at Lillie Bridge was anticipated with a good deal of interest, though Stephenson, who won the long race in 1874 and 1875, was most fancied.

The University Boat-Race, which was this year considered a very open affair, amply proved itself so by terminating in a dead heat, though how far this unusual and most unsatisfactory result was contributed to by the accident to the Oxford bow-oar will remain an open question, to be argued at leisure for

many a long day. When training began, the Cantabs, having available seven of last year's victorious nine, counting the coxswain, who is really a very important item in the affair, started with a manifest advantage, which was increased by the floods on the Isis making efficient coaching difficult, and sometimes impracticable at Oxford, where the crew got together, while of unusual size, and presumably corresponding strength, were generally reported somewhat rough. The Light Blues, having a good nucleus of six tried oarsmen, got through the early portion of their training with sufficient comfort to themselves and satisfaction to their partisans; and when they arrived at Putney, a week in advance of their opponents, general opinion at once expressed a strong judgment in their favour, for which the neatness of their style afforded some grounds. The boat built for them at Newcastle was all that could be wished, especially after an alteration, which shifted the coxswain's seat a little farther aft, had corrected a slight inclination to bury the bows. Oxford, on their later arrival at the scene of action, were, like Captain Macheath, divided in their allegiance, bringing with them two boats—one a Clasper, built by Young Jack at Oxford, and the other a substantial craft, the offspring of Perkins of Eton, and in the construction of which some eminent Eton authorities had at least a finger. The first appearances of the Dark Blues at Putney gave much satisfaction to their friends, and when, soon after their arrival, they did very good time over the course, public opinion, that most untrustworthy of guides, pronounced violently in their favour, only to divert its fickle allegiance a few days later, when Cambridge had in turn gone over the course in good time. In the end it resolved itself into the amateur oarsmen as a rule fancying the Cantabs, while the watermen and sporting division pinned their faith to Oxford; so that just before the race betting was as nearly level as possible. This, however, concerns us perhaps less than anything, as, we believe, in a match of this kind bets are off, instead of the money being put together and divided; so that, with the exception of the luckless few who paid money down for the call of so much, or who laid long odds against a dead heat, and cases of that kind, which are few and far between, all the wagering comes to nought. With reference to the diversity of opinion as to the relative merits of the crews, all were agreed that the Cantabs had learned to slide more regularly, while Oxford had a cleaner and higher feather, more strength, and probably finished better.

Owing to the race being fixed very early, the attendance was less than usual of late years, but unfortunately did not prevent the uninvited presence of the usual contingent of clumsily managed rowing-boats, one of which, with an impartiality worthy of a better cause, managed to get more or less in the way of both crews. Oxford had turned out betimes to practise a few starts, and, to the great delight of her supporters, finally elected to row in their Clasper. Eight o'clock found the four privileged steamers arrived and the Oxonians embarking; they were soon followed by Cambridge, who, after a short spin through the bridge, dropped up to the Surrey station, Oxford having won the toss and taken Middlesex, though, as the tide was nearly done, the advantage was slight, if any. The Press steamer now broke adrift, but getting well into the Middlesex shore, the boats were started without waiting for her to back into position. Oxford seemed to catch the water first and row the faster stroke, but opposite the London Boathouse there was nothing to choose between them, and up to the Point neither gained material advantage. At the Grass Wharf Oxford held a slight lead, which they kept to the Crab Tree, but in approaching the Soap Works, where Cambridge had

the turn, they drew up, and Hammer-smith Bridge was passed as near level as possible, Cambridge having perhaps a trifle the best of it, and this advantage, with the bend of the river in their favour, they increased up to the Doves, where the lumpy water incommoded both crews. Nearing Chiswick Eyot, Oxford, in spite of being steered rather wide, drew up, and improving this as they passed the island, were nearly clear off the church. Rounding towards Barnes the Cantabs had another turn in their favour, and more than held their own for some distance, but at the Bull's Head the Dark Blue got away, and under the Railway Bridge were clear again. They had now the best of the bend to the finish, and the race seemed a secured victory for Oxford, but just above the White Hart their bowman's oar was seen to be disabled and was practically useless for the rest of the journey. This *contretemps* of course let up Cambridge a little, but the Oxford men with their seven oars appeared to hold a slight advantage to the finish, where the general cry was 'Oxford!' and this was, we hear, the opinion of both coxswains. John Phelps, the judge, however, gave his verdict a dead heat; and though during the afternoon Mr. Chitty, Q.C., the umpire, was interviewed, with the idea of reopening or arguing the question, he declined to interfere with the judge's verdict. Thus ended the most exciting University match ever rowed. The dead heat alone would make it specially memorable; but apart from this, the year was of importance in that, had Cambridge won, the victories since the commencement of the matches in 1829 would have been equal, and it was rumoured that there was a general feeling amongst University men that this would afford a good opportunity for abandoning the affair or changing its *locale*, since the proximity to London, with the publicity given to all details by the papers, in addition to the public quotation of large bets on the event, has aroused the disgust of the University authorities. We take all this with its full *quantum* of salt. Still there may be something in it. However, that misfortune to London sightseers is averted for the present.

The crews were as follows:—

OXFORD.			CAMBRIDGE.		
	st.	lb.		st.	lb.
1. D. J. Cowles, St. John's . .	11	3	1. B. G. Hoskyns, Jesus . .	10	11
2. J. M. Boustead, University . .	12	8	2. T. W. Lewis, Caius . .	11	9
3. H. Pelham, Magdalen . .	12	7	3. J. C. Fenn, First Trinity . .	11	7
4. W. H. Grenfell, Balliol . .	12	8	4. W. B. Close, First Trinity . .	11	9½
5. H. J. Stayner, St. John's . .	12	6½	5. L. G. Pike, Caius . .	12	8
6. A. Mulholland, Balliol . .	12	5½	6. C. Gurdon, Jesus . .	12	13
7. T. C. Edwardes-Moss, B.N.C. .	12	2	7. T. E. Hockin, Jesus . .	12	11
H. P. Marriott, B.N.C. (stroke)	12	0	C. D. Shafto, Jesus (stroke)	12	0
F. M. Beaumont, New (cox.)	6	8½	G. L. Davis, Clare (cox.) .	7	2

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—A March Microcosm.

'SPRING'S delights' are, as Mr. Corney Grain very justly observes at St. George's Hall, of a very dubious character, in the present day at least. With the shepherds who sang *tra ra la* in peach-blossom smalls, and the shepherdesses who went about in pink silk stockings and high-heeled shoes doing ditto—as, according to veracious poets, was the fact—it was clearly a case of other times and other weather. They could not have been bothered by floods, and the east wind had not yet taken to visiting our tight little island in the way of late

years it has done. No ; modern 'spring's delights' are limited to our finding that the seasons have been translated, and that we had our spring at Christmas, and are now thoroughly enjoying winter in the ides of March ; to a roughness of the skin and a general dryness, apt to beget roughness and dryness in the temper ; to disappointments in hunting and steeplechasing ; to premature 'parks,' where noses are red and faces not quite happy ; and to a general belief that the shepherds and shepherdesses were a myth, and that the old proverb is true, which says, 'When the days lengthen the cold strengthens.'

That the 'Van' Driver, taking stock of 'spring's delights' from the Croydon Grand Stand on the first Tuesday in the month, was much impressed by them, goes without saying. The mud is everything at that favoured Metropolitan resort, and there was plenty of it on this occasion ; the populace also go for something in the matter, and they went for a very big something on this occasion. We *did* hear that by Stand and turnstile 2,500*l.* was made on that day alone, but we do not vouch for its truth. At all events, the take was a tall one, doubtless, and the popularity of Croydon and hurdle-racing strikingly exhibited. And what a curious change there is in racing tastes and customs, like everything else. We pictured to ourselves that day at Woodside of some racing Rip Van Winkle who, after a tremendous carouse consequent on Leamington's first win of the Chester Cup, had fallen in, during a midnight stroll on the Roodee, with the ghosts of some departed Turf worthies, and being by them made to taste of a potent and unholy liquor, had been spirited away, put to sleep for twenty years, and then suddenly awakened and turned loose opposite the Grand Stand last Tuesday. What would he have thought ? Probably his first question would have been, why the Derby was run at this time of year, and why it had been moved from Epsom ? If some bystander, pitying the old man's forlorn appearance, had explained matters to him, what would he have said at hearing that this vast concourse of people, and all the concomitant shouting, was on the occasion of a hurdle race ? We fancy he would have used bad language towards the person who made the explanation, and accused him of hoaxing his seniors. Hurdle racing ! All this crowd and excitement about some wretched horses galloping over sticks ! —impossible ! But then, if he had the patience to listen, it would perhaps have been further unfolded to him that the horses were not 'wretched' ; that among them were those of name and fame, winners of important handicaps, specially prepared and trained for this event, backed to win thousands, and the property of leading sportsmen, members of the Jockey Club and others. But here the old man's temper would probably have given way, and with some fierce denunciations at being made the subject of chaff, he would have endeavoured to shake the Croydon mud from his feet, and betake himself from the scene. Joking apart, the passion for hurdle racing, and the qualifying throughbreds for hunters' races after the present singular fashion, would startle old Turfites if they could peep from their graves. The late Mr. Verrall was, as we remarked in our obituary notice in last 'Van,' very quick at reading the signs of the times, and feeling the pulse of the popular taste. It is ten years ago that he founded the International Hurdle Race at his meeting ; and how the race has taken with the sporting world, and the meeting prospered in consequence, we need not say. The interest and excitement in the event certainly culminated on this occasion. For weeks the Victoria Club had lived on that and the Waterloo Cup, and people bored each other by wanting to know what would win the Hurdle Race, as they do in May when the Derby is coming on. The character of the field was certainly high, and a very dangerous race

it looked to meddle with in consequence. The ups and downs of the market, and the game the merry men of the Victoria played with the favourites, made it more dangerous still. The favourite *par excellence* was firm enough, and up to the last the money kept pouring in, some people taking 2 to 1 about him; but in the second rank they got terribly knocked about. Captain Machell must have thoroughly enjoyed the bewilderment into which the reputed 'trials' in his stable cast the touts. There had been one of these—farces, we were going to say, but that would be rude, so we will call them affairs—on the Saturday morning previous to the race, and Miss Lizzie, Mohican, and Sans Peur were all in it. The real truth of the 'affair' was wonderfully well kept, for we were assured by a cool and long-headed Newmarket man whom we met on the Monday, that Mohican was undoubtedly the horse; while, on the other hand, the first intelligence wafted to town made Sans Peur the winner of the said trial. We soon found out at Woodside that it was Miss Lizzie, by her owner showing his hand; and we really must congratulate the Captain on the way he managed the affair. For the circumvention of a tout there ought to be an order of merit. About some of the others there was a great deal of hocus pocus which we do not profess to understand; but horses are peppered one day, and in favour the next—the old, old story, of which we get somewhat tired. The most genuine horse in the race, next to Broadside, was Scamp, though he was not altogether a public favourite. He had run so badly last year that the public were a little chary of him, notwithstanding that he was in the experienced hands of Mr. Fothergill Rowlands. But he carried plenty of money, and the confidence of Sir John Astley and the stable never wavered. On the day of the race, on Ebor's retirement, and the personal support of Scamp's owner, the horse became second favourite, and a rush on Miss Lizzie brought her to 10 to 1, while the 'winner of the trial' went to the cold shade of five times those odds. Arbitrator had been among the peppered, but he returned to a certain degree of favour; while some new tips, among them Percy and Duplex, afforded a good deal of amusement to the bookmakers. There were, we may remark *en passant*, some wonderful lies told about Percy—a little horse with small feet, who could not have won in that mud with a postage-stamp on his back, but still some flats backed him. Did he not come from Russley?

The roar from the ring might well have caused our Rip Van Winkle to believe it was a translated Derby he was assisting at. A rare betting race has it been, and while a man would find a difficulty if he wanted to back an outsider for the blue riband, there were books innumerable on the International. By-the-way, there was not much else to roar about at Croydon, for the International swallowed up everything else, and it might be as well if the executive next year lopped off the third day. But of this the executive is the best judge. The sport was undeniably poor, on the Tuesday especially, and though there were some grumblers, the vast majority had come to see the big event, and cared little about the minor affairs. The easy win of Spartacus in the Selling Hurdle still further improved the position of Miss Lizzie, and there was no doubt her stable were very sanguine. At the last moment Industrious was struck out, and Middlesex, it was announced, had done something to his jaw that would render his running impossible. Lottery was an unexpected addition to the field, which numbered nineteen, and we do not think there were any important market changes but those we have mentioned. Broadside in blinkers, and I'Anson with a dog-whip in his hand, was not, good-looking horse as he is, an altogether encouraging sight. He had

had an excellent preparation, it was plain, for his coat was like satin, and the muscle was all there, but he went with his head on his chest, and pulled at his jockey rather more than was pleasant for his backers to see. The senior and venerable Nightingall, however, had assured Mr. F. Swindells and ourselves, about a quarter of an hour previously, that he verily and sincerely believed Broadside to be a very good horse indeed, and 'Lord Frederick' appeared much impressed by the ancient one's declaration. Scamp looked blooming, too, but Miss Lizzie was rather ragged as to her coat, and was not taking to the eye. Ingomar was one of the handsomest horses there, and the bloodlike Mohican commanded some attention, although the bookmakers *did* offer 50 to 1. Bugle March had a lot of friends, and so had Arbitrator, though he did not look to us like going through such deep mud as Woodside was composed of. But, however, they were soon at the post, and all our idle fears, doubts, and speculations as soon to be disposed of. The favourite went so strong and well till within half a mile from home that his backers loudly exulted; while, though Miss Lizzie held a good position, she never could overhaul the leaders. Scamp, admirably ridden by Jim Adama, kept winning his way to the front inch by inch, as it were, looking hopelessly out of it at first, but biding his time. Croydon is not the best place in the world for seeing, and a roar from the ring was the first announcement to us that the favourite was beaten, and that it was a guinea to a sixpence on Scamp or Woodcock. It was in reality these odds on one, for though Lord Dupplin's horse looked momentarily bold, the weight told on him, and Adama, giving Scamp his head, galloped home, the easiest of winners, in front of Lottery, Woodcock being eased when pursuit was useless. It was a very satisfactory win, and Sir John Astley and Mr. Rowlands had much ado to force their way into the weighing-room through a crowd of congratulatory friends and acquaintances, and the number of times 'Fog's' hands were seized, and the number of times he was called 'old fellow,' slapped upon the back, and congratulated in various ways, would be among the statistics of the meeting. There were many reasons for this. Both owner and trainer are popular men; the former had experienced anything but a rosy time of it last year; the latter had been—so ran the general belief—not exactly well treated by his former friends, and here was the cup of consolation offered to them both—Sir John landed a good stake, and Mr. Fothergill Rowlands defeated Woodcock's little game. And after this Rip Van Winkle, and all of us, went back to town, for, truth to say, there was nothing else worth stopping for.

We met again at Sandown of course, for there were the soldiers—horse and foot, as well as 'the ryal artilleree'—and a very pleasant two days we had. We think the soldiers liked it too—at least the majority, though here and there we came upon some grumblers. 'Oh yes, it's a very nice place,' said a young lieutenant in the 1st Plungers; 'but it's not like a racecourse.' Exactly, young brave; but that, we thought, was the charm of it. 'Not a bad course, 'old fellow—jolly good luncheon—lots of pretty women too, really—but I 'miss the fun, you know. No niggers—no Aunt Sallies—none of those nice 'girls who sing songs.' Well, gallant Major, we will see what can be done against your next visit. We will try and intercede with Mr. Hwfa Williams and induce him, if we can, to allow a space somewhere in the open, and out of earshot of the stand, where all these delights can be provided you. The military mind is much given to *délassements* of this kind, and it seems a pity that when they keep their feasts they cannot enjoy them. However, Sandown was a success this time, and the Club Stand had never presented a more brilliant

show than it did on both days. The weather, for the time of year, was good, and though the sport fell off from its promise on paper—why, that is not a novelty on Grand Military records; and we remember thinking some two or three years back, at Rugby, that we were very nearly in at the death of the meeting. There's life in the dog, however, and we hope it may continue for many years; but, still, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that the glory of the Grand Military has departed. Few are the men who keep horses now for steeplechase purposes, fewer still are the riders thereon. One very excellent addition to the thin line of our amateurs have we in Mr. W. B. Morris, who has shown us a taste of his quality once or twice lately; but with him the roll-call begins and ends. Well, after all, jockeyship is an art—the high art of horsemanship, attained by some after long practice, coming, apparently, naturally to others. And while lamenting, as most of us do, over that decay in the art, as shown in the riding of our amateurs, are we not just making a little too much fuss about what is, after all, nothing so very important? Granted that, with a few exceptions, our soldiers do not show favourably on the flat, or between the flags—what then? If they do not begin like Archer or finish like Cannon, why should they? Of course, for their own satisfaction and that of their friends, it would be very nice for them to be so many Jim Mawsons and Alan McDonoughs revived, and we will acknowledge that one of the prettiest sporting sights imaginable is a fine piece of riding. But we hope we shall not be misunderstood if we deprecate a little of that over-lamentation we hear on many sides about our having no gentlemen riders. Granted that we have no apparent successors to poor Josey Little or George Ede, Captain Towneley or Mr. Coventry—no one to follow in the steps of Colonel Harford, or Captain Smith, or Mr. St. James—again, what then? We shall miss some pretty riding perhaps at future Grand Militaries, but will our soldiers be any the worse with hounds, or before the enemy, because they do not know exactly where to 'come,' when to 'wait,' or lose their heads in the final struggle? The Great Duke said the hunting-field was a good school for the battle-field; but he said nothing about steeplechasing or racing. Have we not, in our passion for fine finishes, artistic riding, and all the rest of it, just made a little too much fuss about our amateurs?

But we must take up the threads of our Grand Military parcel, and—only trusting our readers have not misunderstood our remarks—briefly narrate what we saw at Sandown. The entries, as we have before said, fell off, but there was a fair field for the Gold Cup, for which Chilblain was a great favourite, though many people thought Revenge could give him all the weight. But then Mr. Swaine's horse had not Mr. Garrett Moore on his back, and though Lord Marcus got him to the front last year at Punchestown, he will not answer to every one's call, and a good horseman like Mr. W. H. Johnstone could do nothing with him. Zanzoe had previously won the Household Brigade Cup, and Badger the Life Guards' Challenge Cup, and we may here add that the wins were generally hollow ones. The second day was honoured by the presence of H.R.H., who came down with Lord Suffield and Hon. Oliver Montagu, and apparently enjoyed himself. The Fitzroy-Beresford stable had what ought to have been a good thing, with Cagebrook for the Light Weight Military, only they did not back it, and the Hunt Cup was won by Rob Roy. In this race Mr. Irwin got a bad fall, but no bones were broken, and the Prince of Wales, with his usual kindness, placed his carriage at the sufferer's disposal to take him off the ground. Labyrinth upset a certainty from Ireland in His Lordship for the Hurdle Race; and we do not think we need say any

more about the Grand Military than to hope we shall meet our soldier friends again next year in the Club inclosure.

After a lapse of seven years do we revisit Cottenham Pastures at the bidding of the G. N. H. ; and, sooth to say, the visit was not worth the trouble or the 'ex.' We were not very much impressed with the locality on our first visit, seen as it was under the most favourable auspices—the patronage and presence of royalty, of noble sportsmen, and of fair women and brave men by the score. The pastures spoke of cheese, of rich land, of well-to-do farmers, but it did not tell us much else. The country was hardly a Grand National one, nor was there a particularly good view of it to be obtained. If such was our opinion when Cottenham was ablaze with the double delights of the highest royal and sporting patronage, it was not likely to be altered now, when shorn of the attributes. True the G. N. H. was supposed to be there, and there was the correct card to show us that *the* race would there be run, but that was all. Where was the collective body calling itself the Grand National Hunt? where were all the noble lords and gallant gentlemen we used to meet at Burton Lazarus, at Weatherby, at Bedford, at Crewkerne, and on this spot seven years since? Three or four of them were here, and that was all. Neither had they come themselves or sent any horses, and we had six runners for the race of the meeting. My Lords and Gentlemen, will you please to explain why this state of things is come to pass—why 'the fair beginning of a time' is ending so dismally? Are you weary of that child at whose birth some fifteen years ago you all assisted, for whom such great things were foretold as to what it would do in regenerating steeplechasing, encouraging the farmers to breed good hunters, and do goodness knows what besides? It looks like it—and the question arises whether it would not be better to fling up the sponge.

Seven years make changes and vacancies in the ranks of the noble, the fair, and the brave, and many of those who were in high health and spirits at Cottenham on the last occasion have joined the majority. Then the Baron was looking on, and expecting Ledburn—his first and only steeplechaser, we believe—to win. There were Josey Little, poor little Driver Brown, and other good fellows, lamenting over George Ede's untimely death, which had only taken place the previous week. Old Ben Land was there, and George Stevens, with the honours of his second successive Liverpool fresh upon him. But we need not go on with the muster-roll, sufficient to say that the gaps were but ill filled up. The Stewards' Stand held the Duchess of Manchester, the Duchess of Hamilton, the Ladies Grace and Margaret Gordon, Lady Louisa Montagu, Hon. Mrs. Stirling, and other ladies, to whom Mr. Linton did the hospitable host. Indeed that gentleman's luncheon was one of the features of Cottenham—we did hear some people say it was the only good thing there; but they were unjust, for good things abounded, and, with one or two exceptions, the bookmakers were those who bore the brunt of the battle. Second favourites generally won, and second favourites heavily backed, if successful, cause the ring to groan and lament. Lord Marcus Beresford opened the ball on Lucy, that wonderfully good mare, who was sold once somewhere in the neighbourhood for 30*l.*, and the Farmers' Open Plate fell to her without an effort. She must be a nice annuity to her owner. Royal Charlie found the distance in the Cottenham Steeplechase suit him better than the course at Sandown, and Cagebrook falling, the grey cantered in almost by himself, but we fear his owner did not back him for much. The Fitzroy and Beresford stable did not do at all well, for in the Grand National Hunt, Bounce refused early and was put out of it, and there was great grief among the same division

when Teuton beat Spartacus in the Selling Hurdle Race. We must hark back, however, to the chief race of the day, albeit that event only brought out half-a-dozen runners, and, with the exception of the winner, probably as moderate a lot as ever started for a Grand National. Flying Birdcatcher had finished a fair second to Burford when the latter won at Bogside last year; but his running here would seem to show that he was not the same horse now as then, for Victory, who cut but a very poor figure at Sandown, beat him easily. Flying Birdcatcher, who was piloted, as in Scotland, by Captain Baldwin, it must be added, did not seem to take kindly to the course, and refused more than once. The Bear, a four-year-old of the Duke of Hamilton's, left off nearly as good a favourite as Flying Birdcatcher, as it was known that the Duke fancied him a good deal, though the horse had an untrained look, in addition to his jumping in a very raw fashion not assuring. He was evidently a novice at the work, and indeed Marsh had not had him very long, most of his schooling having been done by Lord Mandeville with the harriers. However, he won easily enough, despite these drawbacks, and the Duke of Hamilton has probably got a good horse in this son of Rake and Bertha, for he looks like shaping into anything. Still it must be borne in mind that the five behind him were, as we remarked above, very moderate. The Bear, like other bears, is young, and has his troubles all to come. We must see him again in good company before a decided opinion can be formed about him.

The second day was worse than the first. Lord Marcus Beresford, called to town by very 'urgent private affairs,' had to depute to Mr. E. P. Wilson the riding of Lucy on this occasion, in the Hunters' Plate, and she came in alone. Sugarcane, with an artist like I'Anson on his back, was, this time, worth backing for the Milton Hurdle Race, but still such a disappointing horse has he been, that comparatively few would trust him, and at the last Tom Jennings's Patagon superseded him in the betting. It was a very near thing, and though young Tom on Patagon did all he knew, it is no disgrace to him to say that I'Anson beat him. No one else, probably, would have caught hold of the shifty Sugarcane as he did and drove him resolutely home, just winning on the post by a head. This was the race of the day, and all the rest was stale and unprofitable. Birbeck of course won the Selling Hurdle, but the good goods for the Cambridgeshire Steeplechase, Rattle, failed to stay home, and Mont Valerien—a horse that we intimately associate in our memory with the Roodee—won in a canter. Much amazement was caused in the Maiden Hunters' Plate by Flying Birdcatcher having it all to himself (through the other two runners refusing), but he got into the brook each time round, causing his rider, Captain Baldwin, to perform wonderful feats of equestration, being on his horse one moment and under him the next. However, he manfully stuck to him, and was loudly cheered as he trotted past the chair. Such is our rather depressing account of the G. N. H. The game was certainly not worth the candle; and, unless things take a turn for the better, and shoulders are put to the wheel, we shall not care to light ours in 1878.

Lincoln was a wonderful gathering of turfites, gentle and simple. Never before had the old city held more strangers within its walls, and the not over excellent accommodation in the way of hotels was tested to the utmost in consequence. The Lincolnshire Handicap was of course the be-all and end-all of the three days, for neither the Brocklesby nor any of the other two-year-old stakes brought out anything but what was probably very moderate; and as backers had rather an evil time of it the first two days, every one felt inclined to do a little extra plunge on the great race of the

meeting—for we are very bold at this time of year, and the ides of March have for us no fears. The other ides they are, those that fall in November, when the dregs of the racing cup are being drained, that make us afraid. Bold bookmakers and bolder backers were making the money fly on Carholme, but it was chiefly on the handicap, though there was a little plunging on the opening event, the Trial Stakes, which looked a certainty for Lord Rosebery with Brigg Boy. When, however, he was badly beaten by Winifred, then began a fusillade against Touchet, which, backed up by rumours of his having been cast in his box or done something to himself very dreadful, looked at one time as if his knocking out was inevitable. At the same time, too, in town the panic was even greater than at Lincoln, and some of the few professionals left at the clubs offered 20 to 1, though we believe they speedily drew in their horns. Meanwhile Lord Rosebery and Dover looked on in astonishment, for Touchet was as well as favourite need be, and there was nothing in the defeat of Brigg Boy to warrant the onslaught. It was one of those scares that seize upon the ring occasionally, and the cause and origin of which are mysteries. Sir Frederick Johnstone won the first two-year-old race of the season, the Tathwell Plate, with Bena, a daughter of Macaroni, whom, however, her owner did not apparently very much fancy, and the money was put on Lord Dupplin's Campsie, ridden by F. Archer. But 'the chief jockey' was not to begin the year successfully, for this was the first of his subsequent failures during the three days. The Brocklesby was booked to him, Mat Dawson, and Fair Penitent—a trio there was no withstanding, for the last-named had done something so wonderful, though we could not quite make out what it was, that 7 to 4 was to be had with difficulty. However the fair fallen one made her backers repent very early in the race, for she was about the first beaten, and Bishop Burton, a good-looking son of Strathconan, won after a good race with Fiddlestring. On the second day there was great touting before breakfast to try and find out something about the cracks, of whom Bruce II. was undoubtedly most admired in the gallops. Poursuivant and Petrarch went very well too, and so many new fancies there were—among them Footstep (backed for a good deal of money), Vittoria, Murrumbidgee, &c.—that bookmakers opened their hearts and enlarged their offers, 11 to 2 on the field almost going begging. When the hour for the race drew nigh it was with difficulty that a sight of the leading favourites could be got, so mobbed were they. There was the grand Thorn looking perfection, but as they were backing Omega, it was evidently no use fancying him; and next to Mr. Batt's horse Bruce II. was the king. People who had rashly peppered Touchet were frightened when they saw him, for he was as fit as horse could be made, and though not exactly one we should care to be on for the Derby, yet he looked quite capable of compassing the task set him here. Petrarch was not present, having shown some temper in the morning, but Lord Lincoln, Poursuivant, Footstep, Lady Ronald, Vittoria, &c., all commanded a great deal of attention. How the race was run would be a thrice-told tale; suffice it to say that Hopkins, riding Footstep with great judgment, dropped upon the leaders near home, very much as he dropped upon his horses in the Liverpool Cup last November, and won cleverly, Poursuivant astonishing a good many people by displaying great gameness, and sticking to Footstep in a way that we had hardly given him credit for. Thorn, Controversy, and Petrarch, all ran well, but the weight told; and Bruce II., if he had been persevered with, we fancy would have been much nearer the winner than he was. Touchet, though he failed to take the prize, was far from disgraced,

and many behind the three placed will doubtless be heard of again before long. Lord Wilton and his friends won a good stake, we believe; and most of the leading owners of horses in the race saved themselves on Footstep.

Space warns us that our Liverpool parcel must be a light one. Not a very grand event the great steeplechase this time, and the character of the field such as to cause odious comparisons with those of former years. The decay of steeplechasing, or rather steeplechasers, is getting, we fear, too patent a fact to be denied or slurred over. Our remarks on the Grand National Hunt might apply with few alterations to the Grand National Steeplechase. Both seem in a bad way, both, the one in a greater degree than the other, are deserted by old patrons and protectors, and both want a good deal of shoulder being applied to the wheel if they are to get along. The why and the wherefore of all this cannot be discussed here; we can only record that so it is, and take in imagination our readers to Aintree on the 23rd of last month, just as Mr. Thomas, the 'Tom' of 'twenty Grand Nationals, is seen heading the string of sixteen runners about to do the indispensable promenade in front of the stand. Sixteen runners make, we need scarcely say, a small field, the smallest since Emblem won in 1862, when the same number came to the post. Small as it was, it was rumoured the week previously that it would be even less, and people talked of barely a dozen, and that three favourites, Regal, Shifnal, and Chimney Sweep, would have it all to themselves. Regal, said to have won a trial with Whitehaven on the Saturday, was very firm, until the success of Zero in the Seston Steeplechase, in which Palm ran very badly, elevated his stable companion to the premiership. Lord Marcus Beresford's horse and Shifnal divided pretty equally the honours of favouritism at the post, though for some little time Reugny headed them both, a commission having been sent into the market almost at the last moment. When seen, however, the old Liverpool winner did not look like repeating his performance, and retreated two or three points. Regal did not go quite well in the market, and it was said the stable were more fond of Congress for a place than Regal to win. We never saw the former look better, and, though it was asking him to do a good deal, yet the field was so moderate that if Regal had a chance why might not this second of last year? Of the Irish division, though Pride of Kildare was supposed to be the best according to the betting, we think Liberator commanded the most attention. There was a hitch (said to be a pecuniary one) about Gamebird, a horse that two or three days before had been looked upon as the Irish representative with Mr. Thomas up, but now was sent to the right-about when it was announced that Mr. Appleton, his owner, insisted on riding him. It is no disparagement to that gentleman to say he is not Mr. Thomas, as he seemed painfully aware of it himself, keeping judiciously in the rear, we may say here, for the whole way. Mr. Thomas was then secured for Liberator, a very good-looking horse, and wonderfully fit was he. We said in our remarks on the horse's running at Croydon that he looked more like a Liverpool horse than a Metropolitan one, and the results showed we were not far wrong. True, there was another horse run at Croydon about which we thought nothing at all, and had no suspicion, when we saw Austerlitz in the paddock, that we were looking upon a Liverpool winner. We rashly confounded him with his fellow-performers on the home circuit, and disregarded some mysterious winks and whispers that told us he was a real good horse. He was ridden to-day by his owner, Mr. F. G. Hobson, and there was no exception to be taken to his appearance. Still the horse ran untried, and there were great

doubts whether he would stay the course, and then there was Shifnal, that the talent said could not lose. However the latter ran very badly, and has evidently not improved. He never was in it, nor was Regal either. Chimney Sweep and Zero made most of the running until the latter was done with, and the former, plodding on in good honest fashion, was beaten soon after they landed on the racecourse for the final struggle. Austerlitz and Liberator were always in front in good position, and between them the issue seemed to lay, until Joe Cannon crept up on Congress and deprived the Irish horse of second honours. Neither of them had a chance with Austerlitz, who had a deal left in him and had fenced all through, under some disadvantages, wonderfully well. Congress getting where he did makes him out a very good horse indeed, moderate as those behind him may have been. Reugny pulled up lame, Pride of Kildare had had enough of it half a mile from home, and Chimney Sweep secured his old position of fourth. The others were all done with before the hurdles were reached.

Our hunting parcel will with this number cease to appear in the 'Van's' way-bill for some time; so let us see what we can find to tell our readers before pink, boots and breeches are doffed and the horn of the hunter is neither heard on hill or in vale. To begin with the Prince of Wales's visit to Gloucestershire, which was a great success. It was on the 26th of February when H.R.H., laying aside his Levee war-paint, found himself on the G. W. R. bound for Lord Shannon's house at Cirencester, the meet the following day with the V. W. H. being at Colne St. Aldwins. There was of course an immense field. Cirencester tradesmen closed their shops, and everything on four legs that the town could boast of was, we verily believe, out that day. At Aldsworth—which old racing men will remember in the days of the Bibury Club—the Prince got on his horse, being put under the pilotage of his friend Mr. Arthur Sumner, the Master of the Cotswold. Trotting on to the old Bibury racecourse, on the gorse of which dwells a very crafty gentleman who has given them more than one gallop this season—a fox who sleeps with his weather eye open, for he is always away before the hounds are put in—they were lucky soon to get on his scent and hunted him along the course—a fine opportunity for some very unnecessary 'doing gallery' by one or two gentlemen, in jumping rails, &c. Soon the scent failing, they next tried Jolly's Gorse, well known to all Oxford men as the second draw after Bradwell Grove, and finding, ran through the grove, but could not do much more. They afterwards drew Bibury Grove blank; and then the Prince went and lunched with Mr. Wilson at Allington, a former Master of the V. W. H., Mr. Williams of Bibury Court opening his house to his many friends. Ampney Gorse was drawn after luncheon, and a run to Driffield brought the Prince back to within three miles of Cirencester on the Cricklade side.

We may here mention that the three Masters whose countries run one into another, Mr. Brassey of the Heythrop, Mr. Arthur Sumner of the Cotswold, and Lord Shannon, V. W. H., agreed, during the Prince's visit, to stop for each other and allow their coverts to be drawn—a friendly and sportsmanlike action which all will appreciate. Wednesday, the 28th, found H.R.H. with the Cotswold at Five Mile House, as its name implies, that distance from Cirencester on the Gloucester road. Unfortunately, it was a hard frost, so the meet was a late one, but the state of affairs had not prevented a great concourse of horse and foot, and a long string of carriages—which latter came struggling up Packhorse hill, while others went round by Birdlip—from assembling at the meet, near the ground over which, some years back, Earl

Fitzhardinge started that celebrated steeplechase in which Lottery and Cannon Ball ran, and which Jim Mason won—a real, honest country, with no made fences or cuttings down. But this is only a memory of the past—and here is the Prince just arrived. Lord Shannon was his pilot on this occasion, and word being given for Perrott's Brook, in the V. W. H. country, they trotted on to the withy bed there, which, contrary to custom, did not hold a fox. The pack was the bitch one, looking wonderfully well, and doing every credit to that good huntsman and well-mannered servant Charles Travis, and their appearance elicited much admiring notice from good judges. They next tried Calmsden Gorse, formerly a disputed covert between Lord Fitzhardinge and the V. W. H., and a brace of foxes being seen afoot, they got away with one that broke straight in front of the Prince and the field, running fast up to the road going from Cirencester to Foss Bridge. Here the hounds flashed over the road with a stale scent for a couple of fields, and then lost him, the hunted fox having doubled back in the plantation running by the side of the road. Their next essay was at what Cheltenham men are fond of calling 'the Ranksborough Gorse of the Cotswolds,' at Chalk Hill—but here the people seemed determined that if there was a fox he should be chopped, so surrounded was the covert. However, a stout one, after two or three attempts, boldly faced the crowd, and making for the Calmsden side of the gorse, ran over the open nearly to Barnsley Warren, where he turned to the left, and with still a bad scent, and by the aid of a good deal of telegraphing and riding to holloas, they hunted him within a field of Foss Bridge. After a check here, he was again viewed the other side of the road, but being headed, he turned for Foss Cross; and here occurred one of the most difficult and scientific pieces of hunting, exhibited by Travis, ever seen, the ladies acting like beagles, to the admiration of old Squire Villebois, Lord Shannon, and other Masters who were out. Scent there was scarcely any, but they managed to run their fox to the top of Withington Wood, and, turning to the right, went over the beautiful open country pointing for Barnsley; but the scent at last failing entirely, they were obliged to give him up at six o'clock. Through the good piloting of Lord Shannon, the Prince had been able to see the whole of the run from Foss Bridge, and his carriage having been sent to Wrencombe Rectory, thither H.R.H. repaired, under the guidance of that popular rector and good fellow, known in Gloucestershire as 'Joe' Pitt. There the Prince refreshed himself with tea and poached eggs, and those who know his host will know how proud and delighted he was to play such a rôle. It was late when the royal party got back to Cirencester—later still before Gloucester and Cheltenham received their respective denizens. Many people were benighted. One lady and gentleman had to remain at the Mill Inn at Withington until a carriage was sent from the Plough to bring them home, and there was not an egg to be found in the neighbourhood the next morning.

Lord Shannon was of course anxious to show his royal visitor the cream of his hunting ground, so the next day (March 1st) they went into the celebrated Bradon country, the meet being at Eastcourt House, the present residence of Mr. Walter Powell, M.P. The frost was even harder than on the previous day, so no one was much surprised when, about the time the hounds were to have arrived, came one of the whips in their stead, with an announcement that they would not be there until 12.30. The interval, however, was (by some people) agreeably spent. The worthy M.P. for Malmesbury seems to have thought that H.R.H. was a very fair excuse for the display of that gorgeous hospitality in which some rich people—not exactly to the manner born—are fond of indulg-

ing. Very excellent and praiseworthy is it to feed your neighbours rich and poor—to keep open larder and cellar for all comers, and to do the fine-old-English-gentleman sort of thing before admiring crowds. But there are times and seasons for everything under heaven, according to the wise king; and as the Prince of Wales had come into Gloucestershire to hunt and enjoy himself, and not, if possible, to be mobbed and stared at, it is unfortunate that Mr. Powell should have helped to contribute to this latter state of things. It was known to the country-side that Mr. Powell would on the morning of the meet literally keep open house; and so, thirsty mechanics from the Swindon workshops, the no less thirsty inhabitants of Cirencester and Malmesbury, and every chawbacon for miles round who could shirk his work came to the trysting. They appear to have had a very good time. Mr. Powell had done the thing well. There were barrels of strong beer and stacks of bread and cheese to be had for the taking; the house was open to all his friends who chose to go; and on the lawn a handsome marquee had been erected whereon was laid a splendid luncheon for the Prince and his party. But, alas! the Prince never went near it. H.R.H. arrived about one o'clock, came into the field where the hounds were, and the word being immediately given, off everybody trotted to Crudwell. It was a blow; but the sight of what was going on in and around Mr. Powell's residence was no inducement to the Prince to accept that gentleman's no doubt well-meant but injudicious hospitality. For Hodge had employed his time well, and had taken a great deal more of the strong beer than was good for him. Nigger minstrels were singing their cheerful songs; Aunt Sallies and knock-'em-downs—agreeable adjuncts at a meet—were in full swing; and many a flushed face accompanied by a gait not of the steadiest, was observed among a class higher than that Hodge belonged to. After the hounds and the hunting men had gone the mob got more unruly. Inflamed by strong beer, the Gloucestershire Bashi-Bazouks cast longing glances at the royal marquee, and, to make a long story short, at length broke into it. Then ensued an orgie. Everything was drank and drained; the small body of police were powerless, and disorder reigned triumphant. One gentleman was observed running across the grounds with a salmon under his arm covered with Mayonnaise sauce!! A great pity; because much damage was done, and hunting was in some measure brought into disrepute in consequence. Mr. Powell was, doubtless, the chief sufferer; but he must, on reflection, have blamed himself for it, we think. It was an error in judgment which is not likely to occur again.

Our space will not allow us to go into the details of the run, which was a good one, and which the Prince, under the guidance of Captain Donovan, saw throughout. As on the previous day, H.R.H. was again the guest of the Church, and after the run took tea with the Rev. Oswald Smith at Crudwell Mere, leaving behind, on his departure, nothing but pleasing impressions on every one with whom he had come in contact.

The event of the month in Northumberland has been the meet of the Morpeth hounds at Lesbury House, by invitation of Major Browne. Tuesday, the 13th, broke a wild sort of morning with a drying wind, very unlike a hunting day. However, punctual at 10.45, Mr. Blencowe Cookson appeared in front of the gallant Major's hospitable mansion, with his kennel huntsman and first whip, Mark Robinson (who has been with these hounds since the formation of the pack by Mr. Cookson's father, in the year 1854, I believe), and his second whip, Jack Rance. Mr. Cookson was superbly mounted, and the men were on a superior class of horse to those on which hunt servants are generally

put. The hounds looked in excellent condition, muscular, and bright in their coats. The whole turn-out was much admired by a large field composed of all Major Browne's regular attendants, several from the Morpeth, and a few from the Tynedale. The day's sport was of an order to show the working qualities of the hounds, the scent being wretched; but, for all that, we had two very pretty hunting runs, and killed a fox. The patient way in which Mr. Cookson handled his hounds is beyond praise, and it would not surprise us to hear that this young gentleman is looked upon as a shining light in 'the trade' before many years are over.

The retirement of Major Browne is much regretted. Any one who is fortunate enough to buy a lot of his dog-hounds, when they are sold in May, will get some useful animals. They are really well bred, and A 1 in their work.

'Dear "Van," I send you a note or two of a wonderful run with the Sington on the 24th of last month. Found at Muscoates Whin a little after two, and ran over nearly thirty miles of country for three hours and twenty minutes, pulling down their fox halfway across the Riding, close to where old Squire Osbaldeston formerly lived at Ebberston. Country frightfully heavy, and a large and hard-riding field scattered in every direction. Among the few up at the finish, Lords Helmsley and Castlereagh, Messrs. Cadman, Leslie, and one or two others. Miss Rose Kendall, daughter of a former Master of the pack, went remarkably well, and was given the brush, as a trophy of a run, as one there observed, not of a season, but of a lifetime. Jack Parker's comment on it was, "Sike an a run ah niver seed afoor, and "niver shell ageean."

The Quorn met on Monday, the 5th, at Ab. Kettleby, where a large field seemed pleased to see Lord Wilton once more on horseback looking fresh and well, and amongst others present were Mr. Bromley-Davenport, anxious to have another ride on the Melton side of Leicestershire, Lord Grey de Wilton, Lord Wicklow, Lord Wolverton, Captain Gilbert Stirling, Major Whyte-Melville, Mr. Prior, Captain Coventry, Captain Boyce, Mr. Brooks, Mr. Pennell Elmhirst and Miss Elmhirst, Messrs. Ernest and William Chaplin, Lady Florence Dixie, Captain Smith, Mr. John Cradock, and scores of others. When the time was up Lord Wilton wished to see his own covert, Welby Fishponds, drawn, which request Mr. Coupland readily granted, so away they trotted. While Firr was drawing the covert, a fox came in from the outside, no doubt disturbed by the foot people, but the hounds were soon on his line, and away he went, with the pack close at his brush, by Welby Church, nearly up to the town for Melton; but, bearing to the right, ran a large ring back through the Fishponds and Cants Thorns, where they got up to him, then away the same line again, and rolled him over in the open about two miles farther on. They next drew Lord Aylesford's covert, found, came away at once over the Sixhills road, just skirting Old Dalby by Grimston Gorse and Saxelby Spinny, over the Wartnaby Hills and the Broughton Vale straight through Holwell Mouth, back by Little Belvoir, where the hounds got a view of him dead beaten, and he just escaped them by popping into a drain about ten yards in front of them. On Friday, the 9th, all Leicestershire went to Loseby to meet the Prince of Wales, who had been staying at Melton with Colonel Owen Williams.

Mr. Tailby had a very good day on Monday, the 19th, when he met at Mowsley. After a short run with a fox found in a hedgerow, which they lost near Walton Holt, they drew the Holt, found, had a very good ring, and back into it, then another over almost the same line, and then a rare good

spin all over the grass by Kimcote up to Kilworth Sticks, right through them, away at the end, and on as if they were bound for Bitteswell, but turned at the back of Lutterworth into the park at Misterton, where they lost, after a good run, some of which was fast, of about two hours. There was not a large field; but going well were Mr. Tailby, Mr. Hay, on a gigantic horse, Colonel Gosling on a brown, Mr. Mills on a grey, Captain Bridson from Rugby, Mr. and Mrs. Simson of Glen, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kennard of Lubenham, Captain and Miss Laing, Mr. Rome (an Australian gentleman living near Leicester), Mr. Jones from Cheltenham, and Dick Webster, who somebody said looked very like Robinson Crusoe.

The foxes in High Leicestershire must have been having a bad time of it lately, as the ordinary course of proceeding has been for the Tailbyites to rattle them well into the Quorn country on the Thursdays, and Tom Firr return them on the unadvertised Fridays. Luckily for them, scent throughout the Midlands has been deficient during the past month, or they would be getting scarce. Christian seems to have given general satisfaction, though at present his hounds have been too used to having him behind them to turn quickly to him; but he sticks well to his hunted fox, and has several times been rewarded by carrying home a mask—and next year with the young entry will no doubt succeed. We hope in our next 'Van' we may have more sport to chronicle, and give the names of those who have partaken of the noble sport in this open season.

In the New Forest it has been a wonderful season, good sport throughout, capital days one after another, and no end of foxes killed; and Sir Reginald Graham has given great satisfaction in saying he will hunt the country again another season. A brief space yet remains to the insatiable foxhunter, and to such as care to see the game well played out we may commend the month of April in the New Forest.

With the Badminton hounds we shall have to resume our record from the 1st of February, with the remark that the 'oldest inhabitant' cannot recall such a two months' sport as Lord Worcester showed in the first two months of the present year. Very rarely has he returned home without one fox, very often with two or three, and these killed in a fair and sportsmanlike manner, and not '*mopped up*' according to the custom of other packs which shall be nameless. It would be impossible for us to do more than select a few out of the many fine days' sport the Badminton have had; suffice it to say that, at the date of writing these lines, the pack have not been stopped a single day, that they have killed 87 brace, 53 since cub-hunting ended, and that the only thing wanting to entire enjoyment was the presence of the Duke, who has not hunted since the 24th of February in consequence of severe indisposition. The hounds never looked better, and do the greatest credit to the care of Charles Hamblin, and though the nags have been sorely taxed by want of a frost, and the heavy state of the country, we doubt if any stable could now produce a better lot than Lord Worcester owns, which includes the ever-green Beckford (the hero of the Greatwood run), Caradoc, Highwayman, Fenian, and a new purchase from a member of the hunt, a chestnut horse of wonderful jumping powers.

Feb. 2. Newnton Lodge.—Found at Newnton Gorse, ran prettily round Tetbury to Avening; hounds got away from the top alone, and ran a fox up to Frampton Missal, where they killed. They finished with a good run in the evening from George's Gorse.

Feb. 6. Swallett's Gate.—Found at Greatwood, and had a good forty

minutes' ring—ground frightfully deep; found at Miles's Gorse, had thirty minutes over the vale, and killed at Dauntsey House; chopped a fox unfortunately at Miles's Gorse, and then drew the gorse for the third time, found, ran to Greatwood at racing pace, and then up to the cross roads close to Webb's Wood, where they killed him. A very hard day.

Feb. 7. A good day in the Sodbury Vale, killing a brace of foxes.

Feb. 9. The Duke, by invitation at Stoke in the Berkeley country. Found in the New Cover, and ran prettily to near Iron Acton to ground, but another fox went on and was killed; found in the Rangeworthy Gorse, and had a capital thirty minutes very straight, killing in the open a mile beyond Wickwar on the Charfield road.

Feb. 12.—A very fine day's sport, the last run being from Weston Birt, *viâ* Shipton, into the Vale country, with a kill beyond Kemble; though there were parts of this run very slow, the hunting of the hounds and the perseverance of the huntsman were above praise. It is about a ten-mile point as the crow flies.

Feb. 14. Beckhampton.—Found on the downs beyond Kennet, and had fifty minutes and lost him. Found again at Compton, had an excellent run round Compton on to near Highway Hangings, and killed him. Horses all beat to a standstill, the ground being something *awful*.

Feb. 16.—Another hard day in the Sodbury Vale. A capital twenty minutes from Horton Bushes, killing him halfway between Doddington Grove and Bean Wood—a very unusual line. In the evening they found at Doddington, and ran along the top of the hill to Hawksbury Warren, and into the Vale almost to Lower Woods, but failed to kill.

Feb. 17. Derry Hill.—An unfashionable meet, but a grand day's sport. Found two foxes directly at Derry Hill, one of which went to ground and was stopped in, while the hounds ran the line of the other over the cream of the Bushton Vale, killing him close to Highway Hangings. They went back to the stopped-in fox, got him out, and giving him a fair start, ran him for one hour and two minutes with but one slight check, and killed him just above the Wentworth Gorse on the Beckhampton downs—a very hard day for horses.

Feb. 24. Hullavington.—Found in Malmesbury withy bed; the fox went half through the town of Malmesbury, crossed the Tetbury road close under Stainsbridge, and went away best pace towards Charlton, but turned to the left and came back, leaving the town on his right, then on to Charlton Park, which he just touched, and they lost him at Badby Mill. The first thirty minutes was very brilliant, and opened the eyes of some visitors from Mr. Garth's country. They ended the day with another good gallop from Hyams.

March 10. Tolldown.—The Sodbury Vale gave three runs without hounds ever drawing or entering a covert—the first fox was killed after a ring at Dyrham, the second was found close to Hinton, and gave as good a thirty-five minutes as man could wish to see, by Codrington, leaving Bean Wood to the left, on to Yate Common where we probably changed foxes. If so, we eventually got on the line of our hunted fox, for we were at it again from Sodbury, running best pace through the Doddington Vale, just skirting the park, on to Dyrham, with a kill.

March 12. Hullavington.—A great day's sport; ran first from Angrove to Seagry, and had a long check; eventually a fox was holloed away, and ran back by Angrove, over the river, to Lea Wood, from thence to Garsden, Woodbridge, and Brinkworth, over the Dauntsey steeplechase course, on to

the Great Western Railway line, where they checked; but took a line into Greatwood, where they probably changed, for they did not kill. The run occupied one hour twenty-seven minutes, with but two short checks, and the pace between the crossing of the Dauntsey line (ere reaching Lea) and Garsden was very good. The names of those who were prominent have appeared elsewhere, so we will not recapitulate them, except to supply the omission of one who was universally allowed to have the best of the fastest bit of the run, Mr. Alfred Grace.

We ought not to take leave of the Badminton hounds without a word of congratulation to the numerous lady followers of the chase on the sport they have enjoyed. The Tetbury goddesses are as usual in great force, and 'as a rule' ride fearlessly and fairly. By the last word, we mean to suggest that they do *not* cut in at gateways, and ride over prostrate horsemen with the same freedom that we have seen used among other less well-regulated packs. We hope we shall not incur eternal displeasure from any T. G., if we speak in the highest terms of the riding of two of the latest additions to their ranks, Miss Little and Miss Cave, the latter of whom, on a chestnut pony, now only coming four years old, stops at no practicable fence, and can hold her own in any company.

The country has not been so dry as usual in the March month, and the H. H. have had some wonderfully good sport. One of the best days was on Tuesday, the 6th; they met at Ropley Cottage, the residence of the Master, where everybody received a most hearty welcome. They found in Old Down, had a very good run, and killed. Found again in Cheriton Wood, ran towards Bishop's Sutton, headed back to Cheriton Wood, then through Old Park, Bramdean Common, by West Tisted House and Merrifield to Hedge Corner, leaving Colemore on the right, by Priors Dean through Goly Wood, and lost on Selborne Hill: this was over the best part of the H. H. country; the horses were dreadfully tired; Mr. Montague Knight, Major Bradford, and Mr. Radclyffe, a heavy weight who is not to be denied in any country, had rather the best of it; two ladies also went well, Mrs. Haslar and Miss Coker.

On Saturday, the 10th, they met at Herriard village, and had a very nice run from Spring Wood, running very fast to Henwood by Tunworth and Shortlands, where the fox turned, ran through Hackwood Park, and was killed in Spring Wood, a good ring done in fifty-seven minutes.

On Monday, the 12th, they met at Thedden Grange, found in Thedden Copse, ran to Northwood by Bentworth Lodge to Great Wood and Southwood, through Shaldon Park, by Five Lanes, Holybourne, to near Yarnham, and was run into just before he got to Vinney, near South Warnborough, at the end of fifty-five minutes.

On Friday, the 23rd, the Hambledon had an extraordinary finish to a most excellent run. They met at Warnford Park, found in the osier bed, ran to Stoke Woods a good pace, went through Granvilles, Bottom Copse, on to Col. Butler's Hanger, then to Anthill Common, then killed the fox in a pig-sty; time one hour and three-quarters. Found again in Stoke Woods, took a ring round the woods, then away slowly to Bottom Copse, then to Huntbourne, where they got close to their fox, and raced him through the Queen's Liberties to Rookesbury Park, where he was headed. A check was the consequence, when the fox was viewed across Wickham Common, the hounds running hard through Orchard Copse, Pigeon House, and crossed the river through Boarhunt, forcing him quite out of his country, and at last killing him in the moat at Fort Nelson on Portsdown Hill, fox and hounds

jumping down the steep sides. After killing their fox the hounds had to be lifted one by one up a ladder to the top again. This run was quite ten miles as the crow flies, part of the country very stiff. There were only half a dozen out of a large field at the finish. Time two hours and twenty minutes.

Friday, March 2nd, they met at Corhampton House, found in Sergeants, ran over the end of Beacon Hill through the osier bed at Warnford Park, and ran to ground on Mr. Pratt's farm. Found again on Beacon Hill, ran nearly to Preshaw, turned, and back by the osier bed, along the flat up Old Winchester Hill, nearly to Highden, and came to a check near Hambledon. The hounds were then taken home, it being quite six o'clock, and the horses beat—a thick fog the whole day. These hounds have also had most excellent sport on the Sussex side.

The fickle goddess has not been too kind to us of late, but on Monday, 19th, we had such a clinking run as fully made amends for much previous disappointment. Met at Tedworth, and were not long in finding a good fox in the home covert, who went away through Kimpton and Newdown on into a small spinny, where up jumped a vixen, our hunted fox taking the best line one could have wished for Redenham; but as bad luck would have it the hounds changed on to the vixen, and, running her back our old line towards Tedworth, ran into her in Kimpton. We then trotted off to Sidbury Hill, where we hoped to renew our acquaintance with the customer who had led us so merrily on the previous Monday from Netheravon (which excellent run was marred by the absence of poor Mr. Fred. Raikes, the sight of which would have proved far more beneficial to him than all his doctor's prescriptions). We found, however, a not unworthy substitute, who required but little persuasion to slip away as fast as his legs could carry him, heading for Everley, the hounds being less than two minutes behind him; and now we settled down to quite the fastest and most brilliant twenty-seven minutes of the season, the pace past Beeches Barn being simply a race, Frederick and Bangor leading, the latter a most promising first-season hound, who may eventually aspire to succeed his gallant sire Dexter, now ending his days with the Hursley—on through Combe Gorse (I was glad to see Mr. Coales out and well upon his thoroughbred), on to the arable land, where a check of a few seconds let up some who got but an indifferent start. Gaylad hits it off to the right, but it is cold scenting ground, and in another half-mile we are in difficulties, with sheep-pens, dogs and labourers, to say nothing of numerous hares: 'The fox must be somewhere forward, but is it Netheravon or Enford?' and 'Will he cross the river?' are the first natural suggestions. All doubts were speedily removed by the most magnificent conceivable exhibition of true hunting, Old Waterloo (one of Duke of Beaufort's Wildfire's), having got away badly from Sidbury Hill, overhauls us with a wet sail, and throwing his tongue carries the true line through the whole field and scattered pack, and, without checking for an instant, heads for Longstreet; Fricker lifts his hounds to him, and in less than three minutes pug is rolled over in the road. Amongst those out, most of whom were well up, were Colonel Wellesley, Hon. Herbert and Mrs. Ellis-Agar, Sir Edmund Antrobus, Sir Claude de Crespigny, Sir William Humphery, Captain Tyssen, Rev. and Mrs. Awdry, Rev. and Miss Harrison, Rev. — Edwards, Mr. Allen, &c.

From Yorkshire we hear that matters have not been going quite pleasantly with the York and Ainsty. People complain of the Master returning home at 1.30 or 2 o'clock, for though half a loaf may be better than no bread, the farmers think that half a day is no day at all. Second horses are becoming

unnecessary with the Y. and A., and there is a good deal of grumbling among the subscribers. The country, too, has been perpetually flooded, and sport most moderate.

The Fife had a real good day, on the 17th, on the Lomond. They ran nearly two hours without a check, and killed in the open about as big a fox as ever the hounds had seen. It was so hard and slippery that they could not ride on the hillside, and Colonel Thomson did most of it on foot. The previous day they went into the Lothian country by invitation of the West Fife, and as Sir Arthur Halkett had hurt his leg, and could not ride, Colonel Thomson hunted them. The day was cold and dry, however, and the scent bad, so they did not do much.

The yearly meeting at Ivybridge, in the far west, is one of a popularity that draws together a large assemblage of the western sportsmen. A run over the wastes of Dartmoor *in terrâ domibus negatâ*, is altogether different from one over pastures and an occasional cabbage garden; and although it may have its drawbacks in the shape of morasses and rocks, yet these impediments are easily avoided by those who are trained to the moor, and to whom the wilderness of the far west furnishes a guarantee that they are really in chase of a wild animal in a wild country.

On Tuesday, March 6th, Mr. Coryton's hounds met at Ivybridge. Not less than three hundred were assembled in and about the place of meeting: there was not, however, any danger of hounds being overcrowded, for Stowford Cleaves is a deep covert overhanging the Erme, where a fox making for the moor by Harford is not easily headed. A bad fox was found at Rubbrake that went to ground without a run. Another from Blackaton went away to Wintersbrake through Wragaton, by the Eastern Beacon to Glasscomb Pitts, over Coryndon Ball on to the moor, by Button Hill to Hangershall to Harford Rocks, where he was lost, after a good hunting run of fifty minutes. Found again in Rubbrake, ran to ground, bolted, and killed, after a fast spin.

On March 7th the Dartmoor Hounds met at Loughtor Mill. Snow, hail, wind, and rain utterly destroyed scent, and the moor weather was at a discount,—'Slight crosses will ruffle our pleasure sometimes.'

Thursday, March 8th, Dartmoor Hounds at Hanger Down. After a good spirit of thirty minutes from Pithill Wood to Harford, and the clitter of rocks at Stowe, when they bolted and ran into him, Harrow thorn plantation was drawn, and a Hector of the Forest went away at once, over Stall-down Moor, the hounds streaming away through the barren wastes at the top of the pace, going away by Yadsworthy to the clitter of rocks opposite the famous Pyles dungeon, sweeping down the hill and crossing the Erme to Three Barrows, Sharpstor, turning back over Yadsworthy waste, by Watercombe to Awns and Dendalls, through to Pen Moor, and down the hill to Rookwood, over the moor to Brimager Wood; here there was a long check, but a cast forward recovered the line, going through Vael Wood, where he was coursed by a sheep-dog over Lue Moor, Boxall cleverly cast on beyond at a gallop and hit him again over Shaugh Moor, running him hard, and bringing him on to the well-known fastnesses of Dewerstone Rock, celebrated by the poet Carrington, and he was left in those deep and impenetrable recesses. Ten miles from point to point, over seventeen miles of ground, and time exactly two hours. This was a grand forest run over the wilderness of Dartmoor from first to last, unique in its kind, and peculiarly gratifying to those who see in a savage chase the mimicry of noble war. Upon the doings of the field we are prudently silent, except that of the three hundred that met

Mr. Coryton at Ivybridge,—'Grant but three'—No! It is said that Mr. Calmady of Tetcott was alone the solitary horseman that reached Dewestone with hounds.

March 9th, Mr. Coryton at Brent. A gallant moor fox, went away a cracker from Brent Hill to Dunncomb and Skerriton, where he went to ground, bolted, and away to Parsons Brake, to Shipley Warren, and they ran into him at Shipley Tor. Found again in Shipley Tor, streaming away up the warren to Darkhill Gate, crossing the river Avon, Peter's Cross in the centre of the Forest, leaving Three Barrows to the right, away to Meynell's brake into Woodholes, racing into him on the bank of the Avon, after thirty-five minutes, without a check—a very brilliant thing over the wildest portion of the forest. Mr. Coryton hunts his hounds himself, and hunts them well. The pack is one of three years' standing, hunting the Pentillie Castle country and the Cornish or Western moors, are high-bred from the best kennels, and can go, stay, and hunt. It should be said, also, in these days of fashionable and vicious muteness, that they speak well.

We regret to announce the death of Baroness Mayer de Rothschild, widow of the late Baron Mayer de Rothschild. Although the late Baroness was a great invalid for the last three years, her name was constantly before the sporting world in connection with the annual sale of the Mentmore yearlings at Newmarket. The Baroness died on her new yacht, the *Czarina*, at Nice, a large sailing vessel only just completed, which arrived three days before her death. The decease of this lady will be universally regretted, as she was ever ready, with a liberal mind and great discrimination, to assist all charitable institutions. We believe there will be no change in the breeding establishment, which will be continued as until now at Crafton.

Scotland has lost one of her finest horsemen and most ardent sportsmen by the death of James Rait of Anniston, which happened on the 22nd of February, in his seventy-second year. He commenced his hunting career with his father's harriers, before pheasants or game preserving were known in the north, and when hunting the fox and the hare was the amusement of Forfarshire lairds, diversified by grouse or partridge shooting, in pursuit of which each was welcome to cross his neighbour's land as he pleased. Mr. Rait entered the 15th Hussars about 1826, and soon distinguished himself as a horseman, both on the flat and over a country. Some of his exploits were lately mentioned in the columns of 'Baily,' but without the name, as his leap in full uniform over a gate much above regulation height, between Hounslow and Hampton, when he was so pleased with his charger's performance that he had it back again, and then a third time to get out. Many such feats and adventures proved him to be brimful of pluck; nor was he without judgment. When quartered at Hampton Court, he rode a recent purchase in a steeplechase there, and discovering, after two fences, that the horse was a blind one, and being chaffed by his comrades about his mount, he at once offered to run the same field over again, provided he might choose the course. His playfellows accepted the challenge, and were rather surprised when he named the river Thames. The other horses strove to leave the course and reach the nearest bank, but the blind one was easy to steer, and passed under the bridge a winner. Soon after getting his troop Rait left the army and retired to his estate in Forfarshire, occupying himself with its improvement, and enjoying the sport to be had in the neighbourhood, which was successively hunted by Lord Kintore after he had left the V. W. H.; by John Dalzell, who went on to the Puckeridge; by Chalmers of Aldbar; by Whyte Melville, with the Fife hounds, &c., besides Mr. Doubiggin's clever pack of

dwarf foxhounds' hunting fox and hare near Dundee, whose rule was No red coats or top boots; and Lord Kinnaird, who had foxhounds west of Dundee. When the Carlist war of 1836 broke out Captain Rait joined a regiment of British Lancers, in Sir De Lacy Evans's legion, as major. At this time he owned a celebrated hunter called Moncrieff, and an equally good black mare, both of which he took to Spain as chargers. Merry John Walker, the huntsman, remarked: 'I don't wonder at the Captain going to the wars, but I *am* surprised he should risk such good horses.' In the course of events he became lieutenant-colonel of his regiment, which was composed of rather rough materials; they found that their commander not only led them with dash, but insisted on discipline, and he soon reduced them to a really efficient corps of cavalry. On one occasion, being on a reconnaissance near a town occupied in force by the Carlists, a demonstration was made by their cavalry, when Rait, unable to resist the temptation, notwithstanding their superior numbers, gave the word to charge, and shouting 'Tally ho!' rode straight at the enemy. The Carlist Hussars bolted, and the speed of Moncrieff carried his rider among them far in advance of his men; after passing many, he found himself backed by only one man, an old Fifteenth, brandishing his bloody lance, who, full of confidence, cried, 'It's all right, sir, *I'm* with you.' 'I don't like to hit them,' answered his colonel, 'they're all boys.' '*Boys*, sir, are they? I never looked.' The rest of his men coming up, and the flying cavalry carrying panic among their infantry, the town was taken, and the Spanish commander-in-chief, taking a cross from his own breast, decorated the gallant colonel on the spot. A curious coincidence which happened in the Edinburgh Club deserves to be mentioned. A few years after the war, when Sir De Lacy Evans was in Parliament, some gentlemen were criticising him, and the conversation turning on the events of the late campaign, one of the party mentioned that he had been (as an amateur under the protection of a contrabandista) a close spectator of the Battle of Hernani. Concealed among overhanging rocks, and aided by a powerful glass, he had seen the general lead a charge of cavalry, which was repulsed, and all were retreating in confusion, when he observed an officer single himself out of the crowd, and galloping in front of them, he faced towards them, and with voice and gesture succeeded in rallying a sufficient number, whom he at once led back to a successful charge. 'It was splendidly done!' continued the narrator, 'and I should know that man's face wherever I saw it.' At this moment a gentleman, who was quietly reading, lowered his newspaper and looked up at the speaker:—'And there he is!' exclaimed he, to the astonishment alike of his audience and himself; on which the gentleman, who turned out to be Colonel Rait, came forward and modestly disclaimed any particular merit. After the war he returned home and married Lady Clementina Ogilvie, daughter of the Earl of Airlie, and has ever since lived at Anniston, interesting himself in country pursuits, and joining in such sport as the county afforded, varied by frequent visits to the borders, in Lord Elcho's time, to Leicestershire, and to the great race meetings. Latterly, since the Forfar and Kincardine hounds were given up by the late Lord Dalhousie, and pheasants became the fashion, he had to content himself with the harriers kept by his neighbour, Mr. Hay of Letham Grange; but he took a lively interest in the revival of foxhunting in Forfarshire in 1867, and has been till this season a regular attendant at their meets. He was also a keen supporter of the local races, and at the annual Hunt Meeting at Lour presented a cup to be run for by tenant-farmers, and by those who walked puppies for the Forfarshire Hounds. Fond of hounds and of seeing them

hunt, still it was his real pleasure to 'school a four-year-old,' excusing himself for not riding made-hunters on the plea that he was getting old, and 'two 'old ones don't suit.' Unable for some months to join in the chase, he determined to have a picture of the Forfarshire Hounds and their Field to look at in his sick-room. It was well executed by Mr. Sturgess only a few weeks before his death—a death which will leave a sad blank among all classes round his Northern home, where his manly and kindly bearing, and unassuming charity in thought and deed, made him popular alike with rich and poor. He is succeeded by his son, Major Rait, C.B., of the Horse Artillery, and of Ashantee fame, in whom survive the many good qualities of this fine old Scottish gentleman.

The late Mr. J. M. Goodlake of Wadley is another good and regretted sportsman departed from the scene. He was born in 1807, at Letcombe, near Wantage, on the Berkshire Downs, where his family have been seated since the reign of Edward III. He was educated at Eton and Christ Church, and was afterwards a cornet in the 5th Dragoon Guards. He was one of the old members of the Bibury Club, and had in his time several fairly good racehorses, of which Geoffrey Crayon, Dandelion, and Cerberus (on which, by-the-way, he gave Tom Parr his first mount in 1828) were about the best. He had a well-bred pack of harriers, which he hunted himself from 1830 to 1836, when he disposed of them to 'Scrutator,' Mr. Horlock of the Rocks, in Wiltshire, and the renowned Jem Hills, late of the Heythrop, who was always much attached to him, used to whip-in to him at this period. He was an excellent whip and tandem-driver, and perhaps one of the best judges of a horse or dog of any amateur of his day. Like his son, Colonel Goodlake, V.C., late of the Coldstream Guards, he was very fond of coursing, and he was as successful with Gaudy Poll and Gilderoy as his father, the kindly and hospitable old Squire of Letcomb, had been with Glider and Gracchus or others still famous at Ashdown. He was a fine fisherman, and first-class shot, and went regularly to Scotland more than forty years ago, before the northern migration was so common as it is now, and he was always remarkable for his breed of pointers, setters, and retrievers, which last he had a special gift of breaking himself. There was also a good strain of Clumber spaniels at Wadley, of which fifteen couple were sold at Tattersall's some years back to go to Hungary. He was celebrated for his farming stock, and obtained numerous prizes for his Wadley pigs and Southdowns at Smithfield and the Royal Agricultural Society. Mr. Goodlake married, in 1828, the sister of a good sportsman who once held his own in High Leicestershire, Sir Edward Baker, Bart., of Ranston, in Dorset, and leaves three sons and two daughters, the elder of whom is married to Mr. W. F. Webb of Newstead Abbey.

In discussing the merits of a certain M.F.H., who like Mr. Jorrocks dislikes 'those nasty lips,' one gentleman praised him for his good temper. Yes, answered the other, however unruly the field may be, he never takes a fence.

An exceedingly prim lady the other day in conning over the 'work' done by the Cambridge crew, read as follows: 'Two of the crew went out *'tubbing.'*—'Nasty fellows!' was her remark; 'why should they not do that at home?'

We never gossip, but perhaps the Patti scandal is such a general theme we may be excused for alluding to it. Whilst the great singer is delighting the Vienna enthusiasts the Paris law court have to decide the pros and cons of the Marchioness de Caux's grievances and the Marquis's jealousies against a public singer. Catholics cannot be divorced, but the question at issue is if

the Marquis de Caux is to retain half the property or Adeline Patti to have the whole. The case will be decided on its own merits, that is to say, if the blame of their not agreeing rests with the sweet songstress or the Marquis.

As hinted at the close of last season, there is now no doubt that Mr. Mortimer will next month resign the post of honour he has held for thirty years and more; and that Mr. Edmund Byron of Coudon Court will assume the reins of office from the 1st of May. We wish him all possible success during his reign over the Old Surrey, whose devotees will doubtless value to the utmost so good and keen a cross-country sportsman, resident land-owner, and friend.

The home county of Sussex has been prolific of sport; while in other more favoured districts (so far as reputation is concerned) it has been but poor. The Downs afford to the Crawley and Horsham, no less than to the Southdown, a welcome trump-card, often kept in reserve, as frequently judiciously played. The grazing farmers are true to the backbone, and have had an unusually full share of meets since the pluvial visitations of the present season have maintained their sway. All honour to the numerous worthy mutton-growers. We hope that no American importations will affect their market, for they deserve well at the hands of all foxhound and currant-jelly votaries. What the new railway from Brighton to the Dyke will or will not do for one friend, whose new kennels are already *due* is a matter of speculation. The Downs will present a novelty when a single line post and rail, negotiable only by a Frank Beers on his rat-tailed wonder, stops the devotees of our Gloucestershire friend. He'll show 'em the way though, if his motto is '*re non verbis*.'

There were always some very sharp fellows in 'Merrie Sherwood' in days of old, and their descendants are not lacking in native humour. There lives now in that district a well-known character, Wilson by name and higgler by profession, who in years gone by, to save the tax on horses, drove from nine to twelve donkeys harnessed to one waggon. A hunting gentleman riding past him one day, and not knowing his man so well as his country, thought to take a rise out of him. 'Well, Wilson,' said he, 'do you know that the Government have decided to tax donkeys?' 'Noa,' replied Wilson; 'shall yeou appeal?'

London Chapels of Ease go through strange conversions, and we believe there are instances of their being put to base uses, but the ugly ecclesiastical edifice in Conduit Street, heretofore known as Trinity Chapel, has been rescued from that fate, and serves no worse use than exhibiting to an admiring world the novelties in the way of clothing that Messrs. Benjamin & Sons seem to be almost daily producing. The whole area of the converted chapel is a vast show-room, with broad staircases and spacious galleries, in and around which are bales upon bales of woollen fabrics in all possible colours and shapes—really a sight quite as well worth seeing as many of the so-called exhibitions with which London teems. We had no idea of the immense business carried on by the firm until we visited Ulster House. Of course overcoats are its speciality, but apparently everything that man or woman can want is to be had there. One of the latest introductions we saw there is a beautiful soft woollen material called chamois cloth. Messrs. Benjamin are the sole manufacturers of this article, and for either an overcoat or a morning ditto we cannot conceive anything nicer. The ladies' department has evidently much pains bestowed upon it, and there is evidence of great taste and care in the work there turned out.

The Polo Club is to live again, but not at Lillie Bridge. Ranelagh House,

near Hurlingham, has been taken for a term of years, and there, under the able management of Captain Hawksley, assisted by a very influential and select committee, including all the members of the old one, will the club be opened on the 1st of May. There is no desire that it should be at all a rival to Hurlingham, only a great many polo players wish for a place where they can sometimes enjoy the game free from crowd, and that they will be able to do on the 20 acres of beautiful grounds, with a river frontage, that surround Ranelagh House. Lawn tennis is also to be a great attraction, and the Club-house will be fitted up with all necessary requisites for the comfort of members. The members of the old Polo Club have joined nearly to a man.

When Sir Salar Jung was over here, his son and many members of his suite went to the Horse Show at the Agricultural Hall, and, in acknowledgment of the attention Mr. Sidney showed them, the distinguished Oriental statesman announced his intention of giving a 20*l.* prize to the next Show. This the Directors have permitted Mr. Sidney to offer for entire horses suitable for putting to English half-bred mares, and we should think there will be a good entry. The Show will be opened, as usual, on the Saturday after the Derby, with the same prize list as last year, in money value exceeding a thou.

The coaching season is drawing near, but we do not hear of much stir or coaching talk either at the Road or the Badminton. There is a slackness in coaching circles; some coachmen are not quite fit, others have gone to their farms and merchandise, some are married, others, alas, are dead, while a few seem to have 'taken off their bars' for good. It is satisfactory, however, to know that we have some stayers, and on the 26th of last month, Mr. Walter Shoolbred and Mr. Luxmoore commenced running the Guildford to Cobham, preparatory to doing the entire journey on the 14th of April. On the 20th of this month, Captain Hargreaves will put on a coach to Portsmouth, down one day, up the next, and Mr. Bailey in conjunction with Colonel Greenhall and Captain Spicer, will resume the Windsor road on the 30th. The Dorking will commence on the 1st of May, under the same proprietary as last year, and Mr. Parsons will again take to the St. Albans road. With these our list, as we are at present advised, ends. We hear nothing of Colonel Chaplin and the Tunbridge Wells, nor do we believe there will be any one to take the Brighton road. The Oxford too is vacant, so, as we have just observed, things at present look slack. Will no noblemen or gentlemen come to the rescue before the merrie month begins, and help to make the Cellar as lively in the mornings as it was two years ago? We did hear something of a Worthing Coach by way of Box Hill, and through a beautiful country afterwards. Where is Mr. A. G. Scott, and where, and oh where, above all, is Mr. W. H. Cooper? We trust we shall see that good coachman on the bench again.





J. Ferris

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

EARL FERRERS.

SEWALLIS EDWARD SHIRLEY, tenth Earl Ferrers, the subject of our illustration for this month, and the representative of one of the oldest Saxon families in England, was born at Chartley Castle, Staffordshire, 24th January, 1847, succeeded his father 1859, was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his degree 1867. Devoted to field sports from his youth, and one of his seats, Staunton Harold, being favourably situated, his lordship seized with avidity the offer of the Master of the Quorn to surrender to him a portion of the country formerly distinguished as the Donnington, and having erected commodious kennels at Staunton Harold, is now hunting that country at his own expense. Aided by that thorough sportsman Mr. J. Chaworth Musters of Annesley, he purchased the hounds of the late Mr. Talbot (formerly the New Forest hounds under Mr. Standish), and those who have enjoyed the sport they have shown during the past season (his first) are eagerly looking forward to many more under such a genial Master and such good management. His lordship is above the average as a game shot, and with the rifle has distinguished himself in the annual contests of the Lords and Commons at Wimbledon. He is also Provincial Grand Master of the Freemasons of Leicestershire and Rutland.

MAN OR MONKEY ?

"Mr. Alexander then brought forward his motion to alter, in Rule 10, 5 st. 7 lbs. to 4 st. 7 lbs. On a division there appeared for the motion 11, against it 10. The motion was therefore carried."—*Racing Calendar*.

Won on the post by a head—did they deem it a capital joke !

Caledon's 'dream of his life,' and the 'Lad's' particular hobby ?
Verily little they thought to buy such a pig in a poke,

Those who followed their leader so manfully into the lobby.

Tell it not out in the world—the names of the 'winning eleven'—

Let not the *Telegraph* hear and 'Senex' wake from his slumber,
Lest with the finger of scorn he point to the 'four stone seven,'

Murmuring 'Ichabod, Ichabod, Ichabod,' times without number.

Say, is it true, o'er the sand that stretches away to Creation,

Backwards ever our steps we are dreamily, blindly retracing ?

Startled now and again by the scare 'Deterioration,'

Into a funk of the French, and a cry for protection in racing !

Mannikin, pigmy, dwarf !—your reign upon earth has begun,

Babes, from your mothers' arms ye may chuckle and crow defiant,

O'er children of larger growth, who nearer walk to the sun,

Humanity's average types, and the wasted strength of the giant.

Turn from the lacteal fount of great mother Nature's providing,

Cast away tucker and bib, the nursery's *impedimenta* ;

Lost is the taste for milk, when you get the cream of the riding,

Sweet is a winning mount as Araby's great 'Revalenta.'

What are the rattle and ring, and the restless coral and bells,

To the outstretched 'tender palm' for a hold of the reins that
itches ?

'Ride a cock horse,' indeed, when you hold a retainer from swells,

And tops and bottoms are shelved in favour of boots and
breeches !

Turn from the cradle and cot, ye suckers of thumbs and sweets,

To a loftier mission in life than the claims of learning or letters ;

For surely the infant heart with a mightier energy beats

When linen for silk is changed, and the swaddling clothes for the
sweaters.

Where shall we turn, when the suckling fails to 'get down to the
weight,'

And the baby declines to part with more of his adipose tissue ?

When the Turf machinery's wheels are unwillingly forced to wait,

In the dearth of a dwarf succession, and failure of Lilliput issue ?

Deep in the tropical woods, where clustering palm-trees wave,

Gracefully stooping to kiss their shadowed forms in the river,

Where the garrulous parrot tribes are gathered in hoarse conclave,

And man goes in secret fear of his life as well as his liver ;

I mark them chatter and croon, in their high grimacing glee,
The coming K's of the saddle, the popular light-weight clan—
Finishing strong on the topmost boughs of the tulip-tree,
Or making a waiting race up the trunk of a tall banyan !

Peace—'tis an idle dream—let it please for an idle hour,
Till the 'common sense of most,' o'er the 'fad' of the few pre-
vailing,
Lightly shake it away, like drops of a passing shower,
Or frown of a fleecy cloud o'er face of the day-god sailing.

Oh ! Master of buckhounds and bucks, gay lord of the curly tile,
Charge with a will at the renegade ranks, with their followers and
flunkeys,
Sir John holds the bottle and sponge, and the Admiral backs you
in style ;
So, if racing must go to the dogs, let us not stop short at the
monkeys !

AMPHION.

THE GREAT WALKING MATCH.

OUR American cousin, Edward Payson Weston, has caused tall walking to become quite the rage. Such an assemblage of ladies and gentlemen as was present daily, at the Agricultural Hall, during the walking match between Weston and O'Leary has never before been seen at any pedestrian performance, even in the days of Capt. Barclay. The late Sir Charles Bunbury is reported to have said that any person betting upon a foot race deserved to lose his money ; and what between crosses and door-money exhibitions the dictum of that old sportsman was not very far from the mark. But this match was a genuine affair : the stakes, 500*l.* a side, were put down by Sir John Astley and Mr. S. Hague, sportsmen who only desired a fair walk for their money and that the best man might win ; and the walk took place in the view, not only of the appointed umpires and timekeepers, but of thousands of anxious spectators. There was some question raised as to the time of the event coming off, for O'Leary, being a strict Roman Catholic, was bound to observe Lent, and living on fish would have been bad training for a six days' walk. But that little difficulty having been got over, the match was fixed for Easter week.

The men had met before in a match of 500 miles, at Chicago, when O'Leary won easily, but Weston complained of not having had fair play upon that occasion. We have heard before that in the States wagers are not laid to be lost, if possible. The contrast of the style of walking of the two men was very marked. O'Leary has grand action, he holds himself very erect, with his shoulders back and his hands well up, and steps out boldly from the hips as straight as a dart, the model of a fair toe-and-heel walker. He at once settled

down to a regular rate of 5 miles an hour, which seemed to be his natural pace, and from which he scarcely deviated throughout.

Weston, on the contrary, walks anyhow ; he throws his head and body about, with one arm dangling at his side and flourishing a jockey whip in the other ; he straddles all over the path and, at times, steps very short with the right leg, which gives the appearance of being lame. He constantly varies his pace, but on the average it was half a mile in the hour slower than that of his opponent. To look at them it was any odds upon the younger man, but there is that within Weston which passes all comprehension and quite baffles the medical profession. He seems able to do without sleep and to digest any amount of nourishment, whilst his recuperative powers and endurance seem well-nigh inexhaustible.

The first thing in the morning of Easter Monday, Weston, confiding in his own powers of staying, started off and forced the pace, and, in the first twenty-four hours of the match, completed 116 miles and 812 yards, leaving his opponent more than three miles in the rear. This was the fastest time that Weston had ever made.

On the following day O'Leary, from his greater speed, although taking more frequent rests, was enabled to give him the go-by, and at the close of Tuesday the score stood for O'Leary 208 miles and for Weston 194 miles. A bet of 30*l.* to 20*l.* was laid that Weston repassed the former in the course of the match.

On Wednesday O'Leary further improved his advantage, walking 86 miles during the day to Weston's 81 miles, and 2 to 1 was offered freely on him. 'The old man has done very well, but not 'well enough,' said O'Leary to Sir John Astley.

As the match went on the interest of the public visibly increased, and the Hall was crowded with sportsmen of every degree. At mid-day on Thursday O'Leary had a lead of nearly 26 miles, but, not having had a wink of sleep since Sunday, he was rapidly becoming exhausted. His backers, with excellent judgment, forced him from the track, although much against his will, and he had a refreshing sleep of three hours and a half. Whilst he was sleeping he was winning the match.

Weston had gone plodding on and had reduced the lead of the Irishman to about 11 miles, but when O'Leary resumed his task it was with such renewed vigour that he increased his lead to 17 miles before midnight. But the old one was not to be shaken off easily, and, with unflinching gameness, he kept on walking without cessation the whole of Friday, never leaving the track, except for a few seconds, from four o'clock in the morning until near midnight. It will be the case of the hare and the tortoise, said the friends of Weston. All his plucky efforts, however, were met by corresponding efforts on the part of his adversary, and the relative positions of the two men were but little changed, Weston having gained about 3 miles on the day's walk.

'Well, what will he do ?' said Weston, in a joking way, to Ira Pain, the American crack pigeon shot, who was in attendance upon

O'Leary in the forenoon of Saturday. 'That depends upon what you do, for he will keep 16 miles ahead of you,' was the answer. Weston's great exertions were telling upon him, and he became very slow, and when, soon after three o'clock in the afternoon, O'Leary completed his 500 miles, he was more than 21 miles to the good. The applause was uproarious; ladies showered bouquets upon him, and the match was looked upon as all over but shouting, yet O'Leary was far from having brought his labours to a conclusion. Later on in the day it became evident that he was falling very weak, his left shoulder dropped considerably, and the question was whether he could keep upon his legs. Weston, seeing the distressed state of his opponent, was walking with great spirit, and the excitement became intense. However, O'Leary, in spite of all difficulties, struggled on in the most gallant manner imaginable, and would not stop until he had made the match safe at nine o'clock in the evening, having *walked 520 miles in 5 days and 21 hours*. A feat without parallel in the annals of pedestrianism.

The match was now virtually at an end, but Weston still remained on the track, apparently for the amusement of the British public that crowded the Hall, doing all sorts of hanky-panky tricks, and in one of his laps rolling a light garden-roller before him, being to all appearance fresher than he had been at any time since Monday. He never stopped until eleven o'clock, when he had covered 510 miles, being 2 miles more than he had told his backers, previous to starting for the match, that he should be able to compass. To have made so good a fight against a walker so infinitely his superior speaks volumes for his pluck.

We had hitherto looked upon the accounts of his having walked in America distances of 1,300 or 1,400 miles, over rugged mountainous tracks, frequently covered with snow, at the rate of 50 or 60 miles a day, as mere travellers' tales; but, from what we have seen of the man, we are now inclined to believe that they are not exaggerations. What the secret of his extraordinary vitality may be, we do not pretend to unravel. He himself says that it is simply the result of temperance and perseverance. Certain it is that he must have had a good strong stomach to start with, and that he has never injured it by alcohol or tobacco.

ABUSE OF PUBLIC SPORTS.

A VERY sensible letter appeared in last 'Baily' against the wholesale putting down of the sports of the people because of certain abuses. Remembering what a disastrous time of it England endured in the days of Charles the Second, when, as a natural reaction after the severe Puritan rule, vice and profligacy of the most terrible kind were the fashion of the day, the Government ought to be very cautious about prohibition of harmless sports in open fields.

Granted that the Kingsbury race meeting may be a nuisance to

many inhabitants, that is no reason why all metropolitan race meetings should be abolished, though at the same time the evils attending them should be stamped out.

No one enjoys a racecourse more than I do, and on Easter Monday I went to the Streatham races, and such an immense interest did I take in the sport that, with the exception of one horse, 'Great Eastern,' and of one rider, 'Mr. I'Anson,' whose names struck on my ear, I do not know the name of any owner, or any rider, or any horse. I never even bought a card. Whether any races were '*arranged*,' or whether there was '*roping*,' I neither know nor care. I was simply one of a crowd of twelve, or possibly fifteen, thousand people who paid a shilling for the privilege of walking up to my ankles in mud on a hillside in the open country on a fine spring day, and seeing from time to time a few men in very bright colours gallop and jump over hurdles. I smoked my pipe and wandered about, and when thirsty went to a large booth which was brought from a very respectable innkeeper's at Epsom, whose house I often make the terminus of a ten-mile country walk, because I can for a little money obtain a good luncheon or dinner and a glass or two of good beer or wine,—and I had on the course what I wanted of the very best at the same price as I should have paid at Epsom. During the whole day I never saw a drunken man,—and, with the exception of a few roughs and the hangers-on whom one meets in all crowds, never heard any bad language or saw any rude conduct amongst the holiday people. In fact, I am certain that nine out of ten of the crowd, so far as I could judge, were like myself, enjoying a very cheap and harmless amusement.

Now for the black spot which the police ought to stamp out. I amused myself by attending the settling at one of the open-air bookmaker's stands after four races,—always sticking to the same man,—who was a goodish-looking man, and apparently of education, and who was assisted by a very clever book-keeper. I will not describe his costume, as that might be personal. I fancy on the whole he paid pretty fairly and regularly to his customers, who were very many of them shopboys and mechanics—our friends the working men—the latter being very noisy and greedy after their money, and wanting to be paid first, and vociferating 'Give me my money.' Hereupon arose a discussion with the bookmaker, something of this kind (B.M. being the bookmaker and W.M. the working man):—

B.M. Ah! you are 'Mr. Everybody,' and want a private banker to keep your account, I suppose, and want to be paid without showing your ticket.

W.M. I want my money, and my number is 703, and I want three crowns.

B.M. (to clerk). Does 703 receive three crowns?

B.M.'s Clerk. Yes, sir, all right.

B.M. Then give us your ticket.

W.M. (Puts up his ticket, which is immediately snatched out of his hand, and a scuffle ensues all round). My ticket's gone!

B.M. Ah ! you want to be paid, do you, without a ticket ? You are up to *that* game, are you ? (W.M. goes mad with rage.)

W.M. It was stolen under your very eyes.

B.M. I'm not going to fight your battles for you, and I tell you what I think of you—bring your mother (with many adjectives and substantives) to dry nurse you.

Mr. Bailly, you know whether I generally speak the truth or not, and I will give you my honour that in all the crowds I ever was in, including an execution crowd in the old days of the Old Bailey, I never heard such language come out of a man's mouth as that book-keeper used to each victim who was robbed ; and about three or four were robbed after each race ; and I saw it done, and spotted the men who did the trick, without the slightest sympathy for the victims : in fact, I rather enjoyed it. I have watched that B.M. on three racecourses, and the same game has always gone on, with or without his knowledge, I do not know.

Now when a dozen men who meet under a tree in Hyde Park or at the corner of a street are summoned by the police for betting, and sometimes arrested and locked up, why in the name of Heaven are these men with their stands and umbrellas allowed to behave openly in this manner ? Letting alone the proceedings which I have described, the man's language (which might have been heard a hundred yards off) would have been an offence at Norfolk Island in its worst days.

I am bound to say that some bookmakers were very quiet and respectably conducted, especially two north-country men ; and doubtless many of them are honest enough, simply taking the pull of the market, though I believe that we have to thank the small book-makers, who will bet in shillings and half-crowns, for our having to pay immense sums for school boards for educating the children of our friend the working man who spends his money on beer and gambling, and also for nine-tenths of shopboys' embezzlements and ruin.

Every rule has an exception. A middle-aged man who looked like a well-to-do farmer came for five sovereigns, and was requested civilly enough by the B.M., to whom I have alluded, to show his ticket after the last race, and he had the sense to hold it tight ; I saw a fellow, who had been most active at snatching tickets, make a dash at the bait like a pike at a gudgeon, but the possessor felt the bite and saw his man, and put in his left from the shoulder so fair and true that the thief's cheek and eye seemed knocked into his head, and I will venture to say that the fellow will wear that black eye for a month. Not the slightest attempt was made at molesting the holder of the ticket, who immediately received his five pounds from the B.M., who seemed rather amused at the incident.

The absurdity of some of the arguments used by people who know nothing about their case weakens a good cause.

One correspondent in a morning paper, who was madly indignant about the Kingsbury races, wrote, as an instance of the ruffianism of

the whole affair, that the refreshment department was intrusted to 'a brutal prizefighter,' or words to that effect, meaning Alec Keene, than whom no more respectable householder exists in the parish of Kilburn, and I very much doubt if that correspondent did not tread very narrowly on the heels of libel.

I had the pleasure of witnessing Alec Keene's last public display of his noble art twenty-eight years ago with Grant at Fleetpond, and I am mad enough to believe that if all the prizefighters had been as civil and well-conducted as he always was, and if the ring had been sanctioned by law, under proper restrictions, as one of the sports of the people, that the lesson of patience and courage and fair play which was given by boxers would have been useful to the roughs of this day. The fact is self-apparent to any one who reads the daily papers, that since the ring has been abolished the knife has become the Englishman's weapon to a shameful and lamentable extent; and this confirms me in my belief, that if Governments stamp out sport after sport without substituting something else, they may do more harm than good.

FROM BELVOIR TO BRIXWORTH.

PICK the world through, and no such range of hunting ground is to be found as that situated between the two places we have named. Here lies the cream of the shires, and the Belvoir, the Quorn, the Cottesmore, Pytchley, Atherstone, and one or two other packs, have these Elysian fields partitioned, though not perhaps quite equally, between them. To glance, according to our usual custom, at what has been doing therein is the purpose of the present article.

Commencing with the Belvoir, as being the farthest away, we find Frank Gillard still handling the horn, and that he has a capital lot of young hounds, not in appearance only, but also in work; amongst the lot only one being by a sire not of their own kennel. Cardinal comes first with his litter out of Wary, Cheerly, Constance, and Comely, all of which have earned their share of approbation. The same sire comes out well again with Crusty out of Whimsey. Whynot and Dauntless are responsible for Dolphin, and Dandy and Dahlia, by Driver out of Primrose, are amongst those who have thus early made their mark. Saffron, an eight-year-old son of Senator and Parody, has before figured in the sire list, but never to such an extent, and with, we think, so much honour, as with his Nimble litter, Napier, Nemo, Necklace, Namesake, and Narrative, all good ones, but of which Napier and Nemo have at present most distinguished themselves. His Charmer, out of Careless, and Perfect, out of Prodigy, must also be placed amongst the young ones to whom honour is due, as well as another daughter called Spinster, who is out of Relish. We take leave to think that is a goodly list for one sire to place to his credit as all entering well and doing capital work the first season, and

Saffron should make as great a name as some who have occupied the Belvoir benches before him. Fallible (through whom a strain of the Milton Furrier is introduced, being by him out of Prophetess—Furrier, a son of Forester and Ruin) has, as his contribution to the entry, Tomboy, Tuneful, and Tutoress, and the first and last have already done enough to be a credit to their sire, who has plenty of time before him, as he is only a four-year-old now. Woodman has Weaver, out of Ringworm, to boast of, and Warrior can show Wedlock, out of Graceful, and Wildfire and Weathergaze from Royalty, the last of whom certainly, so far, bears the bell as regards work, being even superior to Napier and Nemo, who, as we said above, are beyond the average, where so many are good. Gillard told us 'Weathergaze is, without exception, the best hound I ever knew, and if I did not know the good qualities of the sort, I should be perhaps afraid he is, for a young dog, too good to last.' Warrior is a son of Woodman and Susan, Woodman by Wonder, Wonder by Chanticleer, Chanticleer by Chaser. We hear they have a wonderfully good-looking lot to put forward this year, and both Woodman and Warrior have done well for them again.

These hounds have had very good sport—in fact, many fine runs, generally ending with blood, their total being 55 brace killed and 22½ brace run to ground since the First of November. Of course it has been deep in the Vale, which is never the lightest going in the world; but, for that matter, it has been a little sticky in other places as well during the past season. There is no doubt we may look on Grantham as the *Ultima Thule* of fashionable hunting quarters; for it is situated on the extreme verge of what can, since the plough has made such havoc in the Burton country, be considered the grass regions, though within reach of that favourite meet The Three Queens, and the light easy country that leads from there to Croxton Park. Yet it has not been tenantless, as they have had Captain Allcard and his two brothers, Messrs. Brown, Hales, Crawley, Cross, and a French gentleman—whose name we have been unable to learn—all hunting from it as strangers during the past season. Of those better known here, there have been Major Parker, Captain Longstaffe, Messrs. Hardy, the Hornsbys—well known in the showyard—and Messrs. Hutchinson, Burbidge, and Bedford. No one has gone better than Miss Turnor of Stoke Rochford, when hounds ran really hard; and on the capital day from Haversholme Priory—where the Hon. Mr. Finch Hatton takes such good care of the foxes—when they ran from Burton Gorse nearly to Aswarby Park and pulled him down in forty-five minutes, she deservedly had the brush. His Grace the Duke of Rutland lost a good bit of the season through an attack of his old enemy the gout, but was able to be out again at last; but whether he can hunt or not, there are the same profuse means and appliances of sport to amuse his neighbours. No better criterion of the way in which his efforts are appreciated could be found than in the very handsome testimonial presented to him on the 10th of April by Sir William, Earl Welby, on behalf of the

gentlemen and farmers of the Belvoir Hunt, and valued at no less than 2,500 guineas, subscribed by two hundred and forty members of the hunt, landowners, and farmers; the inscription on the centre candelabra being as follows: 'Presented to Charles Cecil John, sixth Duke of Rutland, by the gentlemen and farmers of the Belvoir Hunt as a token of esteem and respect. Also of their grateful appreciation of the sport which during twenty years his liberality has provided for them.' Those who remember the veteran Mr. Burbage of Thorpe Arnold will be sorry to hear that he has been very ill, though he had so far recovered as to lead to hopes of his being out again before the season closed. If these hopes were realised we have not heard.

Coming southwards to the Quorn, we find Mr. Coupland and Tom Firr in as great force as ever. Perhaps never was any pack of hounds brought to perfection in such a short space of time as these have been, since they exchanged the cold Craven hills for the flying pastures of Leicestershire; and the Yorkshire shows have paid tribute to their good looks, as freely as the hard-riding Meltonians have to their hunting powers and pace. There has been a little change in the outline of the country this season; Mr. Coupland having given up a good slice on the somewhat unfashionable Donnington side to Earl Ferrers, and thus has been enabled to turn his attention more to the cream of his country without doing injustice to the wilder and more rugged portions. Taken on the whole, they have no cause to complain of their sport, for good runs and sharp spins have followed freely on the back of each other. Like the Belvoir, they have stuck pretty much to their own blood, the only strange sire we can see in the list being the Puckeridge Blucher; and amongst their own sires, Alfred deservedly holds the pride of place. Although only a six-year-old, he is badly lamed in the stifle, and cannot work now, which is a sad loss to them, but he is still valuable as ever as a sire. Dewdrop has enabled Firr to put forward Albion, Archer, Admiral, Alice, and Audible by him; while Darling has Agent and Actor, Gaudy places Gallant, Gaylass, and Gadfly to his credit. Of these, although Alice went to Yorkshire last summer, and won the prize as the best unentered bitch, Gaylass was, and is, considered the most perfect at home, and was awarded the cup as the best of her year. These three litters are all doing wonders in their work, and no better hounds could possibly be found. They do all that a foxhound should do; and Firr not long ago said to us, 'I am looking forward to getting a kennel-ful of the sort.' Of Alfred, a hunting correspondent of the 'Sporting Gazette,' who visited the Quorn kennels in January 1875, thus wrote: 'Alfred came bounding into the yard with his fine symmetrical frame, which put him into the first place as a stallion hound last summer. And right glad was I to have another look at the son of Mr. Garth's Painter (who was by Sir Watkin Wynn's Painter, out of the Cheshire Hasty) and Affable, a daughter of the Duke of Beaufort's Forester and the Craven Amazon. This is a rare-topped dog with good legs and feet, and it is needless to say displaying a

‘lot of quality, while he is as hard to beat in the hunting field as in the show-yard, and can both find a fox and help kill him afterwards. In colour he is a dark hare, or rather light Belvoir tan, and handsomely marked.’

Of the other young ones, the Dusters perhaps come next to the Alfreds; and he has Damon, Dancer, and Dabchick from Decorate, Marmion from Magic, and Dutiful from Dauntless. Duster and Contest—of whom the writer before quoted spoke favourably at the same time—are still going to head, and do honour to their respective sires, the Craven Dexter and Lord Fitzhardinge’s Pilgrim. Fifty-two and a half brace of foxes have been killed and 25 run to ground by the Quorn, and, like the Belvoir, they have only been stopped three days by weather.

Turning to those who are to be found with the Quorn, we may safely say that Melton has never been fuller than during the present season, though many notabilities have not made their stay a very long one; Lord Wilton, in particular, not coming to Egerton Lodge until late in the season, and we fear his health will not allow him to take a very active part in the sport of which he is so fond, though latterly he has been in the pigskin again. The way that Lady Florence Dixie (who, with Sir Beaumont, has been at Sysonby Lodge) has cut out the work has been something to open the eyes of the hardest-riding ‘customer’ who ever trotted out of Melton. Amongst other fair ones to be seen at the covert-side Lady Wilton holds a good place, and Lady Grey de Wilton is very hard to beat. Miss Chaplin often shows them that her favourite nag is not a ‘Stiff’un;’ and Mrs. Sloane Stanley, the Misses Markham, and the Hon. Mrs. Molyneux can hold their own well, as can Mrs. Barnett of Ragdale Hall. Lady Cardigan was also for a time at Melton this spring.

Major Whyte Melville has forsaken the Vale of Aylesbury, and located himself in the hunting metropolis; Lord Carington was at the Manor House, and appeared to have a wonderful partiality for picking out all the biggest timber he could find in the line, and was very successful in placing it between himself and would-be followers. And Lady Carington has gone well also.

The Earl of Aylesford arrived late in the season, and soon had the ill-luck to break a horse’s back in a fall, in which, fortunately, he sustained no injury himself. Lord Grey de Wilton has as good a stud as any man need wish to find himself master of at Melton Lodge, and makes good use of them. Lord Wolverton deserted his black-and-tans and the Blackmore Vale doubles as the season advanced, and established himself at Park House. Mr. Chaplin has exchanged the Lincolnshire ploughs for the grass. Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Chaplin, who, I think, last season hunted from Bletchley, have been at Melton; and Sir John Lister Kaye had a capital stud. Mr. Little Gilmour, it will delight all old sportsmen to know, is still able to be at Melton; and our neighbours across the herring-pond will learn with satisfaction that the Messrs. Russell have been enjoying

themselves on their Australian importations, though the latter do not look quite the class that we like to see in an English hunting field. They were at times supplemented by some safe conveyances from Wansford.

The Messrs. Behrens of Newport Lodge have had, as usual, a rare lot of horses, and we should say Captain Elmhirst must have a wonderful knack of getting those that can gallop and jump together at short notice, for not long after the news had reached us that he was hunting a pack of hounds in the hills in India, lo, he appeared with the Quorn, ready equipped with a stud which could hold their own even in that country, and which realised very good prices when sold at Leicester towards the latter end of the season.

Messrs. Frewen, Tomkinson, and Baltazzi have also been there during the season, and Captains Oliphant and Atkinson paid an early visit in the season, and then took their departure. Mr. Lubbock has held his own well; and amongst the visitors to the George have been Messrs. Parker and Creyke. The Earl of Wicklow lived at the Lodge of that name, and Colonel Owen Williams occupied the premises formerly known as the Old Club, which figures so prominently in Nimrod's 'Turf, Chase, and Road.' Captain Turner Farley occupied Wartnaby Hall, and Mr. Henry Powell the Lodge usually in the hands of Sir Francis Grant, of whom we learn he rented it for the season. Mr. William Younger had Craven Lodge, and Captain Smith (the Carabineer Captain Smith), Mrs. Sloane Stanley, Colonel and Mrs. Markham have been in the town, as well as Captain and the Hon. Mrs. Molyneux. Captain Hartopp's residence was Little Dalby Hall; but we may go on *ad infinitum* without naming all the good men and true that are to be found with the Quorn and neighbouring packs.

Of course the feature of the season, not of the sport, was when His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales met the Quorn at Loseby, and there was quite an army there to stare at him; but though the weather was bad, the Fates proved kind, so they were able to give him a very enjoyable day in spite of it. The crowds on that side of the country have become such a nuisance that Mr. Coupland has in self-defence been obliged to cease making the meets public, and the whereabouts of the fixture is only conveyed to subscribers by card, which has wrought a pleasant change. On the whole, they have done very well, had capital sport, and Firr has had quite his share of luck in catching hold of his foxes. If Melton has kept up its ancient traditions, Leicester has fallen into a sad state of decay, in a hunting sense, and you may as well look for a mastodon in Cream Gorse as a bit of pink within its gates; in fact, the very porters at the station appear to have lost the art of loading and unloading horses, and sad are the complaints of delay and neglect which reach us from those who have been weak enough to train there on their way to covert. Everything appears dull and desolate, and times are changed indeed since Lord Gardner lived at the Bell—why or wherefore, who can say? The place is very well served by trains and within reach of a good deal of the best country.

The Cottesmore, we are happy to say, are still at Barleythorpe, the present Earl having caught the mantle of his father, and long may he continue to wear it. Jack West left them at the end of last season, and Neale, who was promoted to the horn, has, we hear, had a season of capital sport. His young ones have nearly all been doing well.

Like their neighbours, the Cottesmore have stuck pretty much to their own sires, and Ferryman comes first on the list, with Farthingale, out of Skilful; then his nuptials with Pleasant have placed Fugleman, Fancy, Fairmaid, and Fashion on the benches; each and all do honour to their parentage. Rockwood and Namesake are well to the fore with two couple and a half in one litter, all with good marks to their names, Needwood, Nimrod, Nobleman, Notable, and Nemesis being the lot. Stormer has Promise and Purity, out of Prudence, in what we may call the first class, and Nigel can boast Seaman and Splendour as good workers amongst a largeish Symphony litter. Skilful, by Guardsman from Sprightly, is in favour, as are Traveller and Tragic, by Lucifer out of Telltale, and they look to the former of these and Fugleman as being at present the most likely candidates to make stud hounds amongst this season's young ones. Neale has accounted for 41 brace killed and 15 brace run to ground.

Turning from the Cottesmore, we quickly find ourselves with Mr. Tailby's, who have done well as regards sport, but have not been particularly lucky in picking up their foxes. Towards the latter portion of the season Mr. Tailby resigned the horn to Christian, and devoted himself to the task of trying to keep an unruly field in order. By-the-way, we were sorry and surprised, at the end of March, to hear that Christian was in want of a place. He has been here nine years, part as whip, and part as whip and kennel huntsman. He is a capital horseman, and turns his hounds out in rare condition. Richard Summers, late with the Meynell, where he was a great favourite, succeeds him. Being a two days a week country, of course the entry is smaller than with those packs we have been treating of; and as the kennel consists entirely of ladies, Mr. Tailby has to resort to other kennels for matrimonial alliances in their ranks. His next-door neighbours, the Cottesmore, appear to have had the lion's share of their favours, and Stormer, before spoken of as having more promising young ones at home, is here also strong in progeny, having Promise and Prudence, daughters of Pliant, to represent him, as well as Scandal, Scornful, and Songstress, from Stately. Guardian, another Cottesmore dog, can rejoice in Amazon, a daughter of Artifice; and Rhapsody, by the Atherstone Restive (of whom more anon), out of their Racket, is distinguishing herself. With Mr. Tailby, the total stands at 22½ brace killed and 21 brace run to ground.

Market Harborough has this season most of the usual *habitués*, the most popular absentee being, we believe, Sir John Reid, who has been in America and is going round the world. We are not aware that many fresh names are to be added to the list of residents or

visitors this season, but Mrs. Jones, who comes from Wales, and has ridden with a degree of pluck and determination which has called forth admiration in this hard-riding locality, is a host in herself. Mrs. Simson of Glen, who was so well known a few years ago with the Devon and Somerset Staghounds, has also shown us that a schooling on the moor is no bad preparation for going well over High Leicestershire; and there are other ladies to be seen at Mr. Tailby's meets who can go quite in the front rank here, and of course anywhere else, Mrs. Arthur of Desboro', to wit, and Miss Laing, a sister of Mrs. Edward Kennard of Lubenham. The Master is of course always to the front, and the Messrs. Gosling will not be denied. Mr. Braithwaite, a one-armed man, goes right well, as does Mr. Hay, junior, of Great Bowden, when he likes; and Mr. Douglas of Market Harboro' well keeps up the reputation of the welter-weight division. There have been a Mr. Logan, and a Mr. Rome, a large Australian sheep farmer, who lived at Cliffe House near Leicester. The Hon. Alan Pennington is also as quick at an awkward bottom as ever.

Moving to the other side of the country, we may say that the Atherstone have had some capital sport, but it has been principally on the northern side, and those good runs from Twelve Acres into the Pytchley boundaries are, alas! things of the past, and that covert which gained such a great reputation has been blank all the season; in fact, there has been, and is, a great scarcity of foxes on the southern border of the country, and we believe one very quick thing from All Oaks to the Brandon coverts, where their fox got to ground, is about the best that can be recorded in that part. It is a sad misfortune to befall a country which could always boast that, if anything, it was even better supplied than its neighbours, and of course a source of great vexation to Mr. Oakeley. However, we have reason to believe that the disaffection is not wide-spread, and that the large landowners as well as the tenant-farmers are as true as ever, though it must be exceedingly annoying to men like Lord Craven, the Duke of Buccleuch (who owns All Oaks), Lord Denbigh, and Mr. Herbert Wood of Newbold Revel, that others' doings should cause their coverts to be drawn blank. *On dit* Lord Denbigh, who with his son Lord Feilding has been pretty constant at the covert-side during the season, is much annoyed about the scarcity of foxes at Newnham, and will not again let the shooting. His old coachman, Mr. Peck, says he is sure 'the tables are turned, and that the pheasants have eaten up all the foxes.' That foxes have been trapped we have had, alas! too clear a demonstration, and for the last few weeks they did not even pretend to come into the south country to draw, as it was useless. Mr. Oakeley and Castleman still continue to improve the pack in every way, and the descendants of the somewhat coarse-looking lot which came out of North Wales a few years ago have, in their hands, been moulded into hounds which for symmetry and beauty can now hold their own with any pack in England, while the old close-hunting qualities and fine noses have been retained. The young ones here display a greater variety in parentage on the sire's

side than any pack of which we have yet treated, and the Cottesmore, Belvoir, (the late) Mr. Gerard Leigh's, Sir Watkin Wynn's, Hon. Charles Fitzwilliam's, and the Grove, all contribute their share of sires. Bracelet is the first on the list that deserves notice for her work, and she is by Raglan out of Bella; and thus a portion of her credit is due to Milton, as Raglan was bred there, being by Seaman out of Ruin, but drafted by George Carter because he refused to enter, but on getting to the Atherstone saw the error of his ways, and no hound could have done better since he has been in Castleman's hands, and in consequence he has used him extensively. From Governess he has Grappler and Graceful, both doing well in work, the dog being, like his sire, a very close hunter, with plenty of tongue—two points which should receive more attention than they often do in the present day. Gentle and Generous, by Boisterous (a son of Mr. Tailby's Straggler and Purity, and a very handsome hound) out of the Belvoir Gertrude, have both earned marks for merit in the field. To the loves of the Belvoir Firebrand and Languish they are indebted for Larkspur, who, if nothing happens to him, will, we hear, be used next year, he is doing so well. Firebrand is a son of Senator and Frolic. Liberal, by Purser (descended from Milton Silence and Purity) out of Lively, takes rank, very properly, with Larkspur, and will, with luck, be promoted to the sire list. Basilisk and Rakish are responsible for Ranter and Ransom, both good, and the former noted for the grand way in which he jumps his fences, which excellence he will be given the opportunity of propagating. Basilisk, his sire, gets the Duke of Grafton's blood through Danger, and is as good a hound as ever lapped broth. Regent, by Restive out of Racket, is fast making his mark, but is so much like his sire in colour that many do not know them apart, and often give Restive the credit for work that his son has done. Restive, a noted jumper, is by Sir Watkin Wynn's Regent out of Tidings. Salesman, Sanguine, Saraband, and Safety are all doing well, and credit Satellite (a very handsome dog, bought by Mr. Oakeley at the sale of part of Mr. Tailby's pack, by Pilgrim out of Sportive) and Bertha, their sire and dam, greatly. Castleman thinks well enough of Salesman to thus early have a litter of puppies by him; and, as far as can be judged at present, a nice lot they are. Somerset, Soundwell, and Softly are three capital young hounds by the Milton Somerset out of Bondsmaid. Of these Somerset is a public character, as he took first prize, as the best unentered dog-hound, at the last Yorkshire Show; but he is also something more than a show hound, for he is a capital worker and always one of the first to mark a fox to ground. Spoiler, by the Grove Hymen out of Sportive, is good; and they have a nailer in Traitor, by Trimmer out of Gosamer. Traveller, his brother, is good, but Traitor is a top-sawyer. He is one of the best drawers ever seen, and finds nine foxes out of ten; no matter how thick the covert, he is so determined, he will face it, and has such a charming note when he does touch on the drag, they all know it even now and fly to him at once. He is very

rough with his foxes when he gets hold of them, too. Castleman has used him already, and intends to do so strongly, as he comes of a rare sort, Trimmer, his sire, being by the Milton Timon out of their Fervid, and Gossamer, his dam, had the character of being as good as gold, though shy at working for any one else than Castleman. Notwithstanding the scarcity of foxes on the Rugby side of the country, in 131 days hunting they had killed 89 brace, and run 21½ brace to ground.

The North Warwickshire must, we suppose, come just within the imaginary line we have sketched out as our guide for Hillmorton and Crick; Mr. Chirside's new covert at Clifton, and Lilbourne, are so close together, that it would be very difficult to distinguish in that matter between them and the Pytchley, and it is not a very far cry from Mr. Chirside's Gorse to Coton House. They have been a little uncertain as regards finding, on the grass this season, owing in some measure to the wet making foxes lie out a good deal, but have had some quick spins over the fine country from Bilton Grange to Ashby St. Ledgers, and from Hillmorton covert up to Kilsby. On the plough, about Lines Spinny and Frankton Wood, also the Fates have been propitious to them; but perhaps they have had nothing really better than the run in cub-hunting from Lines Spinny to Ashby St. Ledgers, when the country was as blind as the London streets in a fog, and Messrs. Muntz of Birdingbury, Wedge of Knightlow Hill, and one or two others who had the luck to be in it, had to take everything on trust and ride in faith. We believe they had no reason to grumble, on the farther portion of their country, with what sport has fallen to their lot; but anything beyond just the little Eden of grass they have on the Rugby side scarcely comes within the scope of the present article. The score has run up to 24½ brace of masks added to the number on the kennel door, 14½ brace having been run to ground—hounds having been only stopped two days by frost. There was a talk at one time of Mr. Lant giving up the Mastership, but, happily, things were arranged, and he goes on again with Wheatley still to carry the horn. A great deal has been done for the pack since Mr. Lant took the helm, and this year they have the best entry that has ever been put forward. They are strong both in numbers and quality. Here again, as in the Atherstone, they have gone from home for sires, though the first in the list of young ones, Bericote, is by President, a home-bred one out of Bounty. A rare dog he is, too, with great bone, and a very hard runner. Drummer and Dreadnought, by the Belvoir Drummer out of Barbara, are smart, and all over like work. There is a great litter by the Belvoir Rallywood out of Diligent, Rallywood, Rapture, Racket, Rapid, Rattle, and Rakish, and of these there can be no doubt but the pick is Rallywood, as neat a hound as man ever set eyes on, good in colour, very true made, full of style and fashion, and, as Wheatley says, 'always at work, and a hard runner.' Saffron, by the Belvoir Saffron out of Dairymaid, is not only a good-looking one, but can take his own part in hunting a fox; and Teazer is very good and as

fast as a racehorse. Wonder, by Belvoir Woodman out of Welcome, was good-looking enough to take the Cup, though the handsome Rallywood and another or two have now given him the go-by as far as appearances are concerned; but he is quite an old hound in work, and a clipper on a cold scent. Wildboy and Wildair, by the Duke of Grafton's Wildair out of Sempstress, have each of them a capital character, and are gay, smart, good-looking dogs. Tractable, by Trimbush out of Whynot, is very good-looking all over, and Woodcote and Wisdom, sisters to Wonder, are quite old hounds now in their work. The Hon. Gilbert Leigh has been a good deal with them. Mr. John Arkwright of Hatton House, and Mr. Bromley Davenport have gone as well as ever; also Mrs. Thomson, a sister of Mrs. Radford of Leamington, Hastings; and Mr. W. H. Townsend of King's Newnham has shown us that his black horse can jump better than he did at the Rugby Show.

Having now wound our way pretty well round to Rugby, it behoves us to change the theme from hounds to men; and we may say that the ranks of regular *habituels* here, whether residents or visitors, have been very little thinned since we spoke of them on the grass round Rugby, twelve months ago. Mr. Atty has not been out so often as we should have liked to see him, and there is too much reason to fear that ill health has been the cause; but with most of the rest of the familiar faces time has dealt gently, and the hunting field knows them still. Mr. W. N. Heysham, after a short absence in Hampshire last season, has returned to his favourite winter quarters, and we think enjoyed himself more than ever; with him came Mr. Sheil, who evidently prefers the Pytchley pastures and the big fences to riding round and round the big woods and little or nothing to jump over. Count and Countess Stockau, at Catthorpe, must be written down as fresh arrivals, and the Countess is as keen in sport as her brothers, the Messrs. Baltazzi. Mr. Augustus de Trafford has migrated from Cheshire, and pitched his tent in Rugby, and quite keeps up the ancient prestige of his country, so that, perchance, had Goosey lived in this day, he would have said, as he did in those of our grandfathers, 'Talk about this country, 'why, there is not a native who knows how to gallop; look at 'those Cheshire men, how they trundle their old cheeses along.' A very apt simile, as we have been told by a gentleman who knows that part of the country well, that a Cheshire dairyman will select his best cheeses and trundle them along to show an intending purchaser their soundness, on the same principle that a dealer runs out a horse. Mr. De Trafford can hold his own with the older inhabitants here, and has ere now acted as pioneer when big strong timber stood in the way. Of course he is well mounted, and rides one clever little horse, the image of Abdel Kader, of Liverpool fame, though a bit smaller all through, and, if anything, with not quite the power behind the saddle in proportion. On noticing the likeness to him returning from hunting one day, he said that a similar remark had been made by Mr. Allan McDonough, who had

the first double victor over Aintree at one time in his care, so it was evident we had not drawn our bow at a venture. Captain Pritchard-Rayner we saw less often than heretofore during the fore-part of the season, as his Mastership of the Isle of Anglesey Harriers took much of his time, and he did rapid acts of travelling, so as to climb the huge Welsh banks with the jelly dogs one day, and then show in the first flight at Crick or Misterton the next. Many may wonder at the smart ex-Captain of Dragoons enacting the rôle of Master of Harriers so early in life; but, unless we are much mistaken, Captain Pritchard-Rayner has found that his enjoyment of a good thing over the grass has been heightened rather than lessened by the insight into what we may term hound work, and the extra attention he has been induced to devote thereto, from watching his harriers puzzle out the 'work' of their game. Mrs. Pritchard-Rayner has been very regular, and gone in her old form. Miss Pritchard, who takes great interest in the harriers, has revisited us occasionally; as has Mrs. Upperton. And Miss Podmore has shown that those who can hold their own round Cheltenham are very well qualified to do the like in Northamptonshire or Warwickshire. We have lost Dr. Charles Bucknill, and the Messrs. Mather have taken his house at Hillmorton. Mr. Shoolbred is going as well as ever, and Mr. Fitz Oldaker, who is always the last to leave the hounds, has again come here to show us the way. Captain Edgell of the 17th Lancers has also been hunting when at home, and early in the season Mr. Chandos Pole of the Grenadier Guards had some horses at Walker's, and was always 'right in front.' Before leaving the subject of changes, we must advert to the loss of Mr. James Topham, at the Hemploe, a loss which was felt by all who know the Pytchley country. True it is we have a good man in Mr. Kemp, his successor, and there is no diminution of foxes. In February Lord Spencer said that ten brace had been killed from these coverts during the season so far, and it is still a sure find; but old friends of Mr. Topham's class are not to be parted with without leaving a vacuum, however good the man who fills the place. By-the-way, that reminds me that Mr. Anstruther-Thomson came all the way from Fife to be present at Mr. Topham's dinner at Market Harborough, and right glad were we to hear his well-known view-halloa at the Hemploe again the next day. Captain Middleton has been very regular with us; also Captain Soames of Scaldwell, and Captain Riddell, who was this season at Rugby; and of course we have had strangers galore—amongst them several (yes, we must do the penny-a-liner, and write it) foreigners of distinction, who have honoured Mr. Hards, at the Royal George Hotel, with their presence; His Excellency Count Larisch and his son, the Duc de Croy, Count Outremont, Count Clam Gallas and General Calderon. Most of them were by no means strange to the English pastures, having hunted in the Duke of Grafton's country when the Empress of Austria was over here twelve months ago. We believe those gentlemen were looking out for hounds wherewith to hunt wild boar in Belgium, and they

bought some hunters of Mr. Darby. We must get back to the line again. There has been a change in the Pytchley since last season—the North Pytchley has fallen to the ground with Mr. Watson's resignation, and been merged in the Woodland pack, as it is now termed, Lord Spencer holding the country again in its integrity. A separate pack has been kept to hunt the Woodlands, whither Goodall has gone on Mondays and Thursdays, and Will Hawtin, who was with Mr. Henry Chaplin, under his brother Charles, with the Burton, and before that with the New Forest, under Captain Hay Morant, has been first whip to them. Tom Goddard, who always wonderfully reminds us of Charles Davis by his seat on horseback, being second with Lord Spencer, who takes the horn on Mondays and Fridays, and with Goodall, who hunts them on the other days. There is no doubt that the pack has much improved (as we predicted) since last season. They hunt closer and throw their tongues more; and there are not wanting those who assert that Goodall's two days a week in the Woodlands have been no slight benefit to him, in the open. We should be sorry to say they are wrong, for there can be no better school for any man than a woodland country, where he must depend on his hounds and let them work for themselves, and where, unless he can give a shrewd guess as to the run of his fox, the chances are that he will not be with them when wanted. We believe it would be very hard to find the man, save and except he had spent half a lifetime in handling the horn, who would not learn a very great deal from having big woodlands to deal with. Lord Spencer, now taking his two days a week regularly, has justified what we said of him when handling the hounds in Goodall's absence last season; and those who have had more opportunities of being out on the Mondays and Fridays than ourselves, speak very highly of him as a huntsman. As a Master he is first-rate; and one of his field lectures is worth a long journey to hear, provided you are not yourself the recipient—so good-tempered, but so keen withal, but as one who had received one observed, 'When he does say anything, he does it in such a nice way.'

One of the neatest rebukes we have heard for some time was that he administered to a man, not a hundred miles from Misterton, towards the close of the present season. His lordship had requested Captain Riddell to give him a lead over an awkward place out of a road, which he did; but, before he could follow, some thrusting stranger jumped right across in front of him, and, as Sponge served Lord Scamperdale, scattered his lordship. Had such a thing occurred to some we have known, it is easy to imagine what a torrent of abuse would have ensued. Not so with Lord Spencer; he quietly said, 'I am very much obliged to you, sir—upon my word I am. Did you come far to do this?'

Turn we now to the hounds; and before noticing the young ones, it is only fair to say that Charity, Diligent, and Senator, bought at the late Mr. Talbot's sale, are doing well, and that Damper and Dexter, from Mr. Watson's, by the Oakley Diver, a son of Burton Dormant and

out of Redrose, are capital hounds. The pack is now eighty couples strong, and in the three different lots no less than twenty-four couple of young hounds have been put forward. We first come on a good litter by Blucher (a dog lent them two years ago by Mr. Parry) out of Comedy; of these, Comus is with the big pack which hunts the Woodlands; Columbine is in Lord Spencer's lot, and Countess goes with Goodall in the open. Comus and Countess were the Cup puppies last year. Contest, by Sir Watkin Wynn's Spanker out of Constant, was in Mr. Watson's pack, and still keeps to that country, his sister, Cowslip, belonging to Goodall's lot for the open. Dragon and Dronish are, the former in the Earl's hands, the latter, Goodall's; they are by Archer, a dog bought from Lord Doneraile two years ago last May, who has done them some service, being especially good over plough. Dronish caught the fox the day his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was with them, after a brilliant forty-five minutes. The Prince was well piloted by Mr. Glover of Harrington, got a nick of them at Loatland Wood, and the fox was pulled down close under his horse's nose. Layman, of Mr. Watson's lot, has a good mark due to him for work done with Lord Spencer, as has his sister, Lavender, with Goodall. They are by Mr. Chaplin's Guardian out of Languish. Blucher and Landlady are responsible for Latimer, an energetic disturber of the Woodland foxes, as are Guardian (Mr. Chaplin's) and Pamela for Pansy and Pattern, both of them in the Wednesday's and Saturday's lot. Pensioner, by the Belvoir Whynot, from Mr. Chaplin's Petulant, goes to the woods, and Rattler, by Ranter out of Mr. Hall's Rapid, is one of the *élite* of those at Althorp, as is Redrose, by the Belvoir Gambler out of Reckless, her brother Remus being on the Brigstock side, as is Rubicon. Blucher and Ruin have Ruler, Runic, Runagate, and Ruthful, all doing well, in one litter; Ruler and Runagate going with Lord Spencer, and the others to the woods. Rufford, Rugby, and Russell are all on that side, and all do credit to Signal and Ruthless, their sire and dam. Then we come on a good litter from Blucher and Starlight—Striver, Stainless, Steadfast, and Stormy, the first in the woods, the third with the Earl, and the others with Goodall. Tradesman, who answers Lord Spencer's horn, and Treaty, Tricksey, Trinket, Tropic, and Truffle, who are with Goodall in the open, all do credit to Belvoir Whynot and Tragedy, their sire and dam. Sport has been of a very fair average, as far as we have been able to see. The Wednesdays have been especially good, though there are not wanting some few spoilt children who say they do not consider the season a good one. In this we cannot agree, and think, perchance, a gentleman who summed it up, that when there was a bad scent people were dissatisfied, and when there was a good one the country was so deep that hounds ran away from them, and they were dissatisfied also, did not perhaps draw his bow altogether at a venture. One nineteen minutes from Braunston to Shuckburgh beat off every one, late in March, and very few saw a good thing, earlier in the season, from Stanford Hall to the Marston Hills. But most who were out agree that

the best run was from Kilworth Sticks to Walton Holt, away to Gumley, and thence to Bowden inn, where, after running a circle beyond it, they killed. A gentleman who had ridden out on spec of seeing the hounds, met a countryman, and asked him if he had seen them. 'Yes; they went along under the 'houses yonder.'—'Who was with them?' 'Nobody; the gentlemen all came up the road where you are now,' was the reply. They also had a capital run from Dingley on the 5th of April, running to ground at Wilbarston after a big ring; and a capital turn the next day when they met at Stanford Hall, and having run for nearly an hour in Mr. Tailby's country, killed in the open near Walton village. Hawtin and Westley, the Woodland whips, leave at the end of the season, and we hear that a separate pack will not in future be kept for the Woodlands. In the number of killed, the Pytchley surpasses all that we have named, Lord Spencer and Goodall having brought 79½ brace to hand and run a large number to ground, and the hounds have been out no less than one hundred and ninety-two times.

In conclusion we may say, that a few people have been staying at Weedon, amongst them being Mr. Walker, who now, for the third season, has come from the York and Ainsty to hunt on the grass. Mr. B. T. Cotton from the Isle of Wight has been out a good deal from Weedon since Christmas also, and Colonel Close, now the oldest inhabitant, has been very regular. Mr. Rhodes of Floore does not stop for distance, and Mr. and Mrs. Craven are generally to be seen at the Pytchley meets. Captain Garrett of Braunston must, we suppose, be included in those from the south side of the country; also Admiral Jones of Braunston, who had a collar-boner early in the season, and was kept out of the saddle for a time, though now, happily, able to go as hard as ever, and Mrs. Jones. Major Tempest of Floore, than whom nobody goes straighter or with better judgment, is generally out, and there have been several strangers on this side whose names we did not hear.

BIOGRAPHY OF A HUNTSMAN.—*Continued.*

'AFTER leaving the Lanark and Renfrewshire Mr. Musters engaged me, through Mr. James Hall of the Holderness, to whom I had been recommended by my late master. Mr. Musters lived at Annesley Park, near Linby, and at Wiverton Hall, and hunted his own hounds. Ben Boothroyd was kennel huntsman, and I was first whip. And here I think I must say that Mr. Musters is the very best gentleman huntsman I ever saw. He kept on improving his pack, and I often had to go to Belvoir with bitches, or to fetch a dog. We often used to ride over there and spend a whole day on the flags until it was dark—when Cooper was huntsman—and then mount our horses and gallop home to Wiverton. He was

' very kind in taking me out to meet Mr. Meynell Ingram's hounds, ' also with the Rufford and the Quorn. Cooper was a good huntsman, and Mr. Musters was very fond of him, and, as I said, he ' kept improving his pack through the Belvoir, and Lord Henry ' Bentinck's Regulus. We also had a draft of young hounds from ' the Grove, and a good lot they were. Rambler was always my ' favourite, and Sportley. Poor old Gamester, who died in Russia, ' was a terror to a whipper-in, as you never could break him from ' "running" hare. Some of Mr. Musters' favourites were Lifter, ' a Belvoir black-and-tan, Nosegay, who came from the Grove, ' Speedwell and Scornful, two better than which never hunted a ' fox—and couldn't the latter go to head when a fox was dying!— ' Nero and Reveller, who had a passing taste for currant jelly; but ' Rallywood, Romulus, Remus, Sportsman, and Frolic were always ' in front. Then there were Sanguine, Harper, and Rambler, which ' Mr. Musters bought at Mr. Drake's sale, and for which he gave ' a long price; these were the pride of the pack.

' The kennels at Annesley had every convenience, and well they ' might, for there the master would come and stay for hours. He is ' certainly the best judge of a foxhound I ever saw; and when ' Colonel Welfit of Langwith Lodge and Mr. Anthony Hamond, ' and his father, from Norfolk, came, they would stop till dark, ' and I wished them the other side of Jordan; but it came to ' a crisis when John Morgan from the Grove, and Jem Cooper ' from Belvoir were there to judge the young ones at Wiverton, ' and they started about twelve o'clock and never finished before ' nine at night. Mr. Musters mounted us first-rate, and the horses ' were all up to weight.

' The Derbyshire country is stiff, but good for scent, and rare ' runs we had over it. The Sherwood Forest side is not good. ' Mr. Musters has some of the finest gorses I ever saw, that he ' made at Annesley, and on the Wiverton side. When we used to ' meet at Cropwell Cross Roads, it was always a sure find in Mr. ' Smith's gorse, and away we went in a moment across the old ' Fosse Road by the Curate, and generally ran into him by Bunny. ' Then we had a trot back to Oare Hill, where we were sure to ' find, and away over Mr. Abbot's farm, who was always pleased ' to see a man ride across it, as he said he knew they were good ' ones, as all the gates were locked and the fences made up. He ' used to say, "Go where you like, but you'll have to jump," and ' I think the foxes must have known it, as they always took that ' line. It gave hounds a rare chance; they generally ran up to ' Mr. Smith's gorse and away towards Bingham, then heading back, ' they would go to Wiverton, where we generally managed to kill ' them. Only a really good man can go over that country, for the ' fences are not cut as in Leicestershire; the ground is very deep, ' and so are the ditches, which are regular "ready-made graves." ' In the late Lord Chesterfield's time (the swell Lord Chesterfield), ' it was swarming with hares, and Dawson, his then head-keeper,

‘ did not at all like foxes. I have picked up a brace of beautiful
‘ ones which had just been poisoned, and I have seen hounds drop
‘ down dead from poison. I recollect once jumping into a covert at
‘ Gedling, just outside Nottingham, to get the hounds out, when, to
‘ my alarm, guns went off in every direction. My horse fell down,
‘ and I thought I was shot; I didn’t know where to go. As the
‘ guns kept on bang, bang, however, I got out as quickly as possible,
‘ but one or two hounds were trapped.

‘ Then what sport we had from Oxtou Bottoms, which belonged
‘ to Mr. Sherbrooke. Away we used to go to Orton Gorse,
‘ the stronghold of foxes, and then he would make his way
‘ to Bleasby Gorse, if he could get there; and I have seen them go
‘ from there to Papplewick, which is about nine miles, but there
‘ were very few foxes that could live fifty minutes in front of Mr.
‘ Musters’ hounds. Mr. Musters hunted his own hounds. With us
‘ we had Alderman Billy Nicoll of Nottingham, Richard Daft, the
‘ famous cricketer, the two Hibberds, and Howth, all bookmakers; and
‘ Mr. Burton, a large manufacturer of Nottingham. Amongst the
‘ gentlemen were Mr. Francklin of Gonalstone, who afterwards hunted
‘ the country, Sir Henry Bromley of Stoke Park, who was very fond
‘ of cricket, Mr. Lancelot Rolleston of Whatnall Hall, Mr. Sher-
‘ brooke of Oxtou Hall, Mr. R. Milward of Thurgarton Priory,
‘ who sells the crack ponies on the Monday before the Derby, Mr.
‘ Fillingham of Thornton Hall, Mr. Girardot of Haslockton, Mr.
‘ Hilliard of Flinton, Mr. Hall of Whatton Hall, Mr. Davy of
‘ Colston Bassett, where Mr. Martin at that time lived, who used
‘ to breed a few horses, Mr. Henry Smith, a regular staunch old
‘ fellow, and his brother Edward, both first-class farmers and good
‘ men—they had a gorse just behind their house at Cropwell Grove,
‘ which was always a sure find—Mr. John Marriott of Cropwell,
‘ who also went with the Quorn, Mr. Heyman of Bridgford, Mr.
‘ Cross, and Mr. Storey of Ruddington. I have seen the little
‘ Marquis of Hastings out; and we must have Mr. Abbot down,
‘ whose farm I told you of, Mr. Cooper of Bulwell Hall, Mr.
‘ Lambert, a merchant, and late Mayor of Nottingham. The
‘ butcher at Tithby, who came out in his cart, was as deaf as a post,
‘ and would shed tears if he saw a whipper-in head a fox. It was
‘ a treat to see him on a Sunday night go and watch the old vixen
‘ and her cubs at Wiverton. I never saw such a man for foxes, and
‘ many a paunch did he give them. He was delighted when he took
‘ home the first prize for a young bitch he had walked, and then he
‘ had her photographed. Another deaf man was Mr. Judd, who
‘ lived in the Market-place, Nottingham, a linendraper. Mr. Ball,
‘ who lived near Eastwood, Dr. Smith of Eastwood, who always
‘ gave us some port (he is since dead), Mr. Haslam of Hucknall
‘ Torkard, and Mr. Jackson, who was a tenant of Mr. Musters’,
‘ Mr. Brockton of Farndon, the owner of Primrose, the steeplechase
‘ mare, and his father. I have seen Bendigo the prizefighter, who
‘ is or was preaching at St. Leonard’s Street Chapel, Pimlico, since

' he has been converted, taking a breather after the hounds. What
' a difference between the Narrow Marsh society of Nottingham
' and the congregation; but he has turned religious now, so they
' say. I have also seen Poulson running after them, a working
' man who fought Tom Sayers twice, and very nearly won once;
' and Mr. Pigott, a veterinary, who was killed.

' We once found a fox near Hucknall, where Lord Byron was
' buried, and so was Ben Caunt, another great man, for that matter.
' We ran over Annesley Park, and I jumped side by side with a
' publican into the Mansfield road. My horse stood up, but his fell;
' he pitched on his head and never moved. The poor fellow was
' killed. Another sad thing happened while I was here. Two boys,
' who slept in the same room, thought they would have a pail of
' burning coals in their room, so they shut and locked themselves in
' with it. In the morning we had to go cub-hunting very early, and I
' went to call them, but could not make them hear or get in, so, calling
' the feeder, I got into the room through the window and quickly
' opened the door. One poor fellow was quite dead, but the other,
' who has lived now with Mr. Tailby for some years, had a little life
' in him. A doctor was immediately sent for, who set to work
' at him in a style that only a doctor that has had experience in a
' mining country could do. Mr. Musters was in the room with him
' all day, and about six o'clock in the evening he came round. Old
' Ben Boothroyd would go to covert, and I had to be off with him,
' but Henry Haverson, now huntsman to the North Durham,
' who was second horseman, came with an order to bring us back.
' Mr. Musters spoke sharply to Ben for going, knowing what
' had happened. He turned coolly round to me and said, "We
' " should have killed a brace this morning if it had not been for
' " those two fools." Poor old Ben! he dearly loved hunting; he is
' in Canada now.

' When Christmas came we always had a ball, and all the hunt
' servants appeared in scarlet; the first dance being led off by Mrs.
' Musters with the grey-headed old Ben Boothroyd. Mr. Musters
' made us all so jolly. As to our summer amusements, Beecroft, the
' house steward, got up an annual cricket match, for they are all
' cricketers in South Notts. Nottingham generally brought its best
' team to Annesley Park, and we could always manage to hold our
' own. After the match was over we adjourned to Annesley Wood
' House, where an excellent repast was provided, after which the time
' was spent with genial mirth, and the toast of the evening was
' the health of Mr. Musters. The return match was played at the
' Forest Ground, Nottingham, when Mr. Musters, as usual, gave
' his servants a holiday.

' When I left, Mr. Musters presented me with a handsome silver
' horn, which of course I prize very highly.

' From Notts I went as huntsman to Mr. Anthony Hamond,
' junior, in West Norfolk, who had succeeded Mr. Henry Villebois
' of Marham in 1865. William Neal was first whip, and James

'Trebeck second. When Mr. Villebois gave up the West Norfolk country Mr. Hamond took it, and bought two lots of four couple each, at Tattersall's old yard at the top of Grosvenor Place, at the last hound sale which was ever held there. But I got on a better line when I tossed up with Frank Goodall, then Mr. Tailby's huntsman, for the first pick of the young draft on the Milton flags. Frank won the toss and took a longish-legged one, but I dropped in for Heroine, which every one knew in Norfolk, and made no mistake (though I say it) in getting the pack together, and though I was there but four years I left a very fair pack behind me. But then Mr. Musters always helped me. It was a treat to see that bitch Heroine race away and put them right, when we had a straight run from Mr. Kendall's gorse up to Raynham Hall, the Marquis of Townshend's place. Laundress, walked by Mr. Soby of Massingham, who won the Cup, was the pride of the farmers. And I remember their asking me "What hound is that racing to the "front?" and saying, "How she turns and twists." On Massingham Common, when the fox was beat amongst the furze bushes, they had run him from Weasenham Lings, so well looked after by Captain D'Urban Blyth; but Rambler, by Mr. Drake's Druid out of his Rachel, would not be denied, and, getting a view, killed him by himself. He was lent to Mr. Hamond by Mr. Musters, and the old dog died at Annesley. Mr. Hamond mounted his men well, and of all the bank-jumpers the roan cob never was beaten—he could have got over a church; and after I left, Mr. Hamond rode him three years. Then there was a black horse, called "Tim," a home-bred one, that I could always get to the front. Lord Suffield offered a lot of money for him.

'We used to have the Prince and Princess out with us, and I have also seen the Princess Dagmar, the Duke of Cambridge, and Duke of Teck.

'The Prince always had a fox at Sandringham, and a hearty welcome for all comers; and Lord Grey would come out to us and ask us to have something to drink, while the Prince was standing at the door of the hall to shake hands with rich and poor as they passed in. It was fun to see some of the old-fashioned farmers salaam; they began bowing a hundred yards off, then he would grasp them by the hand, and I have heard more than one of them, as we called on our way home, boasting to his wife how he had shaken hands with the Prince. Once I remember a certain young lady, when he had lunched at her father's house, and she saw the glass out of which he had drunk some sherry, seizing it; as she was determined to have what he had left. I have seen the Prince knocked over by a dealer, close by Rudham, who was trying to show his horse off, and I have seen the Princess on the ground, one day when we were not far from Bircham.

'Besides those I have mentioned, there used to be staying with the Prince, the Duke and Duchess of Manchester, Lord Cole, Lord Macclesfield, Lord Spencer (who has a covert at

' Creake), Lord Charles Beresford, Lord Downe, Lord Grey, Lord
 ' Granville, and Lord Strathnairn. The Rev. Mr. Onslow, the
 ' chaplain, used to hunt on foot. Then we had Lord Bury from
 ' Guidenham Hall, Mr. Birkbeck the banker, the sister of the Mar-
 ' quis of Townshend, who was far away the finest horsewoman in
 ' Norfolk, nothing was too big for her; Lord Suffield from Gunton
 ' Park and his brother, the Hon. Walter Harbord, Admiral Sir Henry
 ' Keppel, Lord Sondes and his two daughters from Elm Hall, Sir
 ' Willoughby Jones of Cranmer Hall, a staunch foxhunter; Lord
 ' Walsingham of Merton Hall, the late Lord Hastings of Melton, Sir
 ' William Ffoulkes of Hillington Hall, Lady North of Rayham, who
 ' came out on wheels; Mr. Henry Villebois, the Squire of Marham,
 ' Sir William Knollys, Mr. Kendle of Weasenham, who would always
 ' walk three or four puppies; Mr. A. Gurney the banker of Nor-
 ' wich and Mr. Green the banker of Lynn, Captain Blyth of
 ' Weasenham Hall, Captain Adlington of Holme Hall, Mr. Cold-
 ' ham of Anmer, one of the oldest foxhunters in the country; Mr.
 ' Horace Beck, Mr. Sheringham, Mr. Bonnar of Rudham; Dr.
 ' Foster of Massingham was very fond of the sport; the Rev.
 ' J. L. Brereton, the rector of Little Massingham, who was once
 ' tutor to Mr. Musters—he was a rare sportsman, and having lived
 ' in Devonshire, and come in contact with the Rev. Jack Russell,
 ' he became a great foxhunter, and also a breeder of horses, which
 ' he then showed at Lincoln and elsewhere. Captain Fitzgerald of
 ' Ringstead hunted regularly; and Mr. Applethwaite of Pickenham
 ' Hall, whose father once kept the Atherstone, had the best receipt
 ' for the yellows I ever knew. Then to see old Mr. Hamond
 ' bowling along in his trap was a treat—although he had the best of
 ' hunters in his stables, he never rode them; he liked to see them
 ' walked up and down, but he never got on them. I have heard his
 ' servants say he was one of the best of masters, and when we met
 ' in front of Westacre House he always made us welcome, and
 ' would have plenty of men to hold the horses, as all had to go in;
 ' everything was of the very best, and they know how to do things
 ' in Norfolk; he did all his own farming at Westacre Park, and
 ' well too. It was a sure find, and Williams, the head-keeper, could
 ' show pheasants, hares and rabbits, as well as foxes. Many a run
 ' have I seen from the Park away by Weasenham, and Captain
 ' Blyth could always lead us over Mr. Leeds's farm, where a Leicester-
 ' shire horse would be sure to come to grief.

' Now we must go in for the farmers a bit, of whom there were
 ' any amount—and if it were not for them, foxhunting would not
 ' exist in West Norfolk. There were Mr. Beck of Houghton, Mr.
 ' Robert Leeds of Wicken House, whom you have seen so often at
 ' the horse shows at Islington; Mr. Tom Gould of Swaffham, who
 ' broke his leg last season, and was the owner of Van Diemen, a
 ' stallion that travelled in Norfolk, and was own brother to the
 ' Flying Dutchman; Mr. John Hipkins of Hillington, who rode a
 ' roan mare—and couldn't he go on her! Mr. R. Beck, the agent

‘ at Sandringham, Mr. Alfred Oldfield of Grimston, Mr. Overman of Weasenham, Mr. Elwes of Congham, Mr. D’Urban Blyth of Massingham, and Miss Anna D’Urban Blyth and her sister. ‘ Then there was Mr. Platting, a chemist of Fakenham, who would ‘ do any mortal thing to save a fox, who rode a little pony, but ‘ his heart and soul was in it.

‘ On leaving Norfolk (when Mr. Hammond also gave me a silver ‘ horn) I paid another visit to the South Notts country, when Mr. ‘ Liell Francklin was Master, and a good sportsman and nice man ‘ he is.

‘ I left South Notts in November, and for a time tried to wear ‘ out the stones of the London streets again, but still managed to ‘ have a bit of hunting. Now and then I took a trip by the Great ‘ Western to Shrivensham to have a look at Sir William Throck- ‘ morton’s pack (the V.W.H.) and Bob Worrall, but on foot, of ‘ course. I also went out with the Old Berkshire, where I saw ‘ John Treadwell jump out of Lord Barrington’s park over a wall ‘ into the Farringdon turnpike, and I can tell you it was all a jump, ‘ too. That was the season the Duke of Beaufort’s hounds had ‘ their famous Greatwood run, which was supposed to equal Mr. ‘ Thomson’s run from Waterloo Gorse in the Pytchley country, ‘ in February 1866. I happened to be on foot close by Ilford, in ‘ the same field where they lost, and can say that poor Charley ‘ lived to run another day, as I saw him go into a drain, but did ‘ not tell upon him, as I thought he deserved his life.

‘ Sometimes my attention was turned to the Lambourn Downs, ‘ where Mr. Merry trained at that time, and you would find no ‘ liver complaint on those hills, I can tell you. The Craven have ‘ never been noted or famous since old Ben Foote’s time, but ‘ it was a treat to be out with them on these downs, as you ‘ could combine a bit of hunting and see a Russley favourite ‘ gallop at the same time, without any fear of being hunted off ‘ the place as a tout. My next move was going out to the ‘ British Hunt at St. Petersburg, and I sailed on June 3rd, 1870, ‘ from Hull, with ten couple of foxhounds under my care. After a ‘ very rough passage, we were obliged to put into Copenhagen, and ‘ having seen so much of the Prince of Wales in Norfolk, I naturally ‘ was anxious to look over the King of Denmark’s palace, and ‘ readily got permission. It is a beautiful place, and there is a fox’s ‘ head and brush hung up there which was killed in Norfolk. It ‘ was the first fox the Princess of Wales ever saw killed, I believe, ‘ and it was mounted at Kings Lynn, and I gave it her.

‘ Copenhagen is one of the cleanest towns I ever saw in my life ; ‘ all the houses are whitewashed. But I could not see very much of ‘ it—though I have been in the King’s stables, which hold two ‘ hundred horses, and they were not a bad-looking lot—as after about ‘ twenty-four hours the good ship “Leo” once more set sail, and ‘ away up the Baltic through the Gulf of Finland to Cronstadt, ‘ where I left her with regret, as everything was good on board, and

‘we had a most jolly time, and the ladies were very fond of the hounds. From here we went up the Neva in a tug to St. Petersburg, where I first met the Master, Mr. A. Balfour, and found excellent kennels and stabling. I was mounted very well, as was my whip, who was a Fin, and a better whip I never saw. No matter how dark the night was, he would never get lost in the forest, and I have known him pilot us home from very long distances. There was one drawback, however; we could not understand one word of each other’s language, so it would have been no use if I had wanted to blow him up. The only English he could learn was the hounds’ names; he could get hold of nothing else. They were very fond of him, and would do anything for him, which was lucky, as you could never get him to flog them.

‘Hunting with us was Sir Andrew Buchanan, who every Saturday drove down his team and a well-loaded drag to see the pack, and he never missed a meet with us except on a Sunday, and then I think he would have pulled on his boots and breeches if he had not been ambassador. All other days he was to be found with the hounds, and stuck wonderfully close to my horse’s tail, though past sixty years of age. I have seen him have a fall, and he would pick himself up much quicker than I have known some of the Tailby party in Leicestershire. No weather would stop him, and many an April morning have I seen him by the covert-side by five o’clock. Lady Buchanan used to come out in a carriage, but his daughter rode.

‘Duke Alexander, the son of the Emperor, used to come out with us, and the Prince Galitzin? Also Sir George Bonham and the Hon. Frederick A. Wellesley, military attaché, Mr. George Baird, a great iron manufacturer, Mr. R. J. Betts, Mr. Paul Grant, Mr. G. W. Anderson, another iron manufacturer and a farmer; Mr. Edward Gibson, in the calico trade, was a very good man, Mr. Hutchinson, who had some post in the Emperor’s stables, Mr. Walker, a private gentleman. Also Prince Altenburg, whose sister married the Emperor’s brother; he was all through the German war, and had to go back to Germany. He would often come to my place to luncheon. When I came back to London, I travelled by rail from St. Petersburg, going through Poland and Berlin, and so on through Hanover, Brunswick, Cologne, and Brussels to Ostend, and across the Channel to Dover—four days and nights in a railway train, and no place on the way where I could get a good meal, though you can telegraph your wants to any place where the train stops for refreshment.

‘In Brussels you can be on good terms with yourself, and during the hour the train stops you will be well pleased to walk in the Covent Garden Market of the place, or take a stroll in the park. I saw many ladies there looking sad and sorrowful, who were obliged to fly from Paris during the war, leaving their husbands and sons to fight for their country. I arrived in London

‘ on the Derby morning, at the Victoria Station, very tired and hungry ;
‘ but my old friend Tom Tyler was there, and kindly took me to his
‘ house, and after a bath I had the old English dish once more, to
‘ wit, a good rumpsteak and a drop of beer, and then off to Epsom,
‘ where we spent a pleasant day. But my time in England was
‘ short, and I had once more to face the North Sea with a lot of
‘ hounds. We had a pleasant passage, though the ladies did not
‘ seem to think so, when the ship jumped a bit. They wore big
‘ chignons in those days, and it would make any one—it made me—
‘ laugh to see them stripped of their headgear, and looking so
‘ miserable, for sea-sickness will make any lady who fancies her face
‘ soon alter her tune. When they got their sea-legs they were very
‘ kind to the hounds, and jolly times we had. The way I was
‘ welcomed by the Master and his friends when I stepped ashore
‘ at St. Petersburg was a caution, but I had to wait some time
‘ before I could land the hounds. I had fifteen couple, and there
‘ was a doctor sent to pass them who knew no more about a dog
‘ than a pig does of flying. Then there was a bother with our own
‘ passports, but you know all about that.

FISH MURDER.

I WANT to write something vicious, Mr. Baily, for my temper has been sorely tried this morning in four different ways : 1. Pending a short holiday at one of the northern Spas the weather has changed, and the wind and rain is driving across the Yorkshire moors, and beating heavily against the windows of a large hotel where I am staying, the consequence being that every one will be off, and I shall be left alone, or with a very small party in an inn built for accommodating two hundred people on a wet Sunday, probably, added to which there is no railway to York on Sunday, and so I can't go to the Minster. 2. I have drank, by the doctor's advice, two tumblers of a warm liquid called sulphur water, which looks like the washing out of an ink bottle, flavoured with rotten eggs, and the essence of a stale tap-room after a festive evening. 3. I have had a warm bath, apparently composed of the washings of Billingsgate coloured with ink. 4. I have been shaved by an old Yorkshire woman of seventy-three years of age, who, *plus* her many years, I fancy is a little insane, and who let fly at my head with her right, razor in hand, and, as old Vincent Dowling would have said, ‘ *popped her right mauley in below the Pet's left listener, and drew a small stream of carmine in two places at once ;* ’ added to this I am bound to drink the waters twice more this blessed day. Now I say in the most savage mood I wish all the nets in England were in Avernus, and all the keepers who use them were dragging the Styx.

Last October we discussed the overpreserving of game and the

greed for slaughter, as contradistinguished from sport, and now I am down on the river-dragging keepers. By all means, in any *bond fide* trout stream or salmon stream, give the pike and the perch and the coarse fish no quarter; if you see a pike shoot him, take him with trimmers, and murder him anyhow, net him, wire him, and put him and his friends and relations out just as you please; and if white fish get in and eat the trout spawn as they will, use every means to exterminate them, down to blowing them up with a torpedo, as I have seen done to empty a hole where they congregated, but do let people have the common sense not to try and alter the course of nature.

When there is nothing particular to do, the keeper says, 'Let's have out the nets and drag the river;' and dragging the river means collecting half the idle fellows in the parish, and urging them to stand unlimited beer and gin, and destroying all the fish for the sake of killing them, the sport consisting of hundreds of little roach and dace, little jack and perch, and possibly one or two big pike with a water rat or two in their insides, and this process is repeated sometimes two or three times a year, the only excitement being some horse-play, consisting of pushing two or three half-drunken men into the river. The excuse generally is, 'Master wants to preserve the trout.' Master might just as well try to preserve an ichthyosaurus or a mastodon. Master cannot help leaving enough small jack behind to kill any small trout, assuming even that trout would live in his river.

Some people think there is respectability in trout, just as they imagine that there is respectability in a preserve of tame pheasants; and in making an absurd attempt at acclimatising trout to a deep clay river, adapted by nature to other fish, they destroy all the fish which nature intended to live there, and get nothing in exchange.

Granted at once that pike, perch, and roach belong to the inferior order of fish, and utterly disbelieving the statement of young England, "*I hooked a pike of 15 lbs. in the loch, and gave the keeper the rod, as 'I wouldn't take the trouble to land him.'*" I must maintain that a river well stocked with pike, perch, and roach, is very much better than an almost empty river, sparsely inhabited by a few ill-conditioned trout which exist there, but which are neither sufficient in numbers, nor game enough to give any sport, the death of one of them being so rare as to create a sensation in the neighbourhood.

For young people especially, both boys and girls, ordinary river fishing is an endless amusement, and no sportsman need be ashamed of going out on an autumn or winter's day with his spinning tackle and landing a big pike or two, and a ten-pounder in good season—if the cook will take the trouble to dress him properly—is not half a bad thing.

The London fishermen, who are not bad judges of sport, will pay a large sum for a mile or two of river, when there is good pike and perch fishing, provided there is a decent inn, particularly if it is a

hundred miles away, and country gentlemen, who destroy rivers wholesale, might think twice before they throw away what so many want.

Only think of the thousands of pounds which are spent annually on the Thames fishing. Some like sitting in a punt and watching a float, which is perhaps more a healthy than a vigorous sport, and catching dozens of gudgeon, roach, and dace, but then a large section of fishermen, who, regardless of wind or rain or cold, will go out spinning for pike or perch, and who are rare good customers to innkeepers, are real sportsman.

In these days, landed proprietors are not ashamed to sell their game, which is a very questionable trade for a gentleman, but there is no earthly reason why they should not let their fishing if they do not want it themselves. Depend upon it that it does good to a country village a long way off, say within a hundred miles of London, to have a fishing club in it. Anglers are still, as old Izaak said, honest men, and, as a class, would never intrude on any forbidden ground, or do the slightest damage to anything, and, wherever they go, they spend money freely. The squire would not find it a bad thing to have a decent inn in his parish instead of a questionable public-house; the parish folks would not find it a slow amusement to smoke a friendly pipe with the Londoners and exchange a few ideas or play a rubber of whist occasionally; and I will go bail that if there is a hard winter, and the parson wants a little money for his poor or his schools, the fishing club would not be the last in when wanted.

Some noblemen and gentlemen in England think it not at all beneath their dignity to preserve their lakes and rivers, which are unsuited for trout or salmon, for pike and perch and other fish, barring bream, which are a nuisance afloat or ashore. Take, for instance, the late Sir John Barker Mill, the present Lord Normananton, and Sir Ivor Guest, and others, who owned, or do own, very fine pike fisheries, and people may say what they please, the sportsman who is content to use a light rod of about fourteen feet long, a light, strong line, with four yards of salmon gut to it, finishing with a few inches of very fine gyp, and a small spinning flight of steel hooks, and who gets hold of a pike of ten pounds, or even eight pounds and upwards, in heavy water, has plenty of sport to land his fish. I look upon men who have a rod like a barge pole, and tackle like a rope, with a wretched live dace or gudgeon threaded on a double hook, and kicking about, turning the float round and round, who have nothing to do but to let the fish gorge the bait for ten minutes, and then to haul him in like a log, as no sportsmen. There are times and places when a live bait is allowable; for instance, when a mighty pike lives in some deep hole, overhung with trees, and, like a public-house bully, who sits all day in the same place, will not come out for a fair fight, it is allowable to get a very large live bait, and to put him on three feet beneath a big float, and to let it drift over the pike. I am bound to say, that when

the big float goes down with a run, a pipe smokes pleasantly for the ten or twelve minutes whilst the pike is blowing himself out, and it is not an unpleasant sensation to feel the commencement of a long struggle; but under these, or any circumstances, the tackle should be light, so as to admit of even betting on the fish.

I have in my mind's eye two rivers which I often fished, where fish murder took place, one in the south-west of England, in the New Forest, one in the south. The south-west of England river contained some splendid pike and perch, as I know by practical experience. There were also some of the largest roach, or rather rudd, I ever saw, running up to two pounds and sometimes more, but few, if any, went after them. One year I was down at the end of November, and a few days previously a gentleman caught in one day three pike, by spinning, of the weight of twelve, sixteen, and twenty-eight pounds, besides many others of less weight. During a week's fishing in the same water, a friend and myself, in three-quarters of an hour, took thirteen perch, with very fine tackle, in some heavy water, which weighed twenty-one pounds and a half in the butcher's scales two hours after they were out of the water, one brace drawing the scale three ounces under six pounds.

The following year I wrote to the landlord of the inn, and he told me that the river had been converted into a salmon river for fishermen, at fifteen pounds per rod; and that the pike and perch had been destroyed as much as possible. The tickets were five shillings a day before this new state of things, with extra payment for a boat and a man, if required, and no one was allowed to fish except those who lived at the inn, and hence the good fishing. Of course the salmon-fishery proved a failure, and the old plan was re-established; but the fishing of the past was done for, as I found on a second visit. Here and there a jack might be caught, but I heard of nothing over eight or ten pounds, and fish of that size were considered great rarities. Here was a case of a good river murdered, and an absolute loss to the landlord of ten or a dozen good customers, who came a hundred miles from London, and who would stay for a week, and spend their ten or fifteen pounds each.

In the south of England rivers which I allude to the case was worse. Mr. Frank Buckland had been down in the neighbourhood, and suggested that a portion of the river which ran into the sea, for a distance of twenty-five miles up to a certain mill, might do well for salmon; and so, of course, the people above the point named by Mr. Buckland went in for salmon too, under the insane idea that salmon would live where trout in any numbers had been impossible to be got, and when good pike and perch abounded. And consequently the wisecracks dragged every inch of water for eight or more miles, and destroyed all the fish except those who escaped the net. The most melancholy part of this fish murder was that the river for the most part ran through meadows, in a charming country, about sixty miles from London, and a hundred people might have fished without intruding on any one's privacy, but woe to the small boy

who was found with so much as a crooked pin and a worm by the bank. Need I say that the perpetrators of this atrocity were some of the *nouveaux riches*. On visiting a favourite part of this river a few years since—where years ago I used to kill more fish than I could carry very often—a friend and myself fished two whole days in splendid water, and never saw a sign of a fish. Then for the first time I discovered that the keeper had drawn the portion of river which I revisited six times in twelve months! and had destroyed what it would take years to get again. We, observing the keeper's hungry eye when we were leaving, gave him the sum of one shilling between us, informing him that it was for his trouble of dragging the river, and keeping the fact from us, as the fellow never told us that the river had been dragged, and, moreover, I called on the lady who owned the fishing, whom I knew very intimately, and urged her to turn the man away.

Admitting that the value of the fish is nothing, or next to nothing, what then? All fishing is a source of amusement to a large majority of visitors. A boat and a luncheon-hamper will amuse people for a day. Where there are large roach there are the fish which will break a boy in for trout-fishing. Give him a light, stiff rod, with a fine single hair-line, and a small hook baited with paste, and a little morsel of cotton wool to keep it on the hook, and he will learn three things. 1. That if he strikes too late he will lose his bait. 2. That if he strikes too hard he will lose his hook and hair-line. 3. That if he does not play his fish well and carefully he will never land him. By this he will attain the quickness of hand and eye, and will acquire the fisherman's sensitive touch, which will enable him to hook and land a trout as soon as he has learnt to throw a fly. I should feel ashamed if I was a country gentleman, and had a river running through my property, to say to my guests, 'There are no fish worth speaking of here;' on the contrary, I should much prefer to say, 'The sport is not much, but there are some jack and perch and roach if you think they are worth going after.'

There is one remedy against the keepers' raid on rivers, which is—assuming that you are a riparian owner for only a hundred yards or so on a river which is destroyed above and below you by netting—refuse to have the weeds cut opposite your land; and when you know the river is going to be netted, on the quiet get two or three oyster barrels, fill them full of sand, put on the lid, and drive small tenter-hooks all over them, and sink them in two or three places, and good-bye to the net. The chances are ten to one that the proprietors will be too stingy to buy a new net, and that the keepers will be too lazy to mend the old one; and the following year when dragging time comes the keeper will say, 'We ain't got no net, for that poaching fellow (?) up there'—meaning the riparian owner—'spoilt ours' last year.'

There is no reason why a man should not do as he pleases with his own if he chooses to do so; but if I owned a hundred yards of river even, I would take precious good care to exercise an equal

right of independence as any of my neighbours who choose to do foolish things, on the selfish principle of 'the river is mine, and I will drag it if I please.' To which I would retort, 'A hundred yards of river are mine, and no one shall drag it.'

Φ. Γ.

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF MR. THOMAS COLEMAN.

(Continued.)

'WHEN we were speaking of Lord Huntingtower and my transactions with him, I omitted to tell you of the narrow escape I had of letting him have a stage-coach, with all the horses and harness, and taking his bill for 1,500*l.* in exchange. You know what that would have been worth. It happened in this way. When the North-Western line was opened there was a station at Watford, as there is still, and I put on a stage-coach, to run from there to Luton, which was a great accommodation to the Luton people, especially the straw-plaiters. It was a nice light coach, with yellow body, and made the journey twice a day, through Harpenden and St. Albans (changing at my house) morning and evening. The distance is about twenty miles; so we ran eighty miles in the day. I did not pay much attention to it myself, but left it principally to my son to manage. I had a well-known whip—a capital man—as coachman, who is now master of the horse to Spiers and Pond, and as it was a convenience all along the road it paid very well. Lord Huntingtower took the ribbons a few times, and finding it a pleasant drive, and that it was paying, he became anxious to buy it, and I as near as possible let him have it. If I had closed with him for the coach and horses, and taken his bill, that would not have been the worst of it, as he would have palmed off the horses on me to keep, for which I should never have received a shilling, and he would have put all the ready money that was taken into his pocket.

'He was particularly fond of driving, and after this started an opposition coach on the Hastings road, which he drove himself, and started a posting business at Locks Bottom. One day I chanced to go down there, and found him at the hotel, and a lot of different vehicles standing about, as well as a lot of strange people. I said, "What's up here, my Lord?"

' "These are the coach proprietors and post-masters on the line to Hastings. They have called a meeting and ordered a dinner, to which they have invited me, in order to get me to come to an understanding with them to stop my opposition coach and posting business. I am so glad you have come, Tommy. Now, don't take any notice, but just as dinner is going on the table we will slip away up the lane to my cottage, and leave the beggars to talk to themselves; they ain't going to get the better of me. Won't they be disappointed at having called a meeting and ordered a

“dinner when they find it out! You be off up the lane, and I will follow you.”

‘That does not look much like the act of a nobleman, does it?’

‘Now we have finished with Lord Huntingtower, I may as well tell you about the race, of which I had won the first heat, at Rochester when he tried to get me away in his carriage, and some other queer things that I have seen at the Kent meetings. That race I won with Chymist, one of the horses that Lord Huntingtower had of me; I claimed him from the Duke of Grafton for 150*l.* at Epsom. The Duke of Richmond had the first claim, so I ran up and begged him to give it up to me. He smiled, and said, “Very well, Mr. Coleman, you may take him.” “I think he has a good dash of speed, your Grace, and may do me some good in the country.” So I got him; and this is how I managed the race. After having had dinner at the Globe the day before the races, I noticed that there was a race called the Rockingham Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 80 added, which closed a fortnight before, and appeared in the sheet calendar. I looked over the entries and saw that there were only six or seven very middling horses in it, and felt sorry that I had not entered my horse Chymist, which I had claimed from the Duke of Grafton at Epsom, as I felt certain he could beat the lot that he would have had to meet, a horse called Watchman being the best of them. I thought, however, that I would try my luck, and see if I could not get a run, although I had no business in it; so I slipped out and went down to the library kept by Joseph Burrell, who was the Secretary, and printed the race-cards, and as the first day’s card was not out, I said to him:

‘I have a good mind to enter my horse Chymist in the Rockingham Stakes, and pay double entrance. I will if you will give me one of these nice pocket-books,” taking up one made of Russian leather; they were very handsome, and had just come out then.

‘He answered, “Oh, do; I will give you a couple of them.”

‘“Well, put my horse Chymist in the Rockingham Stakes, and I will pay you the 20*l.* double entrance.”

‘He was pleased to get it, as they were anxious to have as many runners as they could; and as there were two or three plates given for which you could enter in this way, he did not tumble to what I was up to, and he did not take the sheet calendar. The entrance-money generally went to the second horse, but not for such stakes as this. The cards came out the next morning with Chymist’s name amongst the runners for the Rockingham Stakes, but none of the trainers appeared to notice but what it was all right. I told my jockey to get weighed first, and go down about the distance-post to saddle, but not to mount until they were drawing up to the post to start. This he did, and cantered away to the others when they were ready. The flag dropped, and Chymist won. After he had weighed in, George Dockeray, who trained Watchman, came to me and said:

“I did not know your horse was in this stake.”

“Look at the card, George.”

“Dash the card. Have you got your last sheet calendar? let us look at that, as this stake closed a fortnight before the races, and I’ll be dashed if I think he is in it.”

“Of course I did not show him my calendar, but said I entered him, and paid double entrance, and he had started and won a heat.”

“I must look at the articles of the race. How could you enter him after the stake was closed?”

“I kept with him, and talked to him until they started for the second heat, which Chymist won easily; then I bustled back, got him weighed in and sent away. Dockeray in the meantime found the calendar, and seeing that the stake had finally closed a fortnight before the race, and that the Chymist was not in it, went off and spoke to the Stewards. They told him he should have objected before the race, they could not interfere in the matter now; it was his own fault for not objecting before. George said to me, “Dash me if ever I saw such a fellow as you, Tommy; you are sure to get the best of us. I should have won this race easy enough. Mr. Burrall had no business to take your entrance; what a fool he must be! Mr. Shackle will be as mad as the —— with me about this job. I shall get into a pretty row.”

“Tell him you could not help it, as they allowed me to enter by paying double. He cannot blame you for that.”

“Oh, that tale won’t do; I was a fool for allowing you to start at all, nibbling this 160/. Dash your liver! you knew you had no right to run, nor should you have if I could have seen the sheet calendar.”

“Shackle owned Watchman, and he told George he might as well send an old woman as him, mooning about the country; and when we met at Margate races shortly afterwards, he came to me and said, “What, then, you caught them all asleep at Rochester. What business had you to start your horse for the Rockingham Stakes when it was closed, and he not in it? Any fool could have seen that in the sheet calendar. I never heard of such a thing.”

“Well, but I paid double entrance.”

“That was a stake, not a plate; you knew that. They are a set of fools altogether, and George Dockeray was the biggest fool. You should not have started if I had been there. A set of fools: they go mooning about the country half asleep.”

“I caught him soon afterwards—as we were walking down the course after it was cleared and the Stand had filled. This was just the time when white hats were all the rage, and such a lot of people in the stand had them on, like a lot of Tommy Whiteheads; so it struck me all at once I would have a lark with him. I said, “There are four pickpockets up in that Stand. They came down in the steamer that I came in, and the captain pointed them out to me. They have all got white hats on. They are regular London swell-mobsmen, and he knew them.”

“Shackel, who was a fine, tall, gentlemanly-looking man, and

‘ a good dresser, turned back and said, “ Can you point them
‘ “ out ?”

‘ “ They all went up together. There they are, three of them,
‘ “ at the left end of the third seat ; they will separate when the race
‘ “ is being run.”

‘ The course, as I have said, was cleared, and he went up
‘ and stood right before the Stand, and shouted out as loud as
‘ he could two or three times, “ Look out, gentleman and ladies,
‘ “ you have got four of the light-fingered gentry amongst you,
‘ “ all with white hats on. Mind your pockets ! Look out !
‘ “ there are four ‘ amongst you.” He waited a moment to see if
‘ they understood him, and then shouted it out again. By this he set
‘ all the white-hat gentlemen eying and frowning at one another,
‘ and shifting their quarters, and setting eyes one against the other
‘ like so many pointer dogs. He went again before the Stand when
‘ the course was cleared for each race, calling out to them, “ Look
‘ “ out, you have got four of them up there. You must be on the
‘ “ look out when on the course, between the races.” I do not think
‘ there were so many white hats in the Stand the second day. There
‘ was no pickpocket there at all, only it struck me at the moment
‘ that I would catch him asleep as well as the rest. I have laughed
‘ at this for years until I have had a pain in my side, Shaekel carried
‘ the joke on so well. He took great pains to let the people know
‘ they had some pickpockets among them. The next day he said to
‘ me, “ They will be about the course to-day, I expect, not in the
‘ “ Stand. See if you can point them out to me.” How the ladies
‘ did scowl, to be sure, if any one with a white hat came near them.

‘ Now, there is a deal of talk about pulling horses at the present
‘ time, whether they are meant or not. Such things were never
‘ talked of in my early days, and I only heard of one case. It was
‘ considered that William Edwards did pull one horse—I think it
‘ was old Selim—when he rode for the Prince Regent. His Royal
‘ Highness was in London at the time, and knew nothing about it.
‘ He settled 300*l.* a year on Edwards, and gave him the Palace and
‘ stables at Newmarket for life, but he left it for some years before
‘ his death, in 1825, and went to live at Windsor, where the poor
‘ fellow went wrong in his head.

‘ After handicaps were introduced we began to hear of horses
‘ being pulled, as there was then a cause for it—that of getting a lighter
‘ weight on their backs ; and as the stakes increased in value the
‘ game went on in one way or the other, starting them when not fit,
‘ and various other dodges to pull off a big handicap. But a good
‘ many have burnt their fingers, and dropped a lot of money at it,
‘ and found that such a policy had better have been left alone after
‘ all. I never ran a horse in my life that I did not try to win with,
‘ but I can make you laugh with a thing that occurred at Tunbridge
‘ Wells once, when every horse in one race belonged to me or
‘ gentlemen that I trained for ; in fact, all of them came out of my
‘ stables. In it was a mare called Twatty, by Whalebone, the pro-

‘ perty of Mr. Braithwaite, that I have told you of before, and it was
‘ very certain that she could win, any way ; so I did tell the jockeys
‘ to pull, in this way. The far side of the course was as hard as
‘ a turnpike road ; so I said, “ Now don’t rattle them along over that
‘ “ part, but lay up in a cluster and go a steady gallop,” and, when
‘ they came into the crowd, not to let Twatty out to scatter the
‘ rest, but win with her by about half a length. This, as she was
‘ bound to win, run how they liked, I thought would satisfy the
‘ people and not knock the horses about. The jockeys, stupid like,
‘ when they came to the hard ground pulled up into a light canter,
‘ and one or two of them trotted. This caused such a row as was
‘ never seen on a racecourse. As soon as the horses came in, the
‘ crowd were going to pull the jockeys off, while others came
‘ forward to protect them, and there was fighting going on all over
‘ the place. Mr. Comberbatch, the Steward, waved his flag from the
‘ Stand, and said he would not pay over the stakes. That set the people
‘ on to Jemmy Theobald, a brother of Tib Theobald. He was a devil
‘ for larking, and helped on this row. Some of them made a charge
‘ at him, but he pretended to pull out a pistol, and said he would
‘ shoot them. Then they bolted. He was then sitting on horse-
‘ back by me ; but there was a farmer there also on horseback. He
‘ said, “ That is the man who owns all the horses.”

‘ “ Me ! I never had a racehorse in my life. You make a mis-
‘ take. That is him. He’ll ruin your race meetings.”

‘ He turned his horse and began to trot away, got into a canter,
‘ and then into a gallop down to the town, and very soon people
‘ began to follow him, and before long he had a hundred or more
‘ riding after him and mobbing him up through the town and by the
‘ castle. On the course it was a regular riot. Carriages were over-
‘ turned, and there was a regular helter-skelter in all directions ; and
‘ all started out of nothing. Old Tom Brown of Lewes was there
‘ on a grey mare called Feather, and galloped away through the
‘ furzes as hard as he could go, with his coat-tails flying in the wind,
‘ not knowing whose turn it might be next. He dropped some
‘ saddle-cloths, but never stopped to pick them up. This row is
‘ spoken of, and called the Tunbridge Wells row, to this day, and the
‘ Newmarket jockeys used to chaff about going there. None of them
‘ insulted me by a word, though I was really the cause of it all.

‘ Old Pearce of Smithambottom and a lot of trainers bolted and hid
‘ themselves, they were so frightened. I told Mr. Comberbatch I
‘ would never run there again, as he had caused all the row by waving
‘ his flag and saying he would not pay. But he did pay, and I had
‘ to take all the plates and stakes but one, and went there again
‘ the next year. As soon as I went into the weighing-room, Mr.
‘ Comberbatch ordered in a dozen of port, and half a dozen of
‘ sherry.

‘ I remember John Robinson, who then trained at Newmarket
‘ for Mr. Rush. A brother of Jem Robinson, the celebrated jockey,
‘ brought a bay horse there to run in a race in which I had a chest-

‘nut horse called the Huntsman, that I had to sell, and I was anxious to win, that some one might take a fancy to him. Robinson also wanted to sell Mr. Rush’s horse, and I bought him. He won the first heat, and after the heat I went and sat on a bank with Robinson till they were all saddled for the second heat, and bought Rush’s horse. When they were going to the post, I said to J. Robinson, “Tell Frank Butler not to start. Tell him to walk away.” This nearly caused another row, and so frightened Robinson that he bolted off down into the town, leaving the horse and jockey to take care of themselves; and he got laughed at and roasted at Newmarket for years afterwards. Butler dismounted, and durst not go near the weighing room, so I sent a boy to take the horse away. I won the race with Huntsman, but he turned out a very bad one. I sold him to a Welshman, named Smash Lewis, and never got the money for him.

‘Feather, the mare old Brown bolted on, was given to him by Lord Egremont, and I rode her in a race for him myself once, before he made a hack of her. His son, Bill Brown, had another in the same race, called Marksman, and won it. That was the grandfather of the present Tom Brown, the trainer. The great-grandfather was a great, honest, good kind of man as ever lived, and I ran horses against him for many years. He had a brother at Royston, a noted leather glove maker, whom I knew well, and always called on him on my way to Newmarket.

‘Marksman, who was his best horse, had only one eye, and he won him a lot of races, George Dockeray being generally his jockey. Once I knew that Marksman would be in a race at Canterbury in which I was going to run a horse called Felix, so I engaged Dockeray to ride as soon as I got there, before Brown saw him. Brown was very much annoyed, but I would not give him up. He knew the horse so well, and just managed to come the blind side of him, and beat him by a head for the City 100 guineas. Brown was in such a rage that he cried over it, and flew at George Dockeray and put his fist in his face and said, “You scoundrel! “you took the advantage of my poor old horse, and came up the blind side of him; you shall never ride a horse of mine again.”

‘In those days horses had to travel the roads to the different meetings, and we generally got to the place a day or two before the races commenced, and enjoyed a bit of fun in one way or another, and set the different towns alive. They liked the sight of racehorses and racing people, for their best harvest was at the time of the meetings. At that time it was usual for the owner of every winner to spend a guinea at the hotel the horse stayed at, and the landlord always charged it in the bill whether you had it or not—liquor a guinea. This was done for every winner. Canterbury was a favourite meeting of mine at that time; there were the King’s Plate, the Nobleman’s 100 guineas, the city’s 100 guineas, besides other 50*l.* stakes and plates, all run for in heats, from two to four miles. One meeting I won all but one race, and was only beaten by a head for

‘that. I won for Mr. Gully, Mr. Heathcote, and the rest for myself. I used to keep two or three, sometimes three or four, horses standing at Bridge, a village close to the racecourse at Canterbury, a great part of the season, to save the travelling to and from home, as most of the races, being run in heats, took a good deal out of the horses. Some of these races were not won under three and four heats, or even five, as it often happened that some of the horses did not attempt to win the first heat, only ran just to save their distance. Sometimes three or four were at the same game; but all tried to win the race, and these heats found out the stout blood, and showed whether they had any stamina and soundness. They bred for sound, stout blood more in those days.’

ANOTHER CRICKET SEASON.

WE are on the eve of another cricket season. Indeed, as this article is written, the turf groans under the ponderous weight of the roller, and the wickets are being prepared for the trial of the Freshmen at Cambridge, which is, in point of fact, the first real engagement of the regular campaign. And what are the prospects of cricket in 1877? Certainly most reassuring, to judge from the programmes issued by the principal clubs. How far the hopes of April will be realised in the experiences of the four months that follow will be seen in time. At the outset, at least, things seem hopeful. Good cricket is at a premium, as far as appearances go, and the counties are all extending rather than diminishing their fixtures, not the least satisfactory of the many outward and visible signs of a prosperous cricket year.

Gloucestershire was so indisputably the champion county of 1876, that for once the question of precedence was determined without difficulty. With a moderate amount of bowling, a greater concentration of batting strength than has ever been, we venture to assert, ranged on the side of any county during this present century, and as hard-working an eleven in the field as is to be found in the kingdom, what wonder that Gloucestershire towered high above its rivals during the past year? It is pleasant to find that fielding is engaging more of the attention of those who have the selection of elevens for county matches. What boots it that a player should make thirty runs in an innings, if he miss a catch, and not only lose twenty runs, but dispirit and demoralise every one of the ten others on his side? To see some young professionals who have been tried in the South of England of late years in the field, is enough to make one's fingers itch with the desire for the application of a good ash-plant to their persons. To see Smith and Brown and Robinson, fresh from all the glories of their own clubs, where they reign supreme, and are spoiled by those who ought to be their best friends, at the Oval or at Brighton when a catch comes, is a burlesque on the game. You will see them, as we have seen in a sad experience,

when a catch comes in their way, look round anxiously to find how they can best evade the almost certain result of a miss, and take the ball with any amount of swagger on the first bound, to the delight of the gods, who from their Olympian heights shower applause indiscriminately on good and bad cricket. They will stand still, too, while Jupp or some other old stager, probably miles away in the open country, makes a desperate effort to secure a ball which any schoolboy in their position could have caught in his mouth. Why it is that northern colts should be as active as kittens in the field, while youngsters in the southern counties seem mortally in dread of the ball, is a mystery. Yet such is the case; and it is refreshing to find that the authorities are at length awakening to a notion of the importance of good fielding. No youngster should be countenanced for a moment in a county eleven who is not sure of a catch, and can return the ball sharp to the wicket; and the man who would not run for a ball on the off chance of its coming to hand, should be suspended until he learned better manners. But we have digressed, although the excellent fielding of Gloucestershire, and of amateur elevens generally, seemed to point a moral that might well be used to stimulate professional cricketers. Mr. W. G. Grace is not a bad judge, and although in his county team are at least seven who are fully entitled to places in the best eleven of the South, the need of recruiting Gloucestershire with an occasional draft of new talent is evident, as the last week has seen two Colts' matches at Cirencester and Durham Downs respectively, to wit, the county eleven against a twenty-two representing each of the divisions of Gloucestershire. Nottinghamshire, Yorkshire, Sussex, and Surrey, as last year, are the counties which will have the ill-fortune to try conclusions with the western eleven; and as usual, the out-matches with Surrey and Sussex will open the season, the first appearance being fixed for June the 7th at the Oval. The outcome of Gloucestershire's successes in 1876 is a challenge to play England, and on the 26th of July the county will attempt the hazardous experiment of playing England single-handed. At the Oval much depends on the constitution of the team that will represent England on the one hand, and on the other a great part of the chances of Gloucestershire will rest on Mr. W. G. Grace; but under any circumstances, the match will excite exceptional interest, and should certainly be regarded as *the* contest of the year. For ourselves, we should like to see the English team chiefly composed of amateurs who will hit Mr. W. G. Grace's sweet half volleys as they should be hit, instead of being terrified out of their lives, as some of the professionals seem to be, to let out at a ball that a batsman like Mr. Hornby would crack for six. Of the match at Lord's on July 16th, in which Gloucestershire and Yorkshire have to play England, there is not so much to be said. The bowling of the northerners will unquestionably strengthen the side, but such alliances have been found to excite no great amount of enthusiasm; and in this case there will be no special inducement or object to gain.

Nottinghamshire, as usual, opened its season with its annual Colts' Match on Easter Monday and Tuesday on the Trent Bridge Ground at Nottingham. Rain had fallen heavily, unfortunately, and the ground was dead, so that the cricket was not quite so good as it might have been. Alfred Shaw's bowling was not wanted, for the scoring was low on each side, the twenty-two scoring 59 and the eleven only 49. Challand, a hitter, and Bowlzer were the only youngsters with double figures, but they made a better show in the second innings, and the game was drawn with sixteen of their wickets down for 156 runs. The sensational feature of the match was a lively score by S. Hind, Jun., and as he made 82 out of 112 runs while in for his second innings, his hitting must have been pretty good. His style has been compared to that of Pooley, and he seems to have punished Morley considerably, as the Surrey wicket-keeper has often done. Without a direct chance, it must be classed as a meritorious performance, and, as he is a very fair fast 'round-arm bowler, Daft is not likely to let him go long without another trial. Flowers, a medium-pace bowler, got five wickets for the Colts for 8 runs, and it is worthy of remark in favour of the bowling of the Colts that seven of the eleven were clean bowled. The ground, though, must have been all in favour of the ball, or Reynolds, who seems to be taken up now and rejected again by the Committee of Notts in a surprising manner, not by any means a deadly bowler, could hardly have obtained seven wickets as he did in the first innings of the Colts in 19 overs for 3 runs. Nottinghamshire, for reasons best known to itself, seems inclined to snub its neighbour of Derby, and this year Derbyshire is displaced by Kent. Otherwise the fixtures are the same as usual, and include matches, as last season, with Surrey, Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Middlesex.

Yorkshire shows little difference in its programme to those of former years, though we are very pleased to find that the Committee have arranged home and home matches with their plucky and struggling neighbours in Derbyshire. Nottinghamshire, Surrey, Middlesex, Lancashire, and Derbyshire are the five opponents of Yorkshire, and the Yorkshiremen—who have no lack of promising colts to bring on, as witness the hollow victory achieved by the young players of Yorkshire over the young players of Notts at Nottingham last year—are sure to render a good account of themselves. This match, by-the-way, is to be played at Sheffield on Whit-Monday next, and those who are acquainted with the sporting proclivities of the Sheffielders will know that there will be no lack of interest in the performances of the colts of each county. The absence of Hill, Emmett, Ulyett, Greenwood, and Armitage, who are with Lillywhite's Australian team, will weaken the county, at least in the opening match, played under Lord Londesborough's auspices, against Middlesex, on June 4, 5, and 6, at Lord's, and we shall be curious to see how the places of the five absentees will be filled. E. Blamires of Bradford, a left-handed medium-pace bowler, now engaged at the Oval, who showed well for the Colts against the

Veterans of Yorkshire at Scarborough last autumn, and is said to be a good player, has been already secured for the match. Lister, who is a really good wicket-keeper, and a very fair bat, might also be tried, and also Blackburn, who took so many wickets for the Colts at Lord's last year.

Lancashire, a county almost altogether dependent on its amateurs, again confines its fixtures to Derbyshire, Notts, Yorkshire, Sussex, and Kent, and were the out-matches in the two last counties only to be played with a fairly representative team, Lancashire would have prospects second to none for the season. Indeed with Messrs. Hornby, Rowley, Chadwick, Porter, D. Q. Steel, Patterson, A. G. Steel of Marlborough, and Barlow, to bat, and William McIntyre, Watson and Mr. Appleby to bowl, Lancashire can boast an eleven that would give even Gloucestershire some considerable trouble, and it would be against Middlesex or Lancashire that we should least fancy the chances of Mr. Grace's eleven.

Last year, on the whole, Derbyshire was far from as successful as its early appearances led many to expect. A fine innings by A. Hind against the bowling of Alfred Shaw and Morley caused many to think that another Oscroft had been brought to light, but this was his only score of note, and Mr. R. P. Smith, who played as good cricket last May at Lord's for All-England *v.* United South as was shown during the season, was of little use to the county, only once making a good score. The eleven still wants to be better armed at all points. The fielding last year was none of the best; with the exception of Mr. R. P. Smith, there is not a first-class batsman, and in bowling, Mycroft, who is hardly likely to be as deadly again as he was last year; Hickton and Platts are not sufficient of themselves to make a county team. Tye, who played for Derbyshire a few years ago and was discarded, last year proved a valuable acquisition to Nottinghamshire, who took him up; but we are rather inclined to agree with the estimate formed of his bowling in Derbyshire, and we shall not be surprised to find that he fails to rise above mediocrity in this department, though he is a sure field, and will be useful as a batsman of a rough order. Generally there seems little reason to anticipate any decadence in the Northern Counties. Nottinghamshire at times shows incipient signs of weakness, and the colts of late years have not furnished any wonderful youngsters, Arthur Shrewsbury excepted, and perhaps S. Hind, Jun., of whom we shall wait to see more before expressing a decided opinion. Yorkshire seems to have a good supply of new material, although the eleven of last year could hardly be changed to advantage, and Lancashire and Derbyshire show at present no sign of any great improvement. Remembering the extraordinary succession of professional cricketers in Kent, Surrey, and Sussex in the brave days of old, it seems astonishing, the evident scarcity of anything like promising talent in the Southern Counties. Indeed the meeting that used to be productive of the highest scoring of the year has been necessarily abandoned on account of the ridiculous inequality of the two sides. The match between Gentlemen and Players of the South at the

Oval was historical, but of late professional cricket in the South has languished almost to the verge of total decay, and at the present time, leaving the Graces out of the question, there are at least two elevens of amateurs who could beat the best professional team in the South. Middlesex is, as it always has been, a county almost exclusively amateur, and most of the successes of last year in Kent, Surrey, and Sussex were gained by amateurs. Whether Kent is pursuing a judicious policy in apparently checking its young professionals remains to be seen. There may be more youngsters of promise in the South than come to the surface, but it is hardly probable, and we should like to see a system of rewards offered for likely professionals, or some more complete machinery for working the rough material in the different counties than is at present to be found. Sussex has of late been provokingly uncertain, and the Committee have wisely enough been moderate in their aspirations, confining their programme to home and home matches with Surrey, Kent, Lancashire, and Gloucestershire, without venturing to such ambitious flights as Yorkshire and Notts. Charlwood has been making long scores in Australia, and against the bowling Sussex will have to meet, his hitting is sure to be successful. There is, otherwise, a gloomy outlook for the county, as it is stated authoritatively that Messrs. Cotterill and Greenfield will only be available to a small extent, and Mr. Arthur Smith, a left-hand bowler, with plenty of head work, who last year got 27 wickets for 348 runs, has met with a severe accident to his foot which will render his chances of playing very doubtful. We have not seen a colt in Sussex of late years worth his salt, and as Lillywhite and Charlwood will hardly have returned from Australia by the 11th of June, the opening match with Gloucestershire does not promise a brilliant commencement.

Kent and Surrey seem to be fully alive to the necessity of whipping up all their available forces. Two colts' matches will be played in the third week of May, at Canterbury and Maidstone, with a view to develop Kentish cricket; and Lord Harris should not lose sight of the evident need of a stronger backbone of the professional element. Kent, this year, ventures to measure its strength with Nottinghamshire again; and in all, there are six home and home matches to be played against Notts, Lancashire, Derbyshire, Surrey, Sussex, and Hampshire in addition to the Canterbury week—a lengthy programme for an eleven so much dependent on amateurs. There was a rumour that Lord Harris would be compelled to cede the active management of Kentish cricket into other hands, but we are glad to find that this decision has been at least deferred, if not altogether abandoned. Surrey during the winter months has been using strenuous endeavours to secure the more hearty co-operation of its leading amateurs; and, to judge from reports, with complete success. It is not exaggeration to state, that the welfare of county cricket is in some measure identified with the prosperity of Surrey, and the restoration of the county would produce a general jubilee. Money is not wanting, and, with one of the best

grounds in the world, the thorough union of all sections of Surrey cricketers would soon work a wonderful change. It is a healthy sign that Messrs. Strachan, Game, Lucas, Bridges and others are actively identifying themselves with Surrey cricket; and under their auspices, and with the permission of the Rev. Canon Bridges—whose private ground at Beddington Park, within a few minutes of Hackbridge station, is one of the most delightful spots in the country—a series of matches will be arranged there on behalf of the Gentlemen of Surrey. Gloucestershire, Nottinghamshire, Yorkshire, Sussex, Kent, Middlesex, and Cambridge University will provide the fourteen engagements of the county in 1877, and the additional matches at the Oval will be those between Gentlemen of South and Players of North in May, North and South and Gentlemen and Players at the end of June, and Gloucestershire *v.* England, which bids fair to be the most attractive event of the season, in the latter part of July. Middlesex, whose eleven were never perhaps quite at home at Prince's, where cricket is subordinate to other amusements of greater attraction, have sought the fresh woods of St. John, and, under the better organisation of, and with the financial advantages offered by, the Marylebone Club, the change should not be for the worse. It is said, authoritatively, that Mr. I. D. Walker does not intend to participate so frequently in first-class matches, but this will not affect his county cricket, and under his charge, and with all the batting at his command, Middlesex should make a fair show against its four opponents—Yorkshire, Notts, Surrey, and Oxford University. We understand that Mr. C. J. Ottaway intends to retire altogether from important matches, and his absence will be a serious blow to the county, remembering his wonderful defence last year against Surrey and Nottinghamshire. Hampshire is unfortunate in making its engagements, as Derbyshire and Kent are the only counties that will accept its challenge. Last year Hampshire showed excellent cricket, mainly through the exertions of Messrs. Ridley, Booth, and Duncan—the last of whom is one of the most promising amateurs we have seen for some time—but not one of the six professionals who played at different times was up to best county form; and Messrs. Booth and Ridley will have to work hard to place Hampshire cricket on a really solid basis. Of the minor counties, Hertfordshire and Essex are both making efforts to force their way to the front; and in the North, Northamptonshire, Staffordshire, Warwickshire, and Leicestershire are still on the move, more than can be said of Lincolnshire, Durham, and Northumberland.

The Marylebone Club issues a more imposing programme than it has been able to furnish for many years. The Club itself, assisted in some cases by 'the ground,' has as many as fifty-six engagements to fulfil, and with its other important matches the Committee will have their hands full. There is little novelty, it is true, in the list, and there might be more ingenuity displayed in some of the principal fixtures, to prevent the same monotonous recurrence of North and South or various adaptations of the same old contest. Gloucestershire and Yorkshire against England is not a startling

creation of the brain, and there might have been a better idea than a repetition of history in the shape of Kent, with two men given as a substitute for Kent and Gloucestershire against England, wherewith to open the Canterbury week. Thursday, May the 3rd, is fixed for the first match of the season against Hampshire, and the day preceding for the annual general meeting of the club. Before these lines have been read, in all probability, Mr. Henry Perkins will have been appointed permanently to the secretaryship of the club, vacated by Mr. R. A. Fitzgerald owing to ill-health. It can hardly be expected that the new secretary will as thoroughly fill the office as did his predecessor, the man of all men, despite certain little eccentricities, for the post, but at least he will not disgrace it, and the Marylebone Club will hardly be a sufferer. This article has extended to greater length than was intended, so that we must be brief in touching on the Universities and Public Schools. Cambridge, according to present appearances, will have quite as strong a batting eleven as last year, while it will only lose one bowler in F. J. Greenfield. W. Blacker, V. K. Shaw, S. C. Newton, and F. J. Greenfield are the four whose places will have to be filled, while W. S. Patterson (Capt.), A. P. Lucas, Hon. E. Lyttelton, D. P. Steel, Hon. A. Lyttelton, will form a strong nucleus of batsmen. H. T. Allsopp and H. T. Luddington will also be available, and Cambridge appears to have some promising freshmen, notably L. Bury and C. W. Foley of Eton, L. K. Jarvis of Harrow, T. Moore of Cheltenham, and P. H. Morton of Rossall. Oxford loses W. H. Game, D. Campbell, T. S. Dury, R. Briggs, V. Royle, and C. P. Lewis, so that there only remain A. J. Webbe (Capt.), F. M. Buckland, A. H. Heath, H. G. Tylecote, and A. W. Pearson; not a very strong list to work upon. Mr. H. R. Webbe, the Winchester Captain of 1875, is sure of a place in the eleven by reason of his excellent form for Middlesex and a very fine innings at Canterbury last August; but the freshmen do not show any great strength, although E. T. Hirst, the Rugby Captain of 1876, should be the best, and H. Fowler of Clifton, and F. G. G. Jellicoe of Haileybury, may be of use—the latter a left-handed bowler who got sixty-three wickets for his school last year, of whom report speaks highly. At Eton, H. Whitfeld is Captain; at Harrow, H. E. Meek; at Winchester, A. H. Rooper; at Rugby, F. Elmer Speed; at Marlborough, A. G. Steel; at Cheltenham, M. T. E. Morris; at Clifton, A. H. Evans; at Charterhouse, H. H. Dobbie; at Uppingham, J. B. Maul; at Repton, A. F. J. Ford.

We have refrained purposely from commenting on the subject of the testimonial to Mr. W. G. Grace, which has already been opened by the Gloucestershire County Club, and is said to be warmly supported by the Marylebone Club. The whole principle of testimonials has been grossly overdone, no doubt; but if any person is to be the recipient of one associated with cricket, surely Mr. W. G. Grace should be the man. If, though, the thing is worthy of doing at all, by all means let it be done thoroughly, graciously, and at the proper time.

'OUR VAN.'

: THE INVOICE.—April Amusements.

LIKE the shifting slides of a kaleidoscope appear our early April recollections. Come across us visions of rose-coloured dominos and neat ankles, of the summer haunts of Miss Blanche Vavasour and her attendant nymphs; of a shapely figure tripping on an infinitesimal wire, of a Gatling gun—or was it a Krupp?—discharging an endless stream of angels in scarlet fleshings; of a charming old couple playing chess in the snugness of snug rooms, one of whom, a lady with silver hair, created in us a strong disposition to cry; of a railway smash, in which John Billington figured in the uncongenial rôle of a villain of the deepest dye; of a supper, or suppers, we are not sure which, following upon some or all (again we are not sure) of these distractions; of being disposed to quarrel (time 3 A.M.) with a valued friend over the merits or demerits of 'London Assurance'; of partaking of scalding coffee at a stall somewhere near the Edgeware Road one hour later, and thinking it remarkably nice; of more rose-coloured dominos and scarlet fleshings, terminating in general confusion and a slight headache.

So, Lenten discipline over, our Easter joys take a very theatrical form evidently. It is not all joy, however, and the morning's reflections on some of the things we have seen and heard do not bear out the over-night impressions. The dominos, for instance, are not quite so rosy at breakfast-time as they were twelve hours previously, and we fancy we met them years ago at the *bals d'Opéra*. The Palais Royal rosiness is a very compound mixture, into the ingredients of which it does not do to pry too closely, and Mr. Albery in his adaptation of 'Les Dominos Roses,' at the Criterion, has evidently been much hampered by a decorous desire to separate the dirt from whatever there may be of cleanliness in the piece, and to present to the Miss Podsnap of the period, if haply she goes to the Criterion, nothing that shall raise a blush on the cheeks of that young person. In this he has hardly been successful. Fast wives, *roué* husbands, and improper old men are rather difficult cattle to drill into decorum, and when in addition a Cremorne atmosphere is laid over the play, we are rather lost in astonishment at the author of 'The Two Roses' venturing on such ground. But plays must be written for companies, and as it appears the exigencies of the Criterion require this sort of dramatic literature, why, it may as well be written skilfully as the reverse. Mr. Albery has given us an amusing adaptation, of that there can be no doubt. The audience laugh at the equivoques that occur when the wives seek in the chaste shades of Cremorne for their truant husbands—they laugh at the happy audacity of the latter, and the happy indifference of the former, and the insight into the mysteries of those Chelsea bowers of bliss is evidently keenly appreciated. A by-plot, in which figures an aged Lothario of the Lord Methuselah type, is also much enjoyed, and if Miss Podsnap, when she left the theatre, had not gained some experience, we fear her case is hopeless. The actors and actresses seemed quite at home in their parts, and dissolute husbands, wives of doubtful virtue, and *femmes de chambre* with no virtue at all, had every justice done them at the hands of the artists engaged. Mr. Charles Wyndham as one rakish husband, his sole employment in life to deceive his wife and intrigue with every woman he meets, was most admirable, the pleasing character being depicted by him as if it was the best joke in the world. Rakish husband number two was not, with the best intentions, such a success, but Mr. Ashley as the improper old man received

tumultuous applause. The actor must have studied the creature's habits, prowling as it does at the thievish corners of West-end streets, so excellent was the delineation. A scene in which the old impropriety thinks he has got a young girl to sup with him, but finds himself sold, is highly diverting, at least so thought the audience, and Miss Podanap was in convulsions of laughter. We never had the pleasure of seeing, at least as far as we can remember, Mdlle. Camille Clermont before, but in Miss Bromley's absence, through illness, she proved herself fully capable of giving us a truthful picture of a *femme de chambre* unfettered by scruples or prejudices of any kind. It may be remarked that of the two virtuous women in the piece, one is a fool, and the other outrageously ugly and vulgar; that all the improprieties are very nice charming people whom one would like to know, that home and virtue are institutions held up to ridicule, that vice is dressed with flowers, and profligacy tricked out with smiles. It is altogether very nice, and Mr. Albery and Mr. Charles Wyndham must be congratulated on having discovered something that so hits the popular taste.

But there is something else offered to the public at the Prince of Wales's Theatre—a simple, perhaps some people, after Criterion strong meats, would call it too simple a dish—but yet with a very delicate flavour about it, though requiring a palate to discover. Mr. Clement Scott has dished up 'Le Village' of Octave Feuillet, and, with an English parson and his wife in lieu of the notary and his spouse, together with the roving friend, it has become 'The Vicarage,' and Mrs. Bancroft, Mr. Arthur Cecil, and Mr. Kendal are the exponents of the simple story. The vicar and his wife have lived in quiet happiness without being separated for a day for some five-and-twenty or thirty years. They have their pleasures, though very quiet ones. Nothing can be prettier than the picture on which the curtain rises—the vicarage dining-room, the well-spread tea-table, the cozy fire, the husband and wife at chess. A charming old lady is the latter; you can see she has been *belle*, and is *très aimable*, that she dearly loves her husband, and that their little world is bounded by the four walls of their home. Into this quiet retreat comes an old college friend and former lover of Mrs. Haygarth's, bringing with him the bustle, uproar and excitement of the outer world. Redolent of adventure, full of the sights and beauties of foreign travel, he inoculates the vicar with a desire to see the wonders of that world which since his college days have been hid from his eyes. We feel from the first that the worthy vicar is but a weak vessel, and are inclined to be angry with him when this result is brought about by a little talk, a few glasses of brown sherry and a cigar. Our sympathies are immediately with the charming old lady in her pretty cap and still neat figure who has just left the room. In vulgar parlance, we know that she is the better horse, and that the vicar's rash scheme of spending an Easter in Rome will be blown to the winds. Not by violence, however. There are stronger weapons in a woman's armoury. When the news that her husband intends starting the next morning for Italy is broken to her by the intruder—the vicar shrinking from the task himself—her grief is heavy, and there is a natural anger stirred in her heart against the man who has helped to inflict the blow. We are aware that here is the point in the piece that some—perhaps we ought to say, many people—fail to appreciate. 'Is it not a little overdrawn?' has been a question often asked in the Prince of Wales's Theatre, no doubt. 'Is not Mrs. Haygarth's grief excessive when we regard the cause? Her husband was going away for a three weeks' or month's tour, that was all—why then these tears, and why these indignant reproaches?' We might answer to these queries, that the man and

wife, dwelling in an English Arcadia, had lived and loved together for the years of their married life, the thought of separation had never once entered their minds, and their existence, placid, perhaps stagnant, was yet pre-eminently a happy one, with thoughts and feelings, tastes, pursuits in common. This long mutual happiness is to be interrupted, and the sensitive heart of the woman is the one to feel the disruption. As the world is constituted this is no doubt a far-fetched and almost incomprehensible idea; but still, given all the circumstances we have described, and we can well imagine it. Granted there is a trifle too much of the tragical in the emotion the wife displays, that she pitches her woes in too lofty a key, and that, where other women would have pouted a little, or perhaps stormed, she is broken-hearted—still, we repeat, we can imagine and sympathise with her feelings. That they may be caviare to the general world is more than probable; but even these cold sceptics must admire the beauty of the delineation. Mrs. Bancroft gives the emotional side of the character in her happiest style, and Mr. Arthur Cecil is an English country vicar to the life.

'London Assurance' certainly boasts a vitality that we should think must sometimes astonish even its author. There is no doubt about its being a bad play—at least we never heard any one venture to say it was a good one—and yet may Mr. Boucicault triumphantly point to the possession it keeps of the stage. Its last revival at the St. James's was hardly a happy one, the latest, at Mrs. Bancroft's theatre, hardly a thorough success. There are some of the interpretations most excellent; and we would put the Pert of Mrs. Bancroft, the Sir Harcourt of Mr. Arthur Cecil, and the Cool of Mr. Sugden as perfect. The sketch of the vain old beau is one of Mr. Cecil's happiest efforts, and the imperturbability of Mr. Sugden as Cool—the well-bred gravity of the valet who catches, as we know servants do, the tone of the people they serve—is wonderfully well given. Mr. Sugden makes a finished picture of a small part. Mr. Bancroft seemed hardly at home as Dazzle; and Mrs. Kendal, though of course she was—as Mrs. Kendal always is—charming, evidently felt she was not quite fitted to Lady Gay. Neither did Mr. George Honey fit into Meddle at all well, and we thought with regret of Mr. Compton. The wisdom of the revival has been doubted, but the house fills.

Everybody ought to go and see the graceful Zazel at the Aquarium (where, by-the-way, some real Hindoo jugglers are coming), and we believe everybody nearly has done: at least, on the two occasions we were there we could scarcely move for the crowd. The firing from the cannon is comparatively a small matter, but the daring feats that the young lady performs on the trapèze, and a cord of thin wire, must be seen to be appreciated. Her nerve is equal to her grace, and Mr. Wybrow Robertson must be congratulated on the latest acquisition to the many attractions he offers to the public. Then M. Rivière gives promenade concerts, Bertram and Roberts continue their excellent dinners, and it is little wonder that the shares in the W. R. A. are looking up.

Morning performances flourish as a rule now-a-days, and Mr. J. L. Toole's appearance at the Gaiety, in the 'Serious Family,' a Saturday or two ago, was an opportunity not to be lost. The popularity of the comedy has hitherto been associated with an actor not less known to fame, in the person of Mr. Buckstone, whose Aminadab Sleek was a never-failing source of amusement. The whole cast on the occasion referred to was an excellent one, but the exquisite humour of Mr. Toole alone was sufficient to bring down the house. For abundance of genuine drollery, commend us to the Gaiety, where 'Artful Cards' and 'Babes in the Wood,' with the assistance of Toole, furnish a

programme of delightful absurdity. After Whitsuntide Mr. Toole will disappear from the London horizon for a time, being engaged on a starring expedition in the provinces, and his many admirers should therefore hasten to greet him before the curtain falls.

The authorities of the South Kensington Museum and its offspring, Bethnal Green, have done the State good service in bringing out a work called 'Animal Products,' furnishing as it does reliable information under various heads which will be of great public utility. The value of the book in question will, no doubt, be fully recognised by those who take an interest in all matters connected with what is called economic zoology.

Our racing budget opens with Northampton, that place so rich in so-called racing traditions, where one meets everybody who is a racing body, and a great many who do not aspire to that calling, but still much affect Northamptonshire, that fine old county in which, and on and around whose borders, are so many 'stately homes of lord and lady,' generally well filled at this time. It is surprising, or rather perhaps it is not surprising, how Northampton has renewed its strength since the Messrs. Frail have taken it in hand. Liberal added money, a thorough overhauling of the programme, and good administrative powers brought to bear on the business arrangements, have made the meeting, that seemed only two or three years ago to be falling into decay, blossom with fresh life and vigour. The Northampton people are quite aware of this fact, and as they are a peculiarly sporting lot, they naturally take pride in the position the meeting occupies in the sporting world. They like to know that it holds its own, attracting all the big swells, layers as well as backers, and that Spencer Plate, Althorp and Northamptonshire interest as of yore. Mr. Frail, who has been a great invalid during the winter, made his first appearance here this season, and was warmly congratulated by his many friends on being amongst them once more. Resigning to his sons the heavy work of the meeting, he now takes a well-deserved *otium*, confident that everything will run as smoothly as if he himself were directing the eye of the master to every department. Good management and administration are hereditary gifts in the family.

The sport was excellent, good fields, and a good class of horses. What could one want better than the meeting of Thorn and Coomassie in the Cup?—the former giving the mare 10 lbs. Could he do it? was the question repeatedly asked in the paddocks, and the general response was in the negative. When, however, Coomassie was seen to be somewhat on the big side, opinions were shaken, and as Thorn was evidently fitter even than he was at Lincoln, there was a reaction in his favour. Still the mare was undoubtedly favourite, and her owner remarkably confident, but she failed to justify the trust. She was beaten as soon as she came into the straight, and this being the case Thorn's task was an easy one, for good-looking horse as Lollypop has grown, he was out of his distance, and Plaisante and Pilgrim were outclassed. Coomassie could not have been up to the mark or she would not have shut up so soon, and perhaps later on in the season the handsome chestnut may not be able to concede her the weight. The Althorp Park young ones held their usual large *levée* in the paddock, but the quality, though here and there fairly represented, was not quite up to what we have been accustomed to see here. The colt by Pero Gomez, Fair Star, was undoubtedly the best looking, as he was the best mover, but he was backward, a remark that applies to one or two of the others. There had been some talk of Billy McDaniel, a Scottish Chief colt of Lord Falmouth's, but we trust that noble lord has something better in his stable, or else we shall not

see his colours to the fore so often. Mr. C. Rayner was very fond of Lord Clive, a half-brother of Warren Hastings, who looked like galloping, and had done something at home to please his owner, who made no secret of his confidence. We liked Caledonia very much, another Scottish Chief, and Hudibras, own brother to Væ Victis, whom, however, he does not in the least resemble, was a lengthy, powerful-looking colt, who had been galloped at Littleton to Mr. Davis's satisfaction. The money, however, was all on Lord Clive, who however failed to stay home, as likewise did the Fair Star colt, Tom Cannon bringing out Hudibras at the Stand, and winning very easily. The colt is deeply engaged, and as Mr. Davis gave a comparatively small sum for him, he is likely to turn out a useful and remunerative purchase. Still we have a fancy that the Fair Star colt may prove the best of the lot on some future day.

That 'farming' of a race which is such a common phrase when a man wins the same event two years in succession, might without impropriety have been applied to the win of Cœruleus in the Spencer Plate. True, Rosinante belonged to 'tother governor,' as the amiable Mr. Rogue Riderhood would have said; but we have long associated the Messrs. Baltazzi in our mind as a sort of firm, and therefore we will add the victory of Cœruleus to that of Rosinante, and congratulate them on their 'farming.' That Cœruleus was the best handicapped horse in the race there was little doubt, but there was such a hankering after Poursuivant (Tom Cannon's two previous wins on Macadam and Hudibras had, we think, something to do with it) that he supplanted the firm's horse in the betting. The defeat of Coomassie in the Cup was another of those illogical sequences at which racing men are so fond of jumping; and because 'Mr. Acton' was as busy in the ring about Cœruleus as he had been about the mare, therefore said the wisecracks, it will be with the same result. Then Joe Dawson and the followers of the stable were very sweet on Wanderer, and Sir George Chetwynd was fond of Fremantle; Chevron and Slender also were backed, so that at one time as much as 10 to 1 was laid against Mr. A. Baltazzi's horse. He did not get particularly well off, but Archer bided his time and managed to come through at the proper time, making a fine race of it with Wanderer, and winning by a head. Poursuivant could not begin, and therefore we need scarcely say was out of it from the start; and Fremantle, though presenting a bold front at the distance, almost immediately afterwards 'stopped to nothing.' The brothers landed a good stake, we believe, or if they did not they ought to have done. Of course there was the usual backing of fancies for the race, and we believe everything was supported—even Inglewood Ranger. The aged Bank Note was friendless it is true, and so was Forty Winks, but there must be always something out in the cold.

The second day saw the handsome Tribute beat the pony Beauharnais in a canter for the Whittlebury, odds being laid on the pony. Sir Wroth Lethbridge's filly was far from fit, and Blanton, the trainer of both, begged him not to back her. Sir Wroth was not so ill advised, but still it was curious, Blanton's mistake. Tribute is an uncommonly handsome mare, and it may be that she is better than even she appears, from her present form. We sincerely trust this may be the case, for her owner's sake. Preciosa, a daughter of Rosicrucian and Dark Blue, won the Auction Stakes, and then came a better field than was expected for the Northamptonshire Stakes, for which Scamp had been in such great demand, until it was rumoured abroad that Tom Jennings had got a flyer in Queen of Cyprus, an unpromising-looking treasure as far as looks went, and in whom many people, when she was seen in the

paddock, refused to believe. However, she had done something that fairly astonished Tom, and as she had no other engagement, or none of importance, why, it was clearly a case of now or never. So money enough was put down to bring her to 4 to 1, and her jockey being ordered to come away with her, the most wonderful race ever seen for the Northamptonshire resulted in her cantering in alone. Nothing had a chance with her, and she came into the straight with her field as hopelessly out of it as if they had all been in their respective stables. It was a wonderful race, and to speculate on what was or might have been second best is useless. There was literally only one in it, and Tom Jennings' face, as she came up from the distance, was a combination of mingled feelings. The mare had won, it was true, a good stake for her owner, but then what might she not have won besides? The late lamented Mr. Greville, Lord Winchelsea once told us somewhere, always looked melancholy after a race. If he had lost of course that was a sufficient explanation, but then he was always a shade more melancholy if he won. The fact was his depression arose from not having won more. Some feeling of this sort seemed to be passing through the mind of the excellent Tom on this occasion. Visions, perhaps, of Ascot or Goodwood Stakes, even of a Cesarewitch, might have flashed before his eyes—visions of 50 to 1, or some modest price of that sort, about the hid treasure—now a treasure no longer. She is in none of the remaining Spring Handicaps either, and that is another grievance, for her penalty for winning the Northamptonshire would hardly have stopped her. Such is racing, even to our astutest.

The other events call for no particular remark, and two days of the best racing that has been seen at Northampton for a long time came to a close amidst general satisfaction, even to the losers. It is always pleasant to see a race meeting of renown holding its own among the press of gatherings with which the Calendar abounds. Northampton has traditions, and it is fortunate that their revival and preservation have been the task of the Messrs. Frail.

We journeyed on to Warwick, but oh, what a fall was here, my countrymen! Mr. Merry had assiduously put his shoulders to the wheel to lift Warwick out of the slough it has lately fallen into, but with limited success. The meeting looked bad on paper and turned out worse in reality. A few staunch supporters of Warwick, the unfailing Mr. George Payne, the always ready Sir George, Lord Westmoreland, Colonel Forester, and two or three more were there, but the ring was sparsely attended and the general public made a poor show. Mr. Merry, too, had unwisely, as we think, kept on his three days, and not followed the judicious example of the Messrs. Topham, and curtailed one of them. Very few horses came, and the sport was really so unimportant as to be scarcely worth a record. We are sorry to have to say this, and trust Mr. Merry will see the wisdom of going with the times and not trying to do too much. He has a very formidable rival in Northampton, but still if he can provide two really good days' racing, and concentrate his forces, Warwick Spring will yet do.

'The land of the west' sounds to our ears somewhat Moorish, not to say revolutionary, identified with 'ninety-eight,' and 'the Curragh of Kildare,' and our pikes in good repair, and a certain 'Lord Edward' being 'there,' incidents that happened, or were supposed to have happened, in an island that we wot of. *Our* land of the west is, however, a very prosaic land, a land of commerce, money getting, and money losing; a land of thorough business, unrelieved by pleasure or excitement of any kind—at least so it appears to us. The land of Bristol, for so far west we have come—where there is a splendid

course, with all appliances and means in addition, such as a Grand Stand, paddock and offices second to none in the kingdom, and yet on which Bristol apparently looks with an apathetic if not an evil eye—this is our land. And a very fair one too, whether we look on it from Clifton Downs or, taking Munchausen glasses, survey it from a certain quiet parsonage situate in a quiet valley, over which the breezes from the Bristol Channel sweep—a valley so quiet that the church-bell alone breaks the stillness—a valley, however that boasts the attraction of old friends, and therefore is a happy valley of which Rasselas was ignorant. A very fair land of the west in one sense, though we must except Bristol streets, and we were going to add Bristol women, only that Mr. Hyde, the courteous and cheery secretary of the Race Company, shows us that we must make exception there. He will understand what we mean. A fair land for racing purposes too, and yet one on which the racing eye is not cast—at least it would seem so—or else why the poor sport and poor attendance on two of the three days? Bristol indeed is said to be 'a far cry,' but it is not that. A little out of the racing lines and grooves perhaps; but very easy of access nevertheless, and only wanting fair acknowledgment at the hands of racing men, and good local support, to make it as perfect a meeting as one can find. Why then on the first day of the meeting, Monday the 9th ult., did we find such a beggarly account of empty boxes, but few horses set down as arrived, and but comparatively few shillings at the turnstiles? Monday is not a popular day to commence a meeting with, no doubt. The attraction must be very great that lures a man from his fire-side on Sunday, or that causes him to forego the settling and the gossip at Tattersall's and the clubs on Monday. Then of course there is that 'plethora' of racing of which we hear so much, but about which no one takes heed. 'Plethora' will be and is the ruin of many meetings, but 'plethora' is a complaint for which there is no cure save its own. Bristol suffered, no doubt, from the counter attractions of Croydon, Cheltenham, &c., and we sincerely hope that Mr. Lawley may next year be able to find a more open week. Still it suffered too from the indifference of racing men, and we wish that could as easily be got over and amended as the change of date. Bristol is so admirably managed, has everything to induce people to come there, that why they do not come puzzles us to explain. We are quite aware that expenses enter very largely into the matter. 'Accommodation for man and horse,' that good old English sign, means something that, at Bristol and Clifton, does not accommodate itself to all purses. There was a dearly bought experience at the latter place last year, an experience that we fancy the sellers repented of on this occasion—but of this by the way.

The sport was poor, and the first day it was unimportant. The revival of flat racing on the Tuesday was a success, and though class was not highly represented, the fields were good. Windfall, a son of Favonius, and a good-looking one to boot, won the Fitzhardinge Two Year Old Plate very easily, beating the much fancied Gamsjager and Talkative. The former is a slow beginner, and we expect would prefer a distance of ground to half a mile. He may be heard of yet. The Ashton Court Welter saw Mr. F. Davis' colours follow up their Northampton success, and Paramatta outstayed Lyceum. Cobnut, the favourite, could not stay at all, and Florry York ran such a jade that her owner gave her away after the race. Catella, a daughter of Thunderer and Camelia, uncommonly quick at the slips, made such an example of her horses in the Trial Stakes that she must be smart, and Sir John Astley gave 210 guineas for her. Old Fashion has lost all her old form evidently, for she could not live with such a moderate lot as came to the

front for the Beaufort Welter, which Stockham won, beating Daventry rather cleverly. The last day (Wednesday) was the big one, and both Stand and course presented a much more business appearance than they had yet done. The principal event, the Royal Steeplechase, though with only five runners, was yet a difficult nut to crack, for four out of the five were certainly in it, and the only one not fancied—as who could fancy him after his running badly on the first day?—was Palm, the winner. The win, however, was a fluke, so that went for nothing. The best trained horse there was Melitta, and rumours of what she could do with Pride of Kildare soon made her favourite. We never saw the mare look better, and Dainty too was evidently fit, though her small feet did not look like going through, what had become since the first day, heavy ground. Antidote, her first appearance over a country, was in great demand (she was first favourite in London), and Lancet was also backed. But for an unfortunate *contretemps* the race, we believe, would have been a real good thing for Melitta. Antidote fell at the first fence, and in rising struck Mr. St. James, who was riding Melitta, and following close behind, on the thigh, it is supposed, with her teeth. Mr. St. James felt acute pain, as if some sharp instrument had gone into his leg, but he rode pluckily on, and, though suffering intensely, never flinched. His strength though failed him, what between pain and loss of blood, and as Melitta is a mare requiring riding he was unable to get her out. She could not have lost, for Dainty fell two fences from home, and Melitta could easily have disposed of Palm. As it was the outsider won very easily, and Mr. St. James just managed to sit his mare into the paddock. After weighing in, a surgeon was sent for, and a wound of some depth discovered in his thigh. Luckily no bones were broken, and though suffering great pain he bore it and his loss with a smiling face, limping out of the room on Lord Fitzhardinge's arm, his last words to us being 'Good-bye, old fellow; never mind, we shall meet at Punchestown.'

Another land of the west, this time the genuine article—the land of fun and fighting, of warm hearts and pretty women, the green isle of Ireland. It is Punchestown time, and there is the usual Saxon invasion of the Dublin hotels, and the usual thronging of the yards of Sewell and Farrell. Not perhaps quite such a large invasion as we have seen, and we miss some conspicuous invaders, but still the capital is full, and men are sleeping at the Shelburne, Morrison's, and the Gresham, in all sorts of apologies for bedrooms. The weather was piercingly cold, and the Wicklow mountains were covered with snow, but the ground on the first day was in capital order notwithstanding the heavy rain of the previous twenty-four hours. The Saxons who crossed on the Sunday night and Monday afternoon had caught it rather hot, for there was a heavy gale and a good deal of sea on, and we heard that on the latter day every one on board was ill, save one fair lady who kept the deck the whole time, and certainly looked none the worse for it the next day at Punchestown. It was a grand meeting bar the weather, grand in sport and attendance, and never had the Stewards' and Ladies' stands held such a gathering of all that was noble and all that was fair, save and except on the memorable occasion of the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The Viceregal cortege, as it drove up to the entrance gate, was imposing in its crimson liveries, and both the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough were very well received, as of course was the Duke of Connaught. Among the guests of their excellencies were Lord and Lady Wilton, Lord and Lady Wharcliffe, and Lord Valentia—Lord Wilton we do not remember seeing at Punchestown before, but probably he has been there, though not of late

years; he must have been struck, we should think, by the alterations and improvements which Lord Drogheda and Mr. Waters have effected. Everything now is as nearly perfect as possible, and the new Conyngham course, used for the first time last year, and which was rather unpopular at first, found not a tongue to wag against it on this occasion. The conditions of the race brought forward from the second day had been altered, and Lord Drogheda had evidently framed them with the greatest forethought and care. The entry the race obtained was a flattering compliment to him, and the large field of twenty runners, or what would have been twenty if Phosphorus had not been found to be lame as he took his canter, was a return to the Conynghams of former days. A good-looking lot, too, though perhaps nothing very first-class, unless the winner, Vengeance, be excepted. We saw him last year at Bogside, and very well he ran in the G.N.H. Steeplechase, and better still on the second day, when he bowled over Boyne Water, with odds of 7 to 4 on the latter. He had been running since then in Ireland, we believe, but not as a winner. Now, however, the money was evidently down, and in fact it was the best thing of the meeting. Vengeance won with—well, a few pounds in hand, and we must perforce believe that the others were very moderate. Some talk there was about The Inny, on whom Lord Marcus had the mount, *vice* Mr. St. James, disabled by the unfortunate Bristol accident; and Parvenu and Lord Waterford were also backed; but we saw all the clever people taking 4 to 1 (when they could get it) about Captain Bates's horse, who had the advantage of Mr. T. Beasley's services. The prices offered by Irish bookmakers are certainly not liberal. We believe the excuse they offer is that business is bad, and was never worse than on this occasion. There had been, previous to the race for the Conyngham Cup, a very good Grand Military, also with altered conditions, and the field an excellent one in consequence, ten runners being a great contrast to the three of last year. The 3rd Dragoon Guards had six subscribers out of the fourteen, and four of them came to the post; Captain Bates ran two, and the Inniskillings, the 7th Dragoon Guards, the 8th Hussars, and the Royal Horse Artillery made up the remainder. The four-year-olds were strongly represented, but still, as the race was over the new course, it was thought to be just a little too big for the young ones, and a five-year-old hunter, The Skipper, was made the favourite. However, two of our most promising amateurs, Mr. Lee Barber and Mr. W. B. Morris, were first and second on two of the young ones, and the winner, Jupiter Tonans, a son of Thunderbolt, admirably ridden by his owner, never made a mistake over this severe course. This is the more remarkable, as he has only been at the cross-country business this year, and we believe his trainer, Captain Joy, did not consider him quite as fit as he might be made. Mr. Barber rode him very judiciously, taking a pull at him on entering the new course, and bringing him to the front at the proper moment, and defeating Kilcarden by a length. The Skipper was third, and as he was giving 24 lbs. to the winner, this must be considered a very fair performance.

The second day was simply, as far as weather went, abominable, and of course the attendance was diminished and the show in the Ladies' Stand stripped of much of its bravery. Still we enjoyed ourselves; lunched copiously, and made fun of the mud and the hailstorms. We, however, do not mind confessing that, much as we love Punchestown, we thought as we drove to Sallins what a blessing it was that there were not three days of it. A repetition of that Wednesday would have about 'settled' the Van-driver. Lord Drogheda is fond of alterations and additions, but we fervently hope

his bent will never take this particular direction. The sport was again excellent, though a horse like Rossanmore winning the big race, the Prince of Wales's Plate, again makes the form very moderate. What a loss to Mr. Chaine was The Speaker!—and what would he have given Rossanmore? The latter had run so badly at the Ward Meeting that no one except his owner fancied him, and yet he came at last from goodness knows where, and beat Sweet Meadow and Rock Savage very easily. Toole waited with him most patiently, and we suppose his staying powers got him home, but it certainly does not say much for those behind him. There was an exciting race for the Downshire Plate between Grey Plover and Appleton, the two singling themselves out two fences from home, and fighting out a game struggle, of which the winner, Grey Plover, had always a little the best. It was altogether a wonderfully good Punchestown, one of the best we have seen for some time; and writing at our desk, we feel we can forgive the weather. But it was a trial while it lasted.

Mr. Tailby has now closed his theatre for the season, promising to re-open again early next November with a new company; the horses will be sold at Leicester on the 5th of May, when there will be a rare chance for any one fond of a made hunter, as the past season has been a very hard one, the country being so well stocked with foxes that he has been able to do three days a week throughout the season. Every one is sorry to lose Christian, who is a most obliging servant, and has turned out his hounds in first-rate condition, and as he is very steady on the line, he will make a good huntsman with fresh hounds who have not known him so long as whipper-in. Dick Summers, who is engaged for next season, will have a capital chance of learning his country during the cubbing; and if some of the amateur huntsmen will only take a hint, and not interfere with him at every check, no doubt the sport will improve. A huntsman's energies are fully engaged when making a cast; and if, in addition, he is called upon to discuss the notions of a dozen aspirants to fame, his task is only rendered more difficult. A visible change for the better is already apparent since Mr. Tailby took charge of the field, and this will increase as they become more used to his friendly rate when they run riot. The past season has not been a success; and we think yet Mr. Tailby will find that he requires a good first-whip, in addition to the present staff. His country is filled with his personal friends, who will always supply the needful to have things well done; and with such a flying lot of pursuers, an extra hand to get hounds out of cover, or quickly turned at a check, is almost a necessity, and a bold dashing rider, who can negotiate an oxer, get to the head of the pack and turn them, would often make a run which is otherwise lost. Colonel Gosling has now got the 'wire' fund into good working order; and Mr. Douglas has succeeded in satisfying all claims on the poultry account, the covers being ably managed by Mr. Braithwaite, so that matters look promising, and if old Father Time acts kindly, the opening scene will comprise the following audience. On the Thursday side, Mr. Tailby, who we need only say goes as well as ever, and his immediate neighbours, Mr. Flowers and the Hon. A. Pennington—the latter, after his thorough washing in the Stonton brook last month, being expected to appear in renewed vigour; Sir Bache Cunard, with Messrs. Baillie, Cochrane, Braithwaite, Farmer, Featherstonhaugh, Brigge, and Hardcastle. From Harborough and its environs: Colonel Arthur, Messrs. Gosling (4), Davison, Gebhardt, Major Clifton Kennard, Hay, Laing, Douglas, Whites (2), Hungerford, and Gatty; and from the Monday country, Sir Henry Halford, Messrs. Whitmore, Wingfield (father and son), Stainton,

Holford, Bennett, Mills, Baker, and Colonel Fellowes. The front seats will, we hope, be again taken by the ladies, who form an important quota to the brilliant scene—it is said that some of those whose better halves accompany them would not ride quite so straight, if not in fear of the curtain-lecture in allowing a fair rival to hold the pride of place; but be this as it may, we could name a dozen who would hold their own in any country, and ride forward in a quick thing without the tumbling about we hear too much of in the neighbouring shires.

On Easter Tuesday Lord Galway's hounds met at Stainton village, near to Lord Scarborough's residence, Sandbeck (the Grove hounds being originally the Sandbeck, or Lord Scarborough's hounds). Lord Fitzwilliam's hounds met at Loversall, three miles from Stainton, and the odds were they would join with Lord Galway's during the day. Lord Galway drew Stainton Wood, and ran a fox to Edlington Wood (a big one) in Lord Fitzwilliam's hunt. As it is very extensive, and foxes are difficult to drive through it, there was a good deal of coffee-housing, and only some four or five got away with the hounds at the end of the wood, where he broke a breast-high scent, and hounds raced their fox to Conisborough Cliffs, his lordship leading, most of the hard riders being left in the wood, and when this point was reached there was an end to the merry spin, the high cliffs, a railway and a canal being obstacles not to be trifled with. The Viscount was then in the Fitzwilliam country, and a trot back to Maltby Wood was the order of the day. On the way Jack Morgan stopped short, held up his hand, and exclaimed, 'My lord, here he is, or my old eyes deceive me;' and sure enough there he was, a fox running down a lane in the immediate direction of the hounds. A holloa turned him, they got a view, raced him over about three fields, and killed him in a spinny. They were breaking him up, when one of the oldest members of the hunt, and on a white horse, a fine specimen of an old English gentleman, said, 'Viscount, don't you call 'this appropriation?' The words were scarcely out of his mouth when Lord Fitzwilliam's hounds ran into the field behind, and were stopped, seeing The Grove were depriving them of their deserts. A good deal of chaff followed, and the two packs separated. But the chances are, after all, this was not any case of 'appropriation,' and that Lord Galway killed a fox brought out of his own country by Lord Fitzwilliam's hounds; as they had run a fox out of their own country to Rossington Low Wood, in Lord Galway's country, where there are plenty of foxes, changed there and brought him home to be worried by his native pack. On Thursday, the 12th, a special meet was fixed for twelve o'clock, between Worksop and Retford, at Chequer House, when Lord Scarborough presented a purse of 600*l.* to John Morgan on his retirement from The Grove, where he remains as kennel huntsman, Lord Galway taking the horn next season. His lordship is a brilliant performer across country, and on occasions when he has hunted his hounds has shown great patience.

We hear in regard to the Bedale hounds there have been for several years complaints as to funds and foxes, and that consequently threats to give up the country have been issued by the Master, and a good deal of finesse has been practised to gain both objects. To prevent a recurrence of these contentions the Earl of Zetland, with great liberality, offered to take and hunt that country along with his own five days a week. This splendid offer would, it was supposed, be accepted in the spirit with which it was tendered. Such, however, is not the case, the present advisers preferring to keep the reins in their own hands.

We picked up some hunting notes when we were over at Punchestown that may interest our readers. There was a good run with the United Hunt on March 26th; the meet was Bally Edmond. As soon as hounds were in, an old fox went away at a good pace nearly to Carrigtwohill Rock, by Water Rock, wound round again to Bally Edmond, through Curra Wood into Ballynaclasha to ground, where he was soon got out by means of the spade, and started on his legs again in the open, but failing to gain his old quarters the bitches rolled him over. They next found in Tattons Glen, and he did not wait to be found, but took the hint as soon as he heard the horn, and away to Leamlara, on to Dundillerick; from there to the Boltons, on to Knockeen very fast; he then made back through part of Leamlara, skirted Tattons Glen to Kilgoora, on to Curra Wood, to Ballynaclasha—though he passed those nice coverts he did not care to dwell, but went on as though he meant Young Grove, but turned down again and into Temple-acarriga; on then as if for Buckleys Glen, turned to the left and on to Dundillerick again, and again visited the Boltons and Knockeen, through Mr. Nason's screens, back again to Boltons; some say we changed foxes here, but hounds did not check, but went straight through, and on to Pigeon Hill to ground at 6.30; he was found at two o'clock, so I will leave you to guess the distance. The hounds were running four hours and a half, with very few checks to speak of; only three saw the finish, one of them was Harry Saunders the huntsman. Everybody seemed quite done, and Saunders' first horse was not able to come home that night, and has since died.

The Puckeridge Hunt finished, we fear, a not very brilliant season on the 11th inst. The 2nd April, however, was an exception, and undoubtedly showed one of their best days. The meet was at Allen's Green, and being Easter Monday, the field of course was unusually large, including, in addition to many visitors, Mrs. Arkwright, with other members of the Essex, together with the huntsman and whip of that pack. Of the Hunt proper, so to speak, we noticed, in addition to the popular Master (Mr. Gosling), Mr. Andrew Caldecott, Mr. Henry Caldecott, Mr. Baxendale, Mr. Roffey, Mr. Page, Mr. Death, Mr. David Wyllie, Mr. Alexander Wyllie, Mr. Acres, Mr. Deacon, with his daughters, Misses Florence and Amy; Mr. Buxton, Mr. Taylor, Mr. Sworder, and many others whose names we did not catch. The morning was all that could be desired—too fine for sport, many thought, in which, however, they had reason to change their minds ere the day closed. The coverts adjoining Allen's Green proved blank, and a somewhat long and unsuccessful draw followed; even 'Newgates' failing to produce a fox. 'Lord's' was also drawn blank; but upon the hounds being thrown into 'Pogdens,' a fine old fox immediately broke covert, and running through 'Lord's,' made for Hunsdon Bury; where, however, getting headed, he retraced his steps through 'Lord's'; the hounds being now close upon him, and looking neither to the right or the left, he made straight away, at a rattling pace, across Mr. Legerton's farm, the Hunsdon road, to Stone Basin, and on to Eastwick Church. The fencing along this line was very severe; and foremost amongst the straightgoers we noticed Mr. Alexander Wyllie, and the Miss Deacons—Miss Amy on her new chestnut, in particular, riding in the most determined manner. At Eastwick a momentary check occurred, but hounds again got immediately upon the line, and running well, to a good scent, soon left Gilston Park on the right, and Pole Hole to the left, crossing the High Wych road and running nearly to Pishobury, where our fox got upon the rail for a short distance; leaving the line, he ran along the meadows

under the town of Harlow, making for Mr. Savill's farm and Latton Park, but trying to reach the latter got headed, and turned for Were Hedges. Here the hounds pressing him hard, he took without hesitation the rail and River Stort, passing over the meadows to 'Terlings,' where again being stopped by some holiday folks, he crossed, for the third time the river and rail, and was finally run into near Parndon Hall, in the Essex country, after a run of an hour and twenty minutes. Mrs. Arkwright, who was well up at the finish, and never misses a joke, declared they had killed an Essex fox that was merely trying to find its way home.

We are glad to be able to state that the Duke of Beaufort, after suffering dreadfully from a very bad form of gout for three months, being confined to his bed most of the time, and losing 2 stone in weight, is at last able to leave Badminton for town, and his appearance at 'The Beefsteak' was a very welcome sight. His hounds have had an unusually good season, killing ninety brace and a half of foxes, and even during this last month have had a succession of good runs. The last day of March they drew Silkwood first, and after a ring or two in the wood they slipped away by Oldbury and Didmarton at a great pace to Bull Park, and on to Swan Grove in Badminton Park, where they ran a fox to ground; but without any hesitation the hounds went on with the line of another, and hunting slowly by Luckley Brake to Luckington, Lord Worcester made a bold forward cast to Alderton, and getting on better terms with his fox ran hard through Oldlands (leaving Grittleton to the left), and away to Castle Combe, then back nearly to the Shoulder of Mutton Gate, where he disappeared as foxes often do about this spot. Messrs. J. D. Lloyd, Tip Herbert, Henry Baker, and T. G. Matthews enjoyed themselves amazingly in the fast part of this run.

Wednesday, April 4th, met at Shipton Moyne. Found in Shipton Wood and ran very prettily in a wide circular fashion, and lost in a tremendous storm beyond Tetbury. We then drew quietly on for Hyam, and the weather lifted for a time. We found one of the old sort in Hyam Wood, and in twenty-two minutes we found ourselves in Charlton Park—the hounds having decidedly the best of it (as the floods were out and the country so deep). Lord Worcester then hunted him on by Crudwell to Eastcourt, in the V.W.H. country, and lost him. Those who were nearest the hounds were Colonel Fred Morgan, Captain Palairot, Messrs. Maudslay, Burges, Fernie, H. Sutton, C. Bill, Colonel Kingscote, and Mr. Donovan, who never leaves the road if he can help it, but if he does no one goes straighter, better, or fairer to hounds.

April 5th, our Beaufort Hunt Steeple Chases, at Dauntsey, the course having to be altered, as the brook was flooded. The principal feature of the day's sport was the patient waiting his time of young Mr. Archie Miles on Acrobat for the Duke's Cup. Captain Tip Herbert and Colonel Fred Morgan raced away, and at last came back to Mr. Miles, who never stirred until he was over the last fence. He also won the Blue and Red Coat Race on his own horse, Forester. Mr. M. E. Williams won the two Farmers' Cups on a well-bred-looking hunter, called Khedive. The course was fearfully heavy, but the luncheons were good, and the champagne plentiful. This meeting is most popular amongst all classes. We think the Duke's absence threw more of a gloom over the meeting than even the weather, which was a regular damper, but no one appeared to care one bit.

To return to the hounds. April 6th. They had a good hill day on the Bath side of the country. Finding first in Huntricks, and running a cracker over the open to ground in Dyrham Wood. Then from Charing Down to Hun-

tricks, where the hounds divided, Lord Worcester going with the main body, which ran their fox to ground, but the remaining four couple ran round and about Huntricks, and fox going away over the open. Old Baneful and Needful got well away after him, and ultimately killed him in the road close to Marshfield; an old dog fox. Bob Vincent and some of the field were galloping down the road to stop this couple of hounds, and were much pleased and surprised to see this noble couple of hounds shaking the carcase of the fox like terriers would a rat.

April 11th. A rare good hour and forty minutes. From the Mill Withy Bed, under Alderley, away by Nind Withy Bed, and over the vale towards Charfield, back into the hills, and ultimately got hold of him at the end of West Wood.

April 13th. From Boxwell they ran round by Lasboro', into the open, down through Stonehill Wood to Whitewell, about there, took two rings in the open, then away across the two valleys, leaving Alderley Wood to the left, down to Ozleworth, and back through Alderley Wood, and, after running hard for three hours and forty minutes, rolled him over in the open; a rare old hill fox.

April 14th. From Wortley Hill, above Wooton. They ran at racing pace by Alderley into the Kilcot Hills, round about them, then away into the open by the monument above Chalkley to the top of Horton Hill and to Little Sodbury, to ground; but Lord Worcester, casting into the vale, hit off the line of a fox, and away we went, up round by the Cross Hands, over the stone walls back to Little Sodbury Wood, then over the vale nearly to Chipping Sodbury and round to Dodington, all about Dodington Park, and then a wide sweep right away over the stone walls to Badminton, where Lord Worcester stopped the hounds, for fear of doing mischief, as a vixen was on foot. This was a glorious termination to an unusually good season. It was a treat to see Lord Worcester handle his hounds all through this wonderful run of five hours' duration, and most of it at a good pace.

The Tedworth have been fortunate enough to have enjoyed another real good run, quite equal to any of the past season. Met at Newfoundland on 26th March, and found immediately in Sir Edmund Antrobus' gorse; ran a very fast ring of thirteen minutes, but, a storm coming on, lost near Newfoundland. Trotted off to Stags Gorse; before the hounds were fairly in the covert, a fox went away the opposite side. After running about 300 yards, up jumps another fox, heading for Virgo; our first, to whose line the hounds stuck, bearing to the right, the pack driving along at great pace over the turf, Radical (quite our show hound) leading; on to the arable land, where the scent was colder, but Waterloo and Gaylad soon hit off the line, and away we race through Shrewton Park, by Maddington and Rollstone, across the road and water-meadows, up to Winterbourne Stoke Farm, where there was a momentary check; our trustworthy badger-pie Racer, however, makes a beautiful cast across the avenue, and, throwing his tongue, again puts us right. On we push at great pace, and roll over a real tough customer in the gardens at Berwick in thirty-seven minutes—a seven-mile point. By his line, he was, no doubt, an S. and W. Wilts fox; but I fear, by Jack Fricker's merry chuckle, that he was unkind enough to be pleased at handling the carcase in preference to seeing Eber Long doing so. Lord Algernon St. Maur and his two sons, Sir Edmund Antrobus, Sir Claude de Crespigny, Sir Wm. Humphrey, and some few of Colonel Everett's brigade, saw the best of this excellent run.

We were at Cobham the other day and found all flourishing. The

manager looked fit and well, and delighted with this year's foals. George Frederick has risen to the highest favour, so amply has he repaid the opportunities given him last season; and Carnival has proved himself well worthy to stand in the place of Macaroni. Blair Athol puts in a goodly contingent of twenty, so that 1878 should be a real good sale. Blue Gown, now in the midst of his first trial in England, looks perfect, and makes the third Derby winner in the establishment—a combination rarely to be met with. In his desire to get hold of the right article, Mr. Bell has been most ubiquitous. He has penetrated to all parts, and only the other day made a flying visit to Silesia, to bring back four grand yearling colts. Two of these are by Blue Gown, one by Cambuscan out of Vespasian's dam, and one by Soapstone. Those who care about foreign stock will thus have a chance on June 16th to secure these for themselves. But the home youngsters fully hold their own, for Hermit, Adventurer, Favonius, Scottish Chief, Macaroni, Albert Victor, King of the Forest, Wild Oats, and the great Blair Athol, have all been peculiarly successful. Rosebery's dam has a fine colt. Coimbra, Southern Cross, and Kate Dayrell are well worth attention. Many, too, there are of less pretentious appearance, and among these we noticed a filly by Orest, out of Couleur de Rose; filly by Wild Oats, out of Ortolan; filly by Chattanooga, out of Fricandeau; and a colt by Blair Athol, out of Better Half. This lot of yearlings is the largest by far in numbers, and the best, as a whole, in quality the Company has yet offered at their sales. There has been no disease at Cobham for a long time—thanks, probably, to the excellent sanitary arrangements that have been made, and the institution of a hospital field, with eight boxes quite clear away from the paddocks. The company has secured about double the amount of land they formerly held, and this gives opportunity for frequent salutary changes, numbers of cattle, as well as the horses, being now kept in one part or another of the farm.

We have received an illustrated catalogue of stable fittings, &c., for 1877, from the St. Pancras Ironworks, London. We strongly recommend such of our readers as may contemplate alterations in their stables to send fourteen stamps to the office, and have the catalogue returned them by post. It will well repay them and help their judgment.

As Mr. Gladstone is taking a lively interest in the 'pulpit and pew' question, I can tell the right honourable gentleman where, with ordinary luck, he can hear an *al fresco* sermon. If he goes to Epsom Downs on the Sunday before the Derby, at 3 p.m., he will probably hear a sermon on the steps opposite the judge's box at the winning-post, amidst donkey racing, three shies a penny, shooting for nuts, roundabouts, &c., &c.

Here is a truthful picture. Scene first and last—a small number of ladies and gentlemen, a few clergymen, and others occupy the steps in the little inclosure by the winning-post. A hand harmonium and accordion strike up, and the party sing a hymn uncommonly well. 'Bravo! Encore!' from the audience, which is composed of idlers, trainers, jockeys, gipsies, donkey boys, &c., &c. A lady turns round and nods to the musicians, and they sing again. A parson steps forward and is chaffed, and a piece or two of orange peel is thrown. 'Shame! Shame! leave the man alone.' Parson says a few words and begs to introduce a young friend. Cries of 'You have no friends, go home.' A young man of twenty steps forward, evidently a young mechanic; a handsome fellow, well set up, modest, and with a clear blue eye, and nothing of the Stiggins' school about him. 'My friends, I am a very young man, but old enough to know that St. Paul said, "They which run in

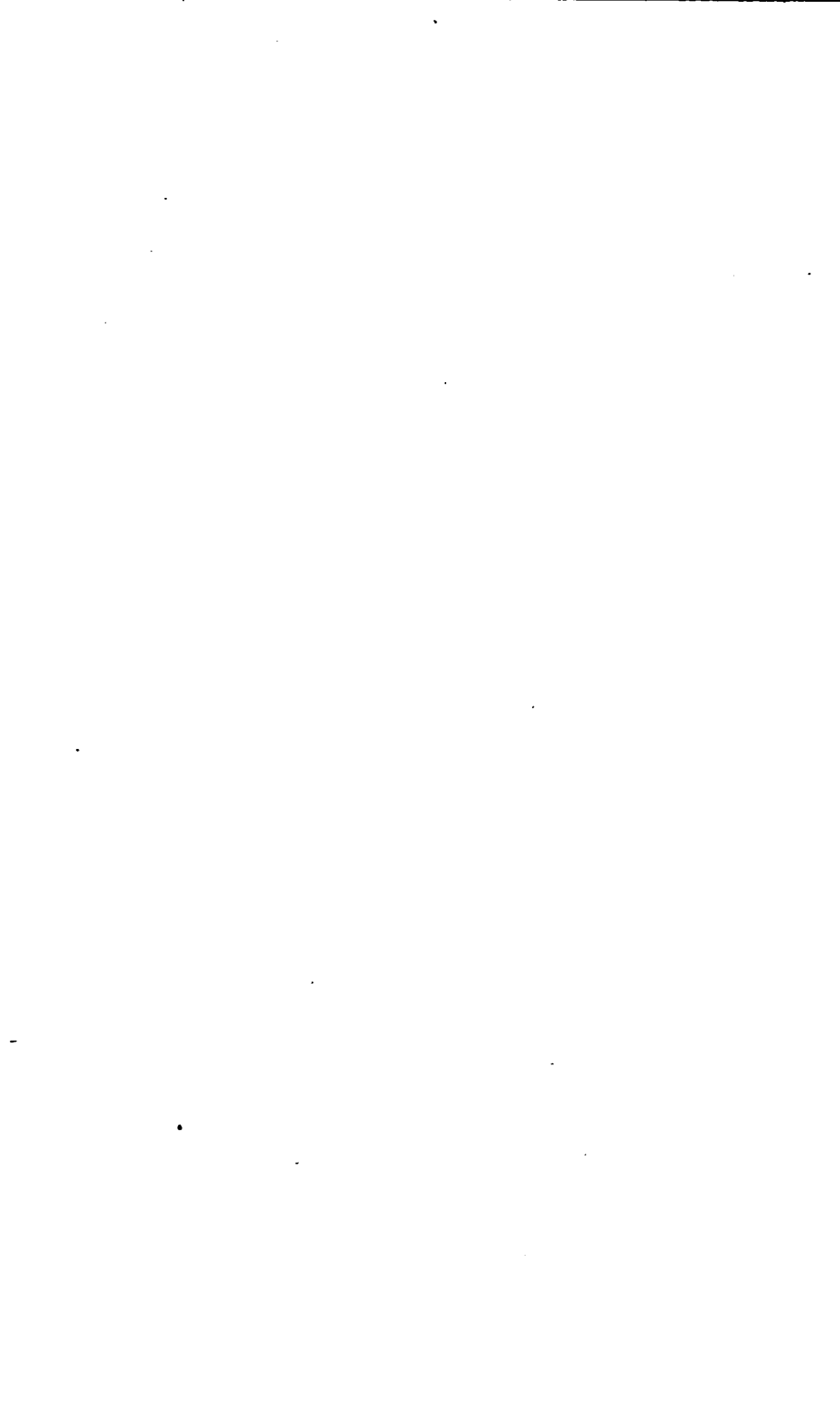
' "a race run all, but one receiveth the prize." ' Putting his hand on the winning-post, he continued, ' This is what you and all the world are thinking ' about now, and the one idea is which horse will be first, second, or third past ' this post next Wednesday. You are all anxious to know if A's horse is all ' right, or if B will run his horse, or if C is all straight and means winning. ' Now, look here; the winning-post is above,' pointing upwards, ' and ' whether you like it or not, you are all running now, and have been since you ' were born, owners up, and all starters. You can't scratch your horse or ' rope your horse, and it is no use backing yourself for a place, for you must be ' first or nowhere; and the course is so large and the stakes so ample that ' millions and hundreds of millions may be first, and if you are *not* first you ' will be distanced and out of the race.

' If the Derby was put off there would be a panic all over the world, ' though the fun will only last for three minutes, and you seem to care more ' about that than the race which you are now running.' And this was so modestly said that it was clear that the preacher was addressing himself as well as others, which is the preacher's real art.

This young fellow got his audience—of a couple of thousand people probably—so well in hand, that if he had gone on for another hour they would have listened to him, for he looked, and doubtless was, honest; and when he had done the congregation cheered him and wanted to take the hat round, and when they found that he was doing it for nothing their admiration of him was boundless, and when the little party broke up the respect shown to them by a crowd of very rough Englishmen was, as Mr. Pepys says, 'joyful ' to behold and see.'

A new C-spring carriage, which is considered in the coachbuilding world to be one of the greatest improvements ever made, has been patented by the inventors, Messrs. Morgan and Co., the well-known coachbuilders, of Long Acre, London. It entirely dispenses with the old perch and heavy ironwork, so that a lighter carriage can be made without loss of strength, there being $8\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. less iron than in the old-fashioned springs, and it can be applied to every description of four-wheel carriage. The lateral motion of the ordinary C spring is not perceptible in carriages fitted with this patent; thus making it invaluable to invalids and travellers. Another advantage is, that, getting a full lock all round, it is impossible to upset the carriage: the old C spring and perch only giving a quarter lock. Messrs. Morgan also apply their patent head to carriages for opening and closing from the inside, the working of which is so simple that a child can do it, and there is no necessity for the coachman to leave his horses to close the carriage in a shower. Any of our readers who intend to pay a visit to the Horse Show, next month, can see for themselves the value of this invention; as the carriages will be exhibited in the Agricultural Hall, and will no doubt draw many admirers.

During the race for the City and Suburban, an excited backer of Lord Rosebery's favourite, while viewing the contest from the rails opposite the Stand, had the misfortune to be robbed of his 'ticker'; upon mentioning his misfortune to a friend, the only consolation that he received was the remark that in future he would have to give up 'Touch it,' and stick to 'Watch it.'





W. Gerard

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

HON. WILLIAM GERARD.

THE subject of our present sketch is one among the latest additions to the racing world, which, despite some prophets of evil, finds ever ready recruits from the ranks of gentle as well as simple. The eldest son of Sir Robert Tolver Gerard, who last year was summoned to the House of Peers by the title of Baron Gerard, his family takes rank among the oldest in Lancashire, a county rich in ancient lineage and historical names. The Gerards are descended from a common ancestor with the Dukes of Leinster, and, according to Burke, with the Earls of Plymouth, and have for the last five centuries been settled in the duchy. They have been country gentlemen of position and estate, knights of the shire, good landlords, and good sportsmen. Professing the ancient faith, they have dwelt among their own people, have intermarried with Catholic families, and played their *rôle* in life as became their name.

Mr. Gerard has only followed an hereditary taste when he took to racing. The names of his uncle, Sir John, and his great uncle, Sir William Gerard, are to be found in old racing calendars, and their descendant sports the old colours. His career has not been an unlucky one so far. He has had a good Mentor, and he trains in a fortunate stable. Retiring in manners, he is a warm favourite among his intimates; and those who know him well speak of him as one whose friendship they prize.

SCARLET *v.* YELLOW.

BY R. E. EGERTON WARBURTON.

ONCE Tennyson sung of a daffodil sky,
 With primrose now orange and apricot vie ;
 Cries Fashion, who still sits a queen on her throne
 In Republican Paris, '*Mon drapeau est jaune!*'
 Wives and daughters at once yellow fever attacks—
 Yellow flowers on their heads, yellow silks on their backs—
 The desire of each heart some new tint to obtain
 Just to vary the yellow of bodice or train ;
 Now sunshine, ere clouds its full brilliancy cloke,
 Now sunshine, made mellow by London fog smoke ;
 Should their dreams be with *couleur de rose* overspread,
 The rose must in colour be yellow, not red ;
 Yellow glowworms at night their effulgence display,
 Through the park yellow butterflies flutter by day ;
 While husbands have nothing to do, they are told,
 Save to pay for this yellow with good yellow gold.

Moral.

Ye who make a long face at each long yellow bill,
 Till with bile ye yourselves become yellower still,
 If sportsman, be patient while Baily declares
 How when winter comes on ye may fly from such cares,
 How, as yellow leaves fall, ye no longer will think
 On the yellow that vexed you, when coated in pink.

A BLANK DAY WITH THE BELLE VUE.

THE title of this article is a sell, as the noble huntsmen rode some four hundred miles out and home by railway and carriage only, and never crossed a horse. No matter, it was a long run, and proved a blank.

Ye gentlemen of England who send your hunters and grooms from twenty to one or two hundred miles for a week's hunting, without any fatigue to man or horse, and who get into your first-class carriage with newspapers, magazines, and cigar-case, and pass a by no means unpleasant morning with the aid of an agreeable companion or two, when you arrive at your journey's end in time for your warm bath and dinner, little do you think on what slender threads have depended the fate of many of the railways which you traverse so easily.

You little suppose that within fifteen years railway men of all kinds in London, who could discern a broken link in any system of railway in any part of England, or elsewhere, stalked it just as a

keen sportsman in the Highlands would a deer, and went miles round for fear of 'giving any one their wind,' and mysteriously appeared within shot in quiet places so as not to alarm the herd. In fact, the successful landing of a good scheme required just as much energy and knowledge of scent and cunning as hunting a stag, hare, or fox does.

This is a sketch of facts which occurred some fifteen years ago, and as railway hunting is now as much extinct as hunting bustards on Salisbury Plain with dogs, as our forefathers did, the story may be fresh to some of Young England.

THE TWO DEPUTATIONS.

CHAPTER I.—SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF OUR DEPUTATION.

I am tired of the everlasting Smith, Thompson, Johnson, Brown, Jones, and Robinson, and crave leave to draw on the Anglo-Italian for three names; and shall call the three persons who will figure in this little narrative, Roliopolio, Gammoni, and Spinachio. They are three Britons: so was my dancing master, M. Pit-à-pat, a Briton, but he danced none the worse for assuming a foreign name.

The *dramatis personæ* are as follows, viz. Gammoni, a gentleman of great experience in railway matters; Spinachio, an eminent engineer; Roliopolio, a friend of both; Roliopolio speaks first.

I am Roliopolio, good reader, and promise you that you are not about to peruse an old cooked-up tale of bubble companies, rotten shares, stags, bears, bulls, and discounts. That subject has long since been worn out and exhausted.

On a fine day, during the present century, I went to Gammoni's on business; Spinachio was in Gammoni's office, and the two were busily engaged over a large Ordnance map of a certain portion of the habitable globe. I decline to say which portion.

'Holloa,' says I, 'what robbery is in the wind?'

'Go to the deuce,' says Gammoni.

'Sit down, Roliopolio,' exclaims Spinachio. 'You are as true as steel, my boy, aren't you?'

'I am,' says I, 'and as honest as the day' (I have a weakness of speaking up for myself); and so, having shaken hands with Gammoni and Spinachio, and having protested against the unprofessional appearance of a tankard of bitter beer, which stood, as Paddy says, 'convenient,' I buried my countenance in the tankard, drew a long breath and sat me down.

Now I am not going to disclose my calling; suffice it to say that it is passing honest and there are many members of it in every town in England; if I thought there was a town destitute of one of my cloth, I would go off to that town by the very first train, take the largest house, and the biggest pew in the church, and make some one pay for them before first quarter-day.

'Look here,' says Spinachio; 'if you join us, mum's the word.'

‘At last I have discovered a real trump card, and if there is luck and you can help us you shall share the profit. Run your eye along the red line on that map; the red line represents the Coomassie and Bulgaria Railway; my compasses point to Belle Vue, one of the prettiest places in Europe, and which is just twenty miles south of Cross Roads Station. The people at Belle Vue,’ he added, ‘are mad for a railway; the line could be made for two hundred thousand pounds; why should not we three men be first in the field, get the railway granted, and sell it to the Coomassie and Bulgaria Company? Now, Roliopolio, can you help us?’

‘I know,’ said I, ‘the following officials of the big company: Dodger the director, Double Fees the attorney, Level the engineer, Mattock the contractor, and Cut-and-Shuffle the secretary. Besides this I am intimately acquainted with a brother chip at Belle Vue, and know the son of a local magnate who is in London, and who, I will venture to say, is the most respectable ass of my acquaintance, and as such respectable ass we had better call him the R.A.’

The R.A., on whom we called, was dignified, and played the prig to admiration.

‘Pray, pray, sit down, gentlemen,’ said R.A. ‘Parker’ (to a clerk who came in), ‘oblige me by opening the window an inch, or perhaps two; thanks very much, Parker; retire, and don’t let me be disturbed.’

‘Now, gentlemen, I foreshadow your intentions towards the Belle Vue line. It goes through my father’s—Major Muff’s—estate, and I can promise you his influence and support; nay, I will ask him personally, as I am going to shoot on his property on the first—could you meet me down there?’

Of course we agreed, and it was arranged that the R.A. should meet us with the deputation not later than ten o’clock on Wednesday evening, 31st of August next, or as R.A. expressed it, ‘if we don’t come by ten o’clock on Wednesday at the stroke of the clock, expect us from twelve or perhaps fifteen minutes past eight on Thursday morning, as I must have my shooting.’

On our return to Gammoni’s chambers Gammoni and Spinachio rose from their seats, and I am not quite sure that we did not execute a small pantomimic dance, indicative of present joy and future gain; at all events, within the drinking of a second tankard of bitter beer we bound ourselves solemnly to meet on a fixed day with portmanteaus packed and all ready for invading Belle Vue. And Spinachio and I paid up ten pounds each to Gammoni in addition to his ten pounds, and passed a resolution that the thirty pounds should be deemed paid-up capital towards the undertaking in the event of the company being formed, and should be returned as preliminary expenses.

From this moment of ratifying our contract all unseemly levity ceased; Gammoni, Spinachio, and myself corresponded frequently,

and addressed each other as 'Dear Sir,' and concluded with 'Yours faithfully.' On one occasion I wrote to Gammoni commencing 'Sir,' and concluded with 'Your obliged and obedient Servant,' and Gammoni, who was to be the head of affairs, took the tone of my letter to himself as a mark of respect to which he was fairly entitled.

My duties were to warm up the Belle Vue people, and to keep on corresponding with my local friends. By degrees Belle Vue got anxious, and I am sure that public feeling was much easier in that celebrated and romantic town when my offer for a deputation to attend from headquarters to meet a deputation of influential men at Belle Vue was received. There was only one point remaining for adjustment. The Belle Vue deputation expressly wished me to be represented personally. Perhaps this compliment made Spinachio and Gammoni a *little* sore, but my reply was so diffident as regarded myself, and so laudatory of Gammoni and Spinachio as representing the London capitalists, that no ill feeling arose between us then.

On the important day of our departure for Belle Vue, Gammoni, Spinachio, and myself, who represented the London capitalists as well as the railway intelligence of the metropolis, met punctually at the railway. Our manner towards each other was cordial; but a *little* distant. We read the 'Times,' talked over railway shares and politics, and so got through an hour of the journey, but many more hours were yet to come. Now, I hate dissimulation, and a sudden thought struck me that I could put matters on a natural footing; accordingly I procured a packet of sandwiches as big as my head, a bottle of sherry and a corkscrew, and these creature comforts having opened our hearts, I introduced a paper of cigars and a pack of cards, and so, a portmanteau having been cleverly arranged as a table, the London deputation sat themselves down to dummy whist and tobacco.

'Holloa, my young gentlemen,' exclaimed a well-known voice, 'card-sharping is it? I'll give the lot of you six months for it.' The voice proceeded from a well-known detective with whom I had had dealings.

'Have some sherry, Grab.'

'Yes, I will have some sherry, Mr. Roliopolio, but *you* wont gammon me. You three are after that Belle Vue Railway, are you?'

'After your grandmother,' was my answer; 'what put that in your head, Grab?'

The train was off before we had an answer, but it was clear to us that some report must have been published in the local press.

On comparing notes, we found to our comfort that nobody knew us with the exception of a local engineer who resided at Middletown, where we should have to sleep a night, and a poacher of the same place with whom I had passed many a day a few years before in prospecting for a railway in that district, taking that poacher

as a guide to instruct me as to the ownerships of the different estates. He was an admirable guide, having acquired his knowledge of the country in consequence of numerous committals to jail for poaching on land or water in the demesne of almost every gentleman's property along the route. We reckoned on the probability of his being in jail.

Although it was a bore to know that the Company were watching us, still we hoped to secure the support of the local magnates at Belle Vue, and by that means dictate terms to the railway company afterwards.

A little *contretemps* occurred on the way down, during a brief stoppage at a station, the platform of which was covered with very smartly-dressed passengers, many of them clergymen, and more still very smartly-dressed, pretty girls. The difficulty arose on this wise: The youngest-looking archdeacon I ever saw, who looked like a large pink doll in ecclesiastical garment, took hold of the door of our carriage with a view to stepping in—I may remark there had been a stone-laying of a new church in the neighbourhood; Gammoni politely informed him that the carriage was private, whereupon the young archdeacon frowned and carried on a conversation with some lady out of our view—'Good 'bye, Lady Mary, good bye; charming sermon, was it not?' whereupon the whistle blowing, and it being time to step in, he essayed to do so, and found himself blocked by the portmanteau with a hand of cards dealt lying on it, and encountered a cloud of smoke and beheld the wicked sherry bottle.

'Here, guard! guard! come here, this is infamous; there are 'three men drinking and gambling in this carriage.' N.B.—We had one bottle of sherry between three, and were playing penny points.

'Beg your pardon, sir,' said the guard somewhat sharply, 'this is a 'private carriage; get in here, sir,' and as the archdeacon buried his very un-ecclesiastical wrath, Gammoni held up the trump card and said to him, 'Did you never see the knave of clubs before?'

All journeys come to an end and so did ours, and if I were to give the most elaborate account of our entertainment at Middletown, where we slept, it would be an oft-told tale of private room five shillings, wax lights three-and-six, old four-post bedsteads, a protean servant who was boots, waiter, and apparently ostler on emergencies, who, in fact, appeared in any character where money was to be paid. There was only one misfortune, which was that my friend the poacher found me out.

'Good morning, sir, got a blackbird with three legs as I thought 'you might like to see—heerd you was in the town last night, sir; 'you gents are after the Belle Vue Railway, of course. Now ain't 'it a pity, sir, that Mr. Section the engineer is away? he would 'have been main glad to see you, sir; he was here yesterday, and 'I heerd you had arrived, and last night I gave him your respects.'

Any further disguise was evidently now quite useless. The Belle

Vue people had clearly bragged about the London deputation, and it was known everywhere. I hope that I did not tell an actual untruth to my friend the poacher, but I was obliged to be very evasive in my answers.

I am not going to recount our walk from Cross Roads Station to Belle Vue; suffice it to say that before making our entry into the town we had walked every inch of the projected line, and that preliminaries were arranged in a businesslike way, and we were prepared to discuss the real merits of the business with the Belle Vue deputation.

CHAPTER II.—WE PROSPECT BELLE VUE AND RECKON UP THE PEOPLE.

Belle Vue is one of the prettiest places of its kind in Europe—remember, I do not say in England, or Scotland, or Ireland, or I should be committing myself, and of course if I admitted that I was talking about any little seaport town in Great Britain or Ireland, the inhabitants of every seaport town along the coast would cry out that they were being made to look ridiculous. I do not think that Belle Vue is much more than a century behind the age. ‘Yesterday’s “Times”’ is generally procurable towards the afternoon of the day after publication, and the manners and customs observed at the best hotel do not date back much later than the period of coaching days.

On our way we inquired for Major Muff’s estate, which consisted of some five or six hundred acres of barren hill-side with a little patch of turnips trying to grow, which looked like a green and chalky white pocket-handkerchief, and a few acres of stubble which had been cropped as close as a convict’s hair, without the slightest cover of any kind for flick or feather, a kind of place that would have ruined any tenant if he had the land at a peppercorn rent and stole the manure. Furthermore we hunted up the family mansion of the Muffs, and found a large rambling house in the town, which probably had been painted last when the Sailor King reigned. And this was R.A.’s father’s estate, and on this estate R.A. meditated ‘smiting the partridge,’ as Sydney Smith would have said, or possibly the ‘dangerous hare.’

‘What can we have for dinner, waiter?’ asked Gammoni of a venerable servitor, who looked like an insolvent bishop.

‘Chops, sir; steak, sir.’

‘Chops be hanged,’ said Gammoni.

‘Steaks be blowed,’ exclaimed Spinachio; ‘let us have dinner, and a good dinner, too, in the best private room facing the sea. We don’t want a commercial traveller’s lunch.’

The old waiter took the cue, and suggested red mullet, saddle of mutton, devilled fowl, and apricot tart. I have discussed these details in case any reader of ‘Baily’ should be ever driven to suggest a dinner. He will find the old waiter’s not a bad bill of fare.

Then, after ordering dinner, we started off prospecting.

'This will be a nice place for a station,' says Spinachio (for by this time we fully believed in ourselves as a very important deputation).

'And this will be just the place for an hotel,' remarked Gammoni. 'We must knock up that rampant old Phoenix where we are staying.'

'And yonder hill,' I observed, 'is clearly meant for villas. We must consider the expediency of a building company here; but let us lie on the beach, boys, and look at the people.'

'That lot won't pay,' says Gammoni, as a group of young people showily dressed passed us. 'Those girls got their pork-pie hats from Cranbourne Alley, the accompanying swells were evidently rigged out by Aaron and Co., and look like lovers at the Victoria or Surrey; now bringing that lot down won't pay. No extra luggage out of them; all the lot second classes because *they think second class more comfortable.*'

'But this will pay,' exclaims Spinachio. 'Look at that carriage, boys!'

It was a grand carriage, driven by a gorgeous coachman with a glass wig. Behind were two footmen, fine specimens of the Jeames Plush school. Inside the carriage sat a handsome old dowager, well got up, and by her side was a beautiful girl in a wonderful French bonnet.

'Now let us reckon that up,' says Spinachio. 'This is not a case of living in lodgings. That old lady must have a large establishment, expensive to move, you know. Old lady and pretty niece, two first class; coachman, butler, buttons, two johnnies, cook, housekeeper, two lady's maids, housemaid, ten second-class tickets going and coming, double horse-box for the stout quadrupeds, and truck for carriage. We must look into this. Why, the old party would save money by taking shares, even if they did not pay.'

We consumed a lazy afternoon counting up the visitors and looking with a commercial eye on the population, and I am bound to say that the prospect of the railway did not look brighter the more we looked into it.

On our return to the hotel, we found that the insolvent bishop had quite altered his notion of our importance. He had put on a clean shirt with a frill, and had taken on a new waiter under him, who unmistakably was the boots rigged out for the occasion, as I could see the blacking on his hands.

The dinner was not bad, and I interspersed my conversation with anecdotes of and conversations with noble lords, and other lofty personages, which were not all *literally* true, but which were greedily swallowed by the head waiter.

'Whose is that handsome carriage drawn by the large bay horses?' asked Spinachio.

'Lady Brown's, sir—quite the life of the place is Lady Brown;

‘has been here, sir, every year since the Court was here in the days of William IV.’

‘Does she keep much company?’

‘Oh no, sir; Lady Brown, sir, too grand for our society here. Keeps her own establishment, sir, and makes the place very gay; in fact, she drives up and down the parade for two hours every day. Then her servants, sir, make quite a little society for such as us; sings a good comic song, the coachman does, and one of the footmen is a very light dancer.’

‘It must cost Lady Brown something for travelling, waiter,’ observed Gammoni, anxiously.

‘Oh no, sir; very eccentric lady is Lady Brown; travels regularly with her own carriage and horses by road two hundred miles. Servants all come by steamer to Deep Pool Docks, five miles from here, and on by coach, sir.’

‘What are good lodgings here, waiter?’

‘Best lodgings, sir, four rooms fronting the sea—let me see—I fear, sir, you would have to give as much as from twenty-five to thirty shillings a week.’

‘Gracious heavens!’ shouts out Gammoni, as the waiter closed the door, ‘what on earth have we come here for? This infernal town would not support a road waggon, let alone a railway—why the only person who creates any traffic won’t go by a public conveyance!’

‘Cheer up, Gammoni!’ says I; ‘a glass of port will do you good.’

‘It will,’ says Gammoni; and accordingly special instructions were sent to the landlord, through the insolvent bishop, that the gentlemen particularly requested a good glass of port—price no object. The wine was brought, and put before Gammoni. Now Gammoni has a port-wine nose—not physically, but by instinct—and he never tastes wine till the waiter has retired.

With full glass and anxious expression, Gammoni put the landlord’s liquor on its trial. First he smelt it; then he eyed it; then he took a mouthful of it; then he spat it out of window, and screamed ‘South African! by Jupiter!’

Then I, the present historian, being ostrich-stomached, took half a glass; and although I have drunk strong military port at the mess of an infantry dépôt, many of the officers of which owed money to the wine-merchant—even I screamed, and could not be comforted till I found a short pipe and lit it; and then I rang the bell loudly.

‘Here!’ says I, trembling with wrath, ‘put that filthy stuff’—pointing to the wine—‘on the sideboard, that we may have it analysed, and bring up three long clay pipes and three half-pints of small-beer!’

‘Sir?’ answered the insolvent bishop.

‘Sir!’ I replied; ‘this must be a pothouse, and not an inn; a respectable man would die before sending that—that filthy com-

‘pound to his customers.’ But seeing that the poor bishop was hurt in feelings, I explained to him that the order for long pipes was my joke, and that the bad wine was the landlord’s fault, and not his; and I entreated him, like a good fellow, to beg, borrow, or steal a pint of good pale brandy, and to let us have some tumblers, and lots of cold water.

‘And,’ adds Gammoni, ‘set out a whist-table, old bishop; this deputation won’t come to-night, for it is past ten o’clock. We will have a quiet rubber, boys, and inhale the sea-breeze at the same time.’

And so we three men, Gammoni, Spinachio, and myself, settled down to a quiet rubber; and the evening being warm, we sat without our coats; and the present historian, in order to make himself quite comfortable, took off his waistcoat and neckcloth too, tucked up his sleeves, and lit a very short, black, dirty, favourite fishing-pipe. Gammoni and Spinachio remarked that Roliopolio looked for all the world like a navvy in his Sunday dress. The brandy and water being served round, *vice* the South African superseded, the rubber went on merrily.

CHAPTER III.—SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF THE TWO DEPUTATIONS.

‘Deputation of the Belle Vue Railway Company, gentlemen!’ shouts the insolvent bishop, throwing open the door.

‘Better late than never, gentlemen,’ says I, with ready brass (for I have been kicked about the world a good deal, off and on). ‘We had given you up, and were enjoying ourselves like three jolly bachelors—*Dulce est desipere*, eh?—but we will put on our coats, put away the cards, and talk to you.’

Spinachio and Gammoni were surprised at my coolness, and, putting on their coats and drawing up their chairs, they tried to look as if they had been playing cards for my amusement, and were shocked at my short pipe, which I had just discarded.

In point of numbers, the local deputation only exceeded ours by two. The leader of it was Major Muff, R.A.’s father, an elderly gentleman whom I shall call F.M., after the late Duke of Wellington, whom he studied in dress, attitude, and brevity of expression. Moreover, he wore a something on his upper lip which looked very much as if his tooth-brush had come through his mouth in washing his teeth. I decline to say whether he was in the horse-marines or volunteers. The other members of the deputation were ordinary local magnates, who echoed and applauded F.M., and spoke with great deference before him.

We introduced one another; and on Gammoni’s suggestion that Mr. Roliopolio should explain the position of the London capitalists, I commenced a very learned oration.

Now, although I do not pretend to be a clever man, I have one useful talent, which is, that I can talk about nothing with much apparent purpose, and have a knack of leaving people in a happy state

of doubt as to whether I have told them all my thoughts, or whether I have told them nothing at all. I spoke generally of the great wealth of the Coomassie and Bulgaria Railway Company; pointed out how that wealth was acquired by enterprise and honest speculation; how important it was that a rising place like Belle Vue should have similar advantages to other towns; how I had heard it stated that many capitalists were surprised that Belle Vue had no railway; and now was the time for the energy and capital of the enlightened population to be brought forward. Now this speech was interspersed with many 'hear, hears!' from the F.M., and I sat down under the pleasing conviction that, as arranged with Gammoni, I had committed myself to nothing.

'Your estimate for the railway, gentlemen?' curtly remarked F.M.

'Two hundred thousand pounds,' answered Gammoni and Spinachio in a breath.

'And how much for a harbour, gentlemen?'

'A harbour!' exclaimed my two colleagues. 'Why, no one but a madman would ever think of a harbour here.'

'There must be a harbour, gentlemen,' said F.M., rising. 'I am here in the double capacity of one who wishes to see my town prosper, but long before that much-cherished object, comes my country's good. I have heard in military circles, gentlemen—and I make my statements here confidentially, not wishing to betray the secrets of my high calling—that if a French fleet were to bombard this bay, they would severely injure the town. I say, gentlemen, there *must* and *shall* be a harbour before or in connexion with a railway; and in that harbour must be a battery for two or three guns.'

'Would half a million make the railway and harbour, Mr. Spinachio?' asked I, as cool as a cucumber.

'I should think so,' replied the engineer, not seeing my purpose.

'Then, sir,' said I, addressing F.M., 'I think, subject to the approval of Gammoni and Spinachio, I may undertake that, if the company will make a harbour and railway, the London representatives will willingly agree to a battery at the harbour mouth to protect the town.'

This noble proposition quieted F.M., who thought he had gained his point.

'And now, sir,' cuts in Gammoni pleasantly, 'I, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, must produce my budget. Let us name two hundred thousand pounds as our first capital. Of course you are aware how the City of London, *now*, with their hands full, leave the arrangement of preliminary money details in private hands, not, possibly, being so anxious for railway investment as they were in the year 1845. There must be, in the first place, some provision for that which you, as sporting men' ('Hear, hear' from F.M., who probably had never crossed a horse), 'might call jumping powder, but which we railway men designate, perhaps less aptly, the sinews of

‘war. Now, gentlemen, before great companies, such as the Coomassie and Bulgaria Railway Company, will look favourably on this scheme they will expect to see some token of vitality in the district.’

Gammoni then went on to propose that the local bank should immediately advance twenty thousand pounds for the parliamentary deposit on the guarantee of the local directors, and that arrangements should be made for the landlords of the property through which the line would pass *immediately* to sell their land for a fair agricultural price, and to take the money in shares.

Hereupon the R.A., as the London expert and heir to the hill-side turnip (?) field and stubble, ‘took up his wondrous tale’ (*vide* Addison, and for ‘her’ read ‘his’) and propounded, as regarded the requirements of the county, the most extraordinary scheme that ever mortal heard of, which, if carried out, would have taken the line over the hill-tops and ultimately, for the last mile, below low-water mark; and at every new suggestion he said to F.M., ‘Watch me, father, pray, and stop me if I am inaccurate.’ So we had the benefit of R.A.’s profound knowledge, F.M. nodding assent like the imperial Jove.

F.M. upon this rose, and, having cleared his throat with many ‘ha’s’ and ‘hem’s,’ told us that, having anticipated these propositions, he had conferred with the landowners, and also with the bankers (‘Hear, hear’ from our deputation). He was authorized to state that they were ready to meet our wishes to a certain extent. (‘Very liberal!’ from Gammoni.) The bankers, though sympathising with the feelings of capitalists in the metropolis, were not prepared to make any loan as an investment or otherwise; but whenever the company were in a position to keep a good balance, the local bank would be happy to keep their account. And as regarded the landowners, speaking as a landowner himself, and on behalf of others, F.M. informed us that, provided the company were prepared to enter into very liberal terms for the purchase of their land, the landowners would be ready to sell for cash, on immediate payment of a handsome deposit; and, moreover, he (F.M.), for one, and many others, he doubted not, would readily attend in London and give evidence in favour of the scheme—provided liberal remuneration was offered.

‘Allow us five minutes’ consultation alone, gentlemen,’ said Spinachio.

F.M. bowed, and I *think*, but I won’t swear to the fact, that he raised two fingers, like the late Duke of Wellington, towards his head, indicating his assent.

‘We are done, boys,’ whispers Gammoni.

‘Brown,’ said Spinachio.

‘Revenge!’ said I, hissing through my teeth. ‘I will tackle them.’

‘Gentlemen,’ I remarked, returning to the table from the corner of the room, whither our deputation had retired, ‘my friends and

'myself beg to thank you for the frank and cordial manner in which you have met us. You must not tell tales out of school about *short whist*, and short pipes.' ('No, no!' cried F.M.; 'No, no,' laughed his chorus.) 'Of course we can only return again and consult with our friends at headquarters, and report this satisfactory meeting.' ('Hear, hear' from F.M. and his friends.) 'One thing remains,' I added, going to the sideboard, where stood the South African and some glasses—'let us drink a glass of wine to the undertaking.'

'Too late, my dear sir, too late, I assure you,' said F.M., with much perturbation of face; for doubtless he knew the tap.

'Excuse me, gentlemen,' said I, 'we must insist on your doing what we vulgarly call in London "*wetting the new line*,"' and I filled five large claret glasses with the awful compound. 'Ah!' I continued, artfully canting the bottle, and pretending that it was empty, 'we three must have a fresh bottle when you are gone.'

'Success to the Belle Vue Railway, gentlemen, and no heel-taps.'

The five glasses were put down empty, and after a general handshaking the local deputation retired.

'Those men will fall dead on the stairs after that wine,' cynically remarked Spinachio.

'And serve them right, too, a lot of humbugs,' growled Gammoni.

'And what are we, boys,' I observed, 'as representatives of the London capitalists? Could any one suggest that we are not three humbugs?'

The whole affair was too ludicrous for further serious discussion; and we three men walked forth in the bright moonlight by the side of the much sounding sea, revolving many things in our minds like Homeric swells of old, and laughed till the tears rolled down our faces at our two deputations, and until Neptune rose from the deep and ordered Nox Atra to put up the shutters.

'Will the railway come, gentlemen?' asked the insolvent bishop, next morning, as we were arranging for our return.

'Impossible,' laughed Gammoni, 'till the port wine is better.'

'Ah!' sighed the bishop, 'it ain't no good to have things proper in this place. You are the first three gentlemen who have spent any money to speak of in this house for many months. Thank you, gentlemen, good morning, and a pleasant journey,' and he looked forth into space with a sad look as if he had pocketed the last three half-crowns he ever hoped for.

The enterprise of Roliopolio, Gammoni, and Spinachio attracted the attention of some reckless men. Adventurers succeeded in getting an Act of Parliament the following year, and Act after Act was obtained, and eventually after one or two contractors and engineers broke down in making a half-finished line, the Coomassie and Bulgaria Railway Company stepped in and bought the undertaking for about six-and-eightpence in the pound, just as a

sheep-dog or lurcher from behind a hedge might grab a fox or hare which was run out, and rob the gallant pack, which had done all the work; and when the line was opened, and the directors gave a banquet, F.M. returned thanks for the army! and claimed the entire merit of the success of our enterprise, for which he did rather less than nothing.

And now again I say, ye gentlemen of England who rush down by train with horses and grooms for your sport, or who can snatch your twenty-four hours' cruise on the prettiest coasts of England pending the adjournment of the House from Friday till Monday, by the aid of railways which never did and never will pay a halfpenny to the original shareholders, remember that you are indebted to a set of adventurous men who hunted a district for a railway as keenly as you ever hunted a stag, fox, or hare, with much the same line of thought as is required by you to kill your quarry.

You trust to wind, weather, and knowledge of country. The railway adventurers used to trust to knowledge of men, many of whom were more wary and cunning than master Reynard himself.

Mitcham, June 1877.

F. G.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A HUNTSMAN.—*Continued.*

‘WE had a first-class pack of hounds, and a better establishment could not be found in England, as no expense was spared in any way. Mr. Balfour will long be remembered in Russia, and at Krasnoe-Selo he had always a horse in the steeplechase. He won it one year with Winn, the jockey, on Dulcamara, and he would have won the next year, when he rode himself, but as the saddle slipped round through a girth breaking, he nearly had a bad fall. We mended matters at Peterhof the following Sunday. We had bought a horse called General Baum, and thought he could win the hurdle-race, which he did with a jockey up, and Mr. Balfour was very proud of the cup. The Emperor, Empress, and the present Duchess of Edinburgh always came to see the races. I generally had a horse or two to train at my place for the officers' races when the camp was at Krasnoe-Selo, and very jolly little meetings we had, and it used to please us English to see the jolly old fox-hunter Sir Andrew Buchanan sitting by the side of the Emperor. It is a fine sight to see the camp when all the Russian troops that can be spared are encamped for a month in the summer. The Cossacks are capital horsemen, and will pick up a rouble from the ground as they gallop past. Their horses are very good, and we used generally to buy one or two for the hunt. I have known the Emperor to sleep out like a common soldier in the camp. The Russians have a fine body of troops; they get but very little pay, live mostly on black rye-bread, and it is very good. But I am forgetting all about Mr. Balfour; a better sportsman

' than whom I never knew. Many a wolf, in the winter months, have I known fall to his rifle, and he would face a bear like a true Briton. About November the frost usually sets in in Russia, and Mr. Bruin makes himself a place of abode in some ravine in the forest, and generally has his wife with him. They do not come out of their den for many months if left alone. The best way to get them out is to fire a blank cartridge, when out he comes to see what is the matter, and is generally rolled over by some one putting a bullet into him. But if he is only wounded he will soon show his pluck, rear up on his hind legs, and go straight at the person that shot him. Many elks also have fallen to his rifle. It is a curious sight to see an elk in the dense forest that has never seen man, stand with surprise until you can put a bullet into him. But they are generally on the alert, and go about in herds. Some parts of them are not bad eating. Mr. Balfour's house in the country was once broken into and all his plate stolen. The thieves were caught, and he went to see them in prison, as he wanted to get back a particularly valuable ring. They coolly told him that it was lucky for him that he did not wake when they were in the house, as they quite intended to kill him if he had done so. It is great fun to see the racing on the ice (fancy horse-racing on ice!) on a cold December night on the Neva. It was always beautifully lighted up, and the Emperor, Empress, and suite came to see the fun; but you require a lot of furs to keep you warm. Though I had to live in Russia, I enjoyed myself, and had a bit of shooting. I have killed a wolf, and black game, which are hard to get at; the best bird in Russia is what they term the double snipe. It is rarely found in England, and called, I think, the solitary snipe. They come in flocks about July and August, are easy to shoot, and always fat and plump. I never ate better birds. The white hares are bad, though there are plenty of them, but the brown hares are very good.

' Now we must get back to hunting, or you will say I want a whip to get round me and stop me from riot. Many a good run have I seen from the Gnilla woods over Krasnoe-Selo plains, running into our fox in the open. The country was wild, rough, and uncultivated, with very little fencing, though sometimes you met with a brook or burn, and we had to ride through a great deal of thicket and forest. I expect Sir Andrew Buchanan will recollect the last day's hunting we had close by Krasnoe-Selo, after an old wolf, which we found at eleven and ran him until dark, at the latter end of November. Then the snow began to come down; and how we all got home I don't know, and I don't expect any one else does rightly. We were a good thirty miles away, and the hounds had run like mad all through a forest nearly down to a place called Gatchiner, where the Emperor's kennels are, and probably two or three hundred couple of hounds kept. This was our last day, as Sir Andrew had to leave to go to Vienna, and Mr. Balfour was leaving for England; so we sold the hounds to different

‘ people and got rid of the horses. For more than a hundred years
‘ a pack had been kept at Gnilla. There were some funny old
‘ prints in the club-room ; one I often noticed, of the hounds of old
‘ Mr. Meynell carrying a head over Billesdon Coplow. I had to
‘ turn my back upon Russia, which I liked, though it’s a queer
‘ country—all either serfs or rich people ; not like it is here—and
‘ the merchants of St. Petersburg presented me with a purse of 50*l*.
‘ On my way home I saw a lot of French prisoners at Minden, in
‘ Prussia, and at Cologne the station was decorated with evergreens
‘ on account of the war being at an end. The troops came marching
‘ in, and the Emperor was there to see them. They were so full
‘ of themselves that you could not get a civil word out of those
‘ haughty Prussians just then.

‘ On my road home I went and had a look at Metz, and I also
‘ rambled over the field of Waterloo, where I was asked to buy the
‘ very nail that Wellington hung his hat on. However, I remembered
‘ a former occasion at the dinner-table at Brussels, I heard a gentle-
‘ man say that he had bought the very nail. “ No, you have not,”
‘ said another, “ for I bought that nail the other day ;” and pulling it
‘ out of his pocket, they were put together, and you could not tell the
‘ difference, so they tossed up who should have them both, and that
‘ ended the matter : of course I did not invest after that.

‘ I was once more back in Old England, and soon racing again ;
‘ and being a heavy backer at times, and very unlucky, I soon
‘ lost the best part of my money, and was glad to look for another
‘ place. However, racing had no charm for me like fox-hunting ;
‘ and while out of commission I used to pass the winter months at
‘ Dover, and trust to my pads for three days a week with Lord
‘ Guilford, and as they were then principally turned-down foxes,
‘ which did not run far, I had a little sport on foot. He has very
‘ fine kennels at Waldershare Park, near Dover, and not a bad pack
‘ of hounds. Many a run have I also had with the West Street
‘ harriers ; the then Master could not ride, but used to come out on
‘ wheels. He had been Master many years, and often has taken me
‘ up in his gig. The old gentleman would say, “ I know you like
‘ “ hunting, or you would not run as you do.” He is now dead,
‘ and Lord Granville is Master of the West Street.

‘ As the autumn of 1873 came round, I found myself once more
‘ handling the horn—and in the Shires, too, for the Pytchley was the
‘ pack I had to hunt. But famous as they were said to be, a worse-
‘ looking lot, I must candidly admit, I never saw. They were slack
‘ in their loins, and scarcely a straight one amongst them, and nearly
‘ all the lot would be tired by two o’clock. People said I was noisy ;
‘ but they wanted something to cheer them up and make them work ;
‘ and we were so short of hounds that I have often had to take
‘ some of the Friday’s pack out on the Badby Wood side on
‘ Saturday. Besides, I never came to them until cub-hunting was
‘ almost over, but still I think I contrived to show fair sport. What
‘ a glorious country it is ! and how all our hearts would beat when

‘ we met at Crick ; and what a rush the field would make to get
‘ a start ! But before you could get very far across those large bull-
‘ finches, often with a back-rail, or even past Whyte-Melville’s stile,
‘ you would find that those who were most hasty at first had fallen
‘ out of the front rank. Then to hear Tom Goddard my first
‘ whip’s scream, as he viewed him out at the bottom of Lilbourne
‘ covert, and see the bitch-pack (which always went to Crick)
‘ sticking to him like leeches away to Stanford Hall, and from those
‘ coverts over the railroad up to the Hemploe to Mr. Topham’s
‘ house !—what falls I have seen over that bit of ground !—then on
‘ again by Cot Hill and Elkington bottom to Yelveroft Field Side,
‘ and away over the hill to Thurnby and the Winwick Warren
‘ country—where too often he would beat us, for, as I said, the
‘ hounds used to tire. All the farmers in Northamptonshire are
‘ foxhunters and good fellows, and they do not come out only to
‘ jump, like one or two of the Londoners did, who didn’t care a
‘ pin about riding over a hound. One day when I was a bit behind,
‘ I said to one of these gentry, “ You ought not to ride over and
‘ “ lame my hounds like that.” “ Why don’t they get out of the
‘ “ way ?” was the reply.

‘ During my stay in the Pytchley country I thought Mrs. Arthur of
‘ Desboro’ was the most sporting lady I had ever seen. She had
‘ an eye like a hawk, a nerve like a lion, and was always ready to
‘ lend the huntsman a hand. She goes out for hunting, and can
‘ ride, too, over any part of the country. I mustn’t mention the
‘ men, as they were such a jealous lot ; most of them went out to
‘ ride against one another, and never gave a huntsman or his hounds
‘ half a chance, and I had nobody to help me in keeping them off
‘ the hounds’ backs. There are also too many gates ; but there is
‘ no mistake that it requires a good horse to get over the coun-
‘ try. There is one gentleman, however, who lives not far from
‘ Spratton who is as good—or better than most of the young ones,
‘ and knows what hounds are doing and gives them room, but he
‘ has seen not a few Christmas Days. Mr. Naylor, who was the
‘ Master, I must admit mounted his men on the best of horses.

‘ Leaving the Pytchley country at the end of the season, when Mr.
‘ Naylor gave up, in April 1874 I found myself, after a short stay
‘ in town, in Prussia, at the seat of that good sportsman Count
‘ Nicholas Esterhazy, who has a cordial welcome for all Englishmen
‘ at this beautiful place ; it is celebrated for the very superior West-
‘ phalian hams which are cured there, and I may say, in passing,
‘ that the Count always has a few horses in training. After spend-
‘ ing a couple of days in looking round the stud and admiring the
‘ beauty of the place, I moved on to Totis in Hungary, the Count
‘ kindly driving me to the station. I had a look at Dresden and
‘ Leipzig, passed a day in each, and two nicer towns I have never
‘ seen ; but on I had to go to Brunn, the capital of Moravia,
‘ and thence away to Prague, in Bohemia ; but before talking
‘ about that we must hark back a little, as of course I had a

' look at Prince Lichtenstein's pack of staghounds close by Par-
' dubitz. Hills, brother to Sam of the Old Surrey, is huntsman, and
' Mr. Reynolds Master of the Horse, while Mr. Reeves, son of the
' well-known trainer at Epsom, has always something in his hands
' that can win for the Prince at Vienna or Pesth. Away from here
' and I found myself at Vienna, and looking round the smartest city
' in the world. I dropped on an old huntsman, Beeson by name.
' I also saw another Prince Esterhazy, who was at one time well
' known in the Pytchley country, and married Lord Jersey's daughter.
' I believe he keeps a pack of foxhounds of his own in Austria.
' From there I went to Totis, in Hungary, where I found a very
' nice pack of foxhounds and a pretty pack of harriers, the latter the
' property of his Excellency Prince Esterhazy, and the foxhounds
' belonging to his son. There was also a good stud of racehorses,
' under the care of Mitchell as trainer, and Entwistle as jockey,
' which have always held their own. Kisber, the winner of the
' Derby last year, was foaled only about ten miles from here—Totis.
' It is a splendid place, a rare nice lake for bathing, and in the morn-
' ing you might see the racehorses, the foxhounds, and the harriers
' out on the training-ground. John Beeson, brother to the one in
' Vienna, hunted the harriers, and when the Emperor of Austria
' came to Totis with his troops and had a day's hunting, Beeson did
' the thing well and no mistake; we had a good run, and the
' Emperor was well pleased, as were all his staff—Beeson got a nice
' present from the Emperor. But I must get away to Kaposta
' Megyer with the Royal Pesth foxhounds, where I at once set to
' work to build new kennels on my own plan, about four miles from
' Pesth. I had a first-class pack of fifty couple of hounds, and was
' very well mounted, and we had some capital gallops below Pesth;
' you find your fox there in a reed-bed, and away he goes over the
' open like a bird. The Empress of Austria and her sister, the
' ex-queen of Naples, are rare good ones, and truer lovers of fox-
' hunting could not be found, except perhaps Mrs. Arthur in the
' Pytchley country, who, I believe, would hunt a pack of hounds
' better than a good many huntsmen. On one occasion the Empress,
' who is a splendid horsewoman, was on a hot-headed one that wanted
' to be in front, and I was on one of the same sort, so as the hounds
' were running like blazes down-hill I let him out to ease my arms.
' "Oh," said the Empress, "do let me be in front, for I cannot hold
' "my horse!" so I had to pull in a bit. Every one liked her so;
' she loved both hounds and horses, and would come over to the
' kennels when the snow was on the ground to look over the pack
' and the stud of hunters, and the kind way she treated every one,
' no matter how humble their station, won everybody's heart. When
' Christmas came round she sent presents to all the hunt servants.
' I should like to see her name down in the list of donors to our
' Hunt Servants' Society, as she is fond of the sport, as I see the
' Duke of Castro, or the ex-King of Naples, has given a donation.
' We had a lot of big-wigs to hunt with us, besides the Empress :

‘ the Archduke William of Austria, the Crown Prince of Hanover, ‘ Prince Leopold of Bavaria; Count Grünne, the Master of the ‘ Horse to the Emperor; the commander of the cavalry, whose ‘ name I can’t spell; Count Hungarty, Master of the Ceremonies; ‘ Count Andrassy and two of his brothers, Baron Tirza, Sir Andrew ‘ Buchanan, the British Ambassador, whom I told you of in Russia; ‘ Baron Valcker, the Prussian Consul; Messrs. Alexander and ‘ Hector Baltazzi, who lived close to Totis, Count and Countess ‘ Stockau, Princess Augsburg, the Countess Palfy, Counts Karoly, ‘ Prince Louis and Count Nicholas Esterhazy, Count Kinsky, ‘ General and Count Szapary, and Prince Egon Thurn and Taxis.

‘ I have seen the Emperor of Austria, and Count Andrassy, his ‘ Prime Minister, on the ground side by side, and Will Morgan, ‘ my whip (who was a very useful good fellow), said, “They are both ‘ “on a level now, master;” however, neither took any harm be- ‘ yond losing their horses for a short time.

‘ On August 30th, 1875, I sailed from London for Madras in the ‘ Screw Steamer C. U. Anderson, with twenty couple of foxhounds, ‘ and after stopping at Gibraltar and Malta—which is a very jolly ‘ place, and Port Said—where our pilot, who was drunk, nearly ran ‘ us on to the breakwater—passed through the Suez Canal, where ‘ we got aground twice. At Suez we stopped a short time, and then ‘ through the Red Sea, where it is as hot as certain regions we do not ‘ name. At Suez I saw Rebekah’s Well; and from the Red Sea Mount ‘ Sinai, where the Commandments were given. We did not call at ‘ Aden, but went by Galle right up to Negapatam, on the Coro- ‘ mandel coast, in the Bay of Bengal, and after staying there twenty- ‘ one days, and discharging our cargo, proceeded on to Madras, ‘ where I landed the hounds on November 6th, after sixty-six days ‘ at sea without once going on shore. All the sailors had become ‘ fox-hunters, and named the hounds; one was called The Prince ‘ of Wales, because he was a great man and used to fight. When ‘ we were landing them from the ship in a Mashelan boat which split ‘ in two, six couple of them fell into the water and were swimming ‘ about in a heavy surf. Mr. Jennings, the chief officer, jumped ‘ overboard, followed by the chief fireman and his stoker, who said, ‘ “I will risk my life for Nora, because she came from the county ‘ “of Cork”—I need not say he was an Irishman—and they saved ‘ them all. The place was full of sharks; so that shows what pluck ‘ the British sailor has. It was very exciting to see the natives ‘ swimming about. The captain put his hand on my shoulder, and ‘ said, “Good God! I shall lose all my men!” However, they ‘ were all saved, and so were the hounds. The fireman was a very ‘ game fellow; there was a black dog named Painter who bit him ‘ through the hand, and he never flinched, but pulled him thus into ‘ the boat. I am pleased to say the Madras Hunt recognised the ‘ gallantry of the crew, and rewarded them all.

‘ What a climate it is in India! you must never leave your ‘ hounds a minute, as you cannot trust a native of any sort, as he is

‘taught from his birth to rob and steal. The natives live mostly on rice, many of them never tasting flesh ; are first-class walkers, but have only a bandage on, and no shoes. They are very lazy, and lie and sleep all day, but will work a little in the early morning. They will look well after your horse, but will only do one, and no more, but they do him well. You must have one man to clean your boots, and another to bring your shaving water, another to cook your chop, and he must have another under him to wash the plates. Then comes the washing man, as they wear a great many white clothes, and they often want washing. The country is very rich, and will grow anything. Some years it is bad off for water.

‘Snakes in India are very deadly, and I have seen a young girl die in five minutes after being bitten by the little cobra. They are the most deadly, yet there are only a few natives that will kill them. The country is full of every kind of snake.

‘The Madras kennels are very good ; and there is a first-class house for the huntsman, supplied with bath-rooms, a drawing-room, large bedroom, Punkah, and so forth, where I lived all by myself, and no Mussulman ever entered. I always had a Hindoo to keep guard. The old fellow who was on guard ran after the hounds ; he was Jackal by name and by nature, and he would eat his namesake when they caught him.

‘We used to feed the hounds on rice and mutton, giving them the bones to gnaw, with a man standing by to keep them from fighting. I have seen hounds in many lands, but never saw them work better than on rice and mutton. One clever man, writing about them this season, said they tailed in a good run. If he had said they tailed him off he would have been nearer the truth. Many will recollect Share Ali, the white Persian horse which I rode. He would as soon eat a man as look at him, as Major Jago, who is Master of the Hounds at Ootacamund could tell, for he had a good taste of him ; but he loved the hounds, and when he was turned out from Guindy (where our kennels were), if he got loose he would soon make his way there. He had been with the hunt five years, and when I rode him up the course before the Duke of Buckingham, the Governor, in true Frank-Goodall-at-Ascot style, where he came in state, many said how well the old hunter looked. I acted as clerk of the course, and a rare hot job it was, under a burning sun. One “Field” officer, who was A.D.C. to the General at Bangalore and who is very well known as a thruster with the Pytchley and the Quorn, did a voluntary that day, a good deal to my amusement. He was riding a whaler, and you know they will buckjump, and this one, in the preparatory canter, sent his rider clean over his head, but did not hurt him. You have to be at the covert-side by daybreak in India. Our best meet was at the Mount, where the officers are quartered, and a hearty welcome was always had at their Mess House. There is a difference in hunting jackals amongst pine-apple forests and through castor-oil bushes, or a sugar-cane plantation, to sailing

‘ across the Stanford Hall pastures. Across paddy (rice) fields also
‘ is no easy riding, and, fond as you may be of hunting there, it
‘ makes you think of sport in Old England. A jackal runs much
‘ the same as a real old English fox, and goes a rare pace; he is
‘ not afraid to go over the open, and there are plains that extend for
‘ miles. And it would be very good hunting if it was not for the
‘ terribly hot climate. I was always in dread of sunstroke, for
‘ while I was there the Duke of Buckingham’s coachman was
‘ struck one morning while driving the Duke, and died the next day.
‘ What a day, on December the 16th, we had when the Prince of
‘ Wales was out with us; these hounds never had a better day’s
‘ sport, and the whole field were delighted when we killed our jack.
‘ The Prince went well. Lord Suffield’s horse died the same night,
‘ and Lord Aylesford’s was quite done also.

‘ I heard Lord Charles Beresford make a remark that all credit
‘ was due to the Madras gentlemen for keeping up the pack of hounds.

‘ The Master of the Madras Hounds was the Accountant-General,
‘ Mr. R. W. Godwich, whose name is on all the bank-notes. He
‘ is one of the best sportsmen in India, a capital shot, and keeps
‘ hawks—some very good ones; you can see some good hawking in
‘ India. The Hon. Secretary was Mr. A. F. D. Best, a heavy-
‘ weight, who was always well to the front; and hunting regularly
‘ with us were Colonel Beresford, Mr. J. Hunter Blair, Mr. G. R.
‘ Robinson, Mr. M. C. Furnell, Mr. A. J. Bryson, Colonel Rideout
‘ and his daughter, who goes well; Dr. Murray, who is a clinker;
‘ and I must not forget Mr. P. V. Naidor, a native, who is a good
‘ subscriber. I must say a good word for H.E. the Governor, as
‘ we met at his place at Guindy Park, where there is always plenty
‘ of tea and coffee at six o’clock in the morning; and I must not
‘ forget Sir Frederick Haines, the Commander-in-Chief; or Major
‘ Pigott, well known in Devon; Major Jago from the same county,
‘ a neighbour, I believe, of Mr. Trelawney; Captain Rawlins of the
‘ Mount, and Mrs. Rawlins; General Lindsey, who is one of the
‘ best, and his sons, for one little boy rides capitally; Colonel
‘ Clementson and his two daughters, who ride famously, and who
‘ hunt occasionally on their own account; Mr. John Miller, a good
‘ man; Colonel Couchman, and Mr. John Aylmer, with others I
‘ can’t think of just now.

‘ I used to get all sorts of game; hares and antelopes—which we
‘ were allowed to shoot when they got out, and very good they were;
‘ and we had all sorts of good fish, especially mullet. There is fair
‘ shooting in India; and you hear and read all sorts of things about
‘ shooting tigers; but there are a precious sight more monkeys shot
‘ than tigers, and a monkey-pie is not easily to be beaten; it is
‘ better than English tame rabbit. The last day of the season came,
‘ and they drank the Master’s health and mine, after a good run
‘ (how well they all rode that day!), and I had to set my face once
‘ more for old England, though I was offered another place to hunt
‘ a pack on the hills called the Ootacamund Hunt, but I declined it.

'The climate there was not hot, but was very wet, and, I heard, caused liver complaint. We stopped on the road at Aden, which is a miserable place, though there is a lot of shipping there; and when I went on shore I did not think much of the Arabs. The breakwater at Port Said is good, and you can see the electric light a long way. We saw the Serapis with his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales on board at Malta; she steamed out a few hours after we arrived there. We had a very rough passage through the Bay of Biscay, which a good many of the passengers will never forget, I expect, and I was right glad to survive the lime-juice and salt junk and be safe and sound in England, and not far from a good rump-steak once more. You can get nothing so good as you can in England; and, as you see, I have had a little experience. It's not every huntsman that can talk French, or who has seen half the foreign life that I have.'

While the above was in the press, the hero of our story died very suddenly, in Pimlico, from inflammation of the lungs, aged only 42, and was buried in the Brompton Cemetery on Monday, April 30th. Although many have by this time found out who he was, yet for others who did not know him, we now state that the huntsman whose extraordinary adventures we have related was John Squires, whose brother Tom was huntsman to the York and Ainsty, and was killed in 1873 from his horse falling on him; and we conclude by quoting the words of one who has seen much service in the hunting field, who followed him to the grave, who said, 'A better man than John Squires I never whipped-in to.' His last moments were tended by his old friend Mark, or, as he called him, 'Tommy' Tyler before-mentioned, now of The Horns, Sydenham, which was formerly a noted hunting house, where James the Second once slept, when belated in the chase, and in consideration of the attention he received there, named it The Horns, and granted it a perpetual licence.

SOME PHASES AND PECULIARITIES OF IRISH HUNTING.

I AM inditing these lucubrations on the differentia, to speak logically, of Irish hunting, while the echoes from Sewell's rostrum vibrate on my ear, and the Olympic dirt of Punchestown is hardly dry on our cold shields, and water shields (*agua scutum* is only tailors' Latin, after all), while the best passages of hunting are still vividly present to memory and imagination; and fancy bridges over the chasm of months which separates us from the renewal of the princely and primeval pastime by dwelling on many an incident and episode of the chase which the current of events swept by all too hastily at the moment.

As at Punchestown so at Sewell's, the Saxon predominated. The influx of the Eastern invader was larger than ever. In the ring, in the stable, in the straw-yard, it is 'The oaths of British commerce and the accents of Cockaine' which catch the ear first, vice the argot of the Corney Delaneys of a vanished past. So also in the hunting field the cosmopolitanism of society has been more than ever remarkable. The best studs have been owned by visitors to our hunting grounds. The straightest goers have emerged from their ranks. The sting of the Scotch poets, 'more Irish and less nice,' is forgotten in the wider truth 'that society' (in Ireland as everywhere) 'is now one polished horde formed of two mighty tribes, 'the bores and bored,' and in the fact that the brotherhood of sport is levelling the old barrier of ignorance and prejudice which separated the races from each other, doing, in fact, far more 'than high 'philosophy can preach or vainly preached before,' in the cementing of Celt and Saxon.

Still, though the Lesser Britain is yet, we fancy, the universal standard to the greater empire of that name; though in most matters venatic Ireland appeals to her sister's wider experience and older traditions; though English customs, English nomenclature, even English eccentricities, are taking fast and firm root in Ireland, the genius of the race and island continually re-asserts itself, and makes a season's hunting in Ireland a very different thing from a season in England. Let us glance at a few of these peculiarities and national angles ere the revolving wheels of time have ground and smoothed them down out of recognition.

Captain Cornelius Cayenne, of the Nizam's irregular cavalry, has just returned from India on long leave, and the circumstance that led him to the Green Isle was an accident to his cousin, quartered in Mid Ireland, by which he fell in for the riding of three very capable hunters. One of these he sent on over night to Ballyspalpeen, which he has heard of as a good quarter, and near the celebrated Barnbrack kennels. Wishing to judge for himself of the country and its inhabitants, he has brought no introductions, and we now present this rice-and-curry sportsman, who had made his mark in India, in 'butchers' and black breeches, on his way to a well-known tryst which is said to be a 'moral' for sport. He is early in the saddle, and as he walks the long-shouldered Pendragon to the meet he is encountered by an old crone at a corner, who fixes him like the ancient mariner, and commences her liturgy, 'May the heavens be 'your bed! May the saints protect and guard you this day! May 'your life and limbs be spared!' and so on, till a shilling has been extracted. All this is very 'jumpy' and suggestive of the creeps at this intempestive, unfortified forenoon hour. Presently, two more, as withered and as wild in their attire, offer even more fervent orisons for his safe return home, and every tramp for the five or six miles he has to ride alone proffers the wayfarer his vote and interest with the saints who look after the imperilled sportsman. In a mile or two at some cross roads he meets fellow pilgrims, evidently not of the *noli me*

tangere or unapproachable order, so a cigar encourages sociability; the early qualms engendered by the weird women pass away quickly. The scenery at the trysting-place is neither picturesque nor beautiful. It suggests only two things, hunting and stock and sheep raising. No trees or hedgerows break the monotonous recurrence of moderate-sized grass fields all banked and ditched, and rugged occasionally with the indigenous gorse; a few thatched cottages appear at rare intervals, while in the distance is the outline of very purple hills; odd brooks and beckes meander through this light table-land, forming occasional 'bottoms,' which, however, barring a few bad spots, are rideable enough.

Our hero, who has thumbed his Lever and Maxwell, opens his eyes wide at the sartorial orthodoxy of the surrounding groups. That lacune (which a schoolboy christened *hiatus valde deflendus*) 'twixt top and leather, when the latter are too short, or too much stretched, and due attention is not paid to the 'connecting link' was undiscernible. The use of trees seemed more general in doors than out, and the sprinkling of mother-of-pearl buttons up the region of the tibial muscle, like the diamonds on the famous Esterhazy continuations—a common vagary of country snips—seemed not to be in fashion among the Ballyspalpeeners, a sensibly got-up lot without any long spurs or yards of 'crops,' and slight curliness of hat gear. The Master looked a gentleman huntsman all over, who courted sport, not popularity, and knew the hounds as well as his own children. The whips, an English and an Irish lad, were neat and workmanlike, mounted on well-bred handy horses; and a glance around showed that the field, great and small, rode business-like horses, which had nothing of the show-yard or dealer's stables about them, were not always perfect in shoulders, had sometimes the necks and forehead of the elk; but, on the other hand, their coats looked natural, not *Antinomical*, as Mrs. Malaprop would say, while legs, hoofs, and propelling power were perfect. Three ladies in blue habits, some thirty sportsmen in pink, and half-a-dozen sporting farmers, made up the congregation, with four or five of 'the army' from the nearest garrison town, a police inspector on his charger, two very sably apparelled Padres of the popular creed, and a doctor who had sat up all night in the service of Lucina, and stumbled somehow on the pack at the meeting place. Pad-grooms and second horsemen were quite in the minority, and not a few of the frieze-coated men, who had led on their masters' hunters, looked as if (with Shakespeare's ideal) they played many parts, 'up with the kettle and round with 'the car' among them.

Our Captain is about the only genuine stranger, and he is soon made *le bien venu* in a crowd where every one seems to know every one. The Master has said some civil things to him, and complimented him on his mount, a really fine animal; and he is beginning to feel quite at home when an elderly gentleman, the patriarch of the hunt, puts a most ritualistic-looking satin bag before him, with the formula of 'Half-a-crown, please.' The half-a-crown trans-

ferred from the waistcoat pocket to the sack, our friend asks his neighbour the meaning of the collection, when he learns that no covert is ever drawn in Ireland, save in the Curraghmore country, till this toll of 'the white monies' has been duly levied. '*Virtus post mummos,*' adds the speaker, and, with some of our fashionable packs, such as the Meath and Kildare, the 'nummi' amount occasionally to 15*l.* or 20*l.* of a great day. A doubtful custom, thinks our friend, and rather a bore on a short December day, when an early train has to be caught; but remembering that a friend of his who had appeared a few times at a well-known hunt in England had been courteously invited by the secretary to send him *at least* 25*l.* forthwith (the minimum subscription), he retracted his hasty conclusion.

A wave of the Master's hand has sent seventeen couple of small, effective-looking bitches into a four-acre gorse, strongly fenced, to which a Bohereen of a quarter of a mile has led the motley procession, and of course he has drawn it down wind; the whips have taken up their posts of observation with one or two sonorous reports of their heavy lashes. The field, self-drilled and disciplined, have taken up theirs also. 'Harmony' speaks, the chorus begins. The Master steals on down wind just in time to view the red rover crossing a grass field at an easy lope. Two rustics standing near raise their caps in solemn silence. Tootle! tootle! tootle! and eight couple of the seventeen are about their Master, and in an instant are clapped on to the last place where the fox was seen, and after an instant's hesitation, just to make assurance doubly sure, away they skim, heads up, sterns down, the remaining nine couple a hundred yards or so in their rear, and all racing like demons to catch the leaders.

Three or four sheep-gaps let the horsemen into the field along with the tail hounds; it is a large one, and a gorsey bank with a ditch in front shows no weak spot in its extent. The hounds, however, are inclining to the right, and just opposite Cayenne is a gate tied by a 'sugaun' * to a tree, which acts as a post, leaning into a sort of grassy laneway beyond. It is 4 feet 3 or 4 inches high, but it will take less time to negotiate than the bank, so, with a '*cœur léger,*' our hero goes at it, and his reward is the pride of place for the succeeding three fields stride and stroke along with the Master. How he got over the next three rugged broken banks and ditches Cayenne never knew—as he said afterwards, 'My horse did 'it all; I sat still in amazement.'

A mile and a half at this pace tells on a full forenoon fox not four minutes in front of the ravening pack, so he runs one of the little shallow burns he meets for a hundred yards or more. The hounds flash on beyond it. Presently, perceiving their error, they go back to the place of 'fault;' in two minutes they are running again fairly fast, the hindmost men become fuglemen, but for a minute or more Cayenne and the Master are out of it. A short cut, however, now presents itself to the duo, for the fox has run round one of those wide 'bottoms,' and there is nothing now but

* Sugaun, a rope made of twisted hay or straw.

a small pasture and a brook between them and the pack, who are slackening speed and coming to their noses. To get to this pasture field you must jump on to a high bank, thorn grown, while some of the available spots between the thorns have black and white crosses of ominous aspect on them. Cayenne takes a strong pull at his horse; the Master trots up to a likely spot, perches on it for a second or two, and jumps down on the far side, landing well over a small brook which margined the bank. At the long check which follows soon afterwards, Cayenne asks about these crosses, which he fancied either marked some horrible epidemic—the black death—or the cholera ravages, or, peradventure, were placed there by friendly forethought to warn the sportsman of some awful chasm or quarry on the far side. Nothing of the sort; he learns that these crosses are thus planted to avert cattle-plague, rinderpest, pleuro-pneumonia, witchcraft, the jettatura or evil eye. It is the island of Saints, thinks Cayenne, as he pricks along over low hills carpeted with heather and ling, knocking up a few sporadic grouse on his way. Hounds are running fast over these wilder tracts, and the field can keep well up with them, as the going is as light as the Rowley Mile in June, and nothing bigger than a ragged wall of $2\frac{1}{2}$ or 3 feet bars progress. These hills surmounted, a valley bounded by a distant range of higher hills presents itself. Hounds are carrying a great head, and their hackles are up for blood. Down a huge water-cut made to drain the valley the pack disappear, scrambling in muddy couples up the far side. The majority of the field vanish to a pass they know of; the hardest and straightest press on, and sliding down one side, a process not unlike Toboggining, swarm up the far bank anyhow, a slow, painful method which did not commend itself to C. C., so going at the smallest seeming part of the nullah, he attempted to clear it in his horse's stride. But 12 feet of space, with indifferent take off, is no light matter at the end of a run, so Cayenne and Pendragon became monuments of marl and mud somewhat of the complexion of the Commendatore in 'Don Giovanni.' The chase, meantime, led on for a mile or so towards a well-known 'earth,' in a stone-faced bank, and into this sanctuary crept the fox, with not more than forty yards to spare. It had been opened for him by friendly hands, for this vulp was a favourite in the country, and was as safe as any popular felon 'on his keeping.'

Cayenne found *his earth* at the Master's, and everything hunting man or hunting horse could crave after a hard day. I should add that our Master put it to the vote whether he should draw on or not, but all, whether they incurred Macbeth's malison or not, cried, 'Hold, enough!'

So ended Cayenne's first experience of hunting in Ireland, in an out-of-the-way country with a provincial pack. Being a man of the world who had seen more men and cities than Ulysses, he generalised his experiences. Being an Englishman, he naturally appealed to his native standard, and his floating thoughts translated into words would read somehow like this: 'Not bad fellows, these Ballyspal-peeners; many of them—in fact, nearly every one of them—rode

‘hard; and how that girl with the eyes of most unholy blue did go! ‘Timber don’t seem their strong point, as they stared at my bit of “gating.” How scent lies on these old grass lands! I don’t think the hounds ran faster than in England, but they checked less. ‘The horses seemed mean and undersized, but blood tells in an Arab as in an Irish nag, and both cost rupees. I wonder where they gēt their straw from, for we saw nothing in the way of tillage but an odd potato garden. There seem to be fewer *swells* but less cockneys than on our side the Channel. Less show, but quite as much go, though I think some of our fellows sit closer and neater than any I saw here. And that old secretary with the white beard who took the half-crowns. *Tardior in venerem senior!* Begad, he wasn’t *tardior in Dianam* as he set us all at that scarped bank when there seemed scant foothold for a goat.’

How Cayenne’s first day in Ireland determined his life’s course—how he spent his two years’ leave, at least the winter portion, wholly in that island, hunting the fox and the stag; how he oscillated in his allegiance between Meath, Waterford, Kildare, Kilkenny and ‘the Wards’; how he never could solve satisfactorily the problem of the relative speed of Sir David Roche’s and the Kildare bitch packs; how, not being a Saint Senanus he fell a prey to the cerulean eyes, which he transplanted to the climes of the sun, are they not written in the chronicles of the Cayenne family, said and sung in many a compound? We have merely introduced the scion of the great house of Pepper (their white horses are historical) as one of many English and Scotch who enter to hounds in Ireland, and become in a year or two more Irish than the Irish in all matters of sport, taking their bachelor’s degree in the Ward country, and graduating in a year or two afterwards as master of arts at Punchestown. But to us, surveying Ireland with eyes of many lustrums, it appears more and more evident that if hunting is to flourish as one of our great national institutions, of which foreigners attempt feeble replicas, its head centre will be the grasseries of Ireland, its metropolis Dublin, which commands such hunting grounds as Meath and Kildare present. Good warranty exists for such a forecast. England is daily becoming a greater aggregation of mining and mechanical enterprise. Trade pollutes its rivers and spreads mines, factories, and chemical works, with park-like villas, for the kings and princes of trade to dwell in, broadcast over the soil. Railways have kept pace with this development, and already they have made Leicestershire their prey. Agriculture, no longer content with the surface of the soil, makes hunting only pleasurably possible to the lords of many legions of horses. English enterprise—I mean sporting enterprise—is availing itself largely of the opportunities presented by Ireland. Its rivers and lakes are yearly invaded by the Teuton. The hunting fields are also largely leavened by the Saxon element—witness any large meet in the Meath, Kildare, or Ward Union countries, while English M.F.H.’s hold the horn in two of the best counties in the island, and English-bred hounds under English kennel-men hunt all over the country. If we can imagine an emperor of the west

dealing out dominions like a Persian king of old times to his favourites or satraps, we can conceive his assigning to a refugee Themistocles Kerry for his snipe shooting, Galway for woodcock, Meath and Dublin for hunting. Nor do I think Themistocles, if a sportsman, need be greatly commiserated on his lines.

Ireland is certainly a harder country to cross successfully than England, though, I think, falls, if more numerous are much less dangerous here than on the far side of the ditch, for the simple reason that in banks and doubles there is always a *locus penitentiæ* for a horse that makes a mistake, and that to jump such a fence he collects himself beforehand. If any proof were wanting of the comparative difficulties of passage in the two countries, a ghastly band, called 'wreckers,' who have been in vogue for the last fifty years in Meath and Dublin, afford it in themselves. When the ditches are, as a rule, too wide for man's spring, and footboards occur constantly under the banks, such a country may be said to be abnormally large. For the extrication of men and horses engulfed in these chasms the 'wrecker band' lives, moves, and has its being. There is among them, as in Napoleon's army, the old guard and the new. The headquarters of the old is at Dunboyne, of the new at Navan. The former are much the best known. Hobbs is their captain, and a harder working, civilier, soberer, a more intelligent public servant it were hard to find anywhere, though I do not think he ever passed a competitive examination. These men act as a corps of hunting commissionaires, accredited by the Masters and much patronised. Purses large and small are freely committed to their care, so are letters and telegrams. They will tell you where to pick up a good hunter occasionally, do second horseman at need, put on the gloves and spar with you, guide you in gunning expeditions, or perhaps spot a chasing winner for you. It was said that they occasionally lured neophytes on very moderate hunters to attempt impossible places. Hence their name. This I think a libel on the body. There is a story current in hunting circles which shows the antiquity of the institution by the very calendar of fashion. General the Hon. —, when a subaltern quartered in Dublin, got into one of those abyss-like rhenes, and having been knocked out of breath, he was for some moments apparently lifeless. The wreckers lifted him tenderly, took him up with care, and laying him out on the bank as if for a wake, proceeded to a quasi-clinical examination, divesting their patient of his coat and waistcoat, when, to their astonishment, rings of the most gorgeous undervests appeared overlapping each other in rainbow fashion. 'Arrah, boys!' says one, 'this is no man; this is 'a paycock.' The paycock, like Wellington's dandies in the Peninsula, could fight well, and lived to do the state some service; and, like many a *beau sabreur* in our cavalry, owes much to his initial hunting campaigns in Ireland; for it is well known that many of the leaders in our greatest cavalry charges in the Crimea had first led the van of pursuit in Meath and Kildare. Of 'Ireland's Hunting Resources and Capabilities' we propose to say something in a future chapter to which these remarks are introductory.

A GOOD RUN, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

THE RUN.

‘THAT is a nice horse you are on,’ remarked Richard Walton to his friend Cecil Denis, as they got on their hunters at the Wheat-sheaf Inn, just on the edge of the downs in Wood-and-Mudshire, on a fine November morning. ‘He does your judgment credit.’

‘Our friend Jackson’s, you should say. He selected him for me last spring at Tattersall’s, when Lord Goneaway’s horses were sold. He bought this and the chestnut.’

‘And very clever horses they are, up to fourteen stone, at least, and you will scale under that for some years to come. To-day, I hope, will enable you to try the merits of the brown. Marsham has selected a pretty stiff country for the opening fixture. By-the-way, your governor is not a bad sort to stand a groom and a couple of hunters, considering he does nothing in that line himself.’

‘He has no voice in the matter,’ replied Cecil, ‘or my hunting would soon be at an end. No, Dick, I had a jolly old aunt, who left me a few hundreds a year independent of him. As it is, he is very agreeable, but you may depend on it no hunters would come out of his pocket.’

‘Well, it does not matter, so that you have them.’

‘So say I, while I am single; and as I well know he means to marry me to a rich wife afterwards, if so inclined, I shall double the number, or perhaps keep half-a-dozen instead of a couple.’

‘With all my heart; and if the bride is pretty as well as rich, you will be one of the luckiest fellows in existence. But let us jog on to covert.’

Right merrily they trotted along. The day was fine, the country, if not picturesque, had the rural charm that attaches to most English landscapes, and was diversified by wood and water, meadow and stubble, while every tree and hedge, every bush and brake, was arrayed in the gorgeous colours with which autumn clothes the sunset of the year.

‘There is a picture,’ said Walton, as they crossed the brow of a small hill, and in the well-timbered park beneath them caught the first glimpse of a sight no other country in the world can show—the meet of a pack of foxhounds. It was by no means a crack fixture, but very beautiful for all that. The many-coloured pack moving gently over the greensward, the kaleidoscope change of colours as horsemen crossed and recrossed each other while exchanging greetings with their friends, the concentration and dispersion of small groups continually going on, lent a vivacity and interest to the scene that mere description fails to render.

‘You must not expect anything very grand as far as appearances go,’ said Walton, when they neared the fast-augmenting crowd; ‘ours is only a provincial pack, and we do things quite in the rough. Will, you see, is on a short-tailed varmint-looking black, fired all

‘round and bought for a little money, but he can bustle along at a fairish pace when need is. The pack are neither very level nor particularly handsome, but when we find, you will see they can all hunt a fox. Our subscriptions are small, and Marsham keeps no hound for looks alone. His motto is, “Handsome is that handsome does;” we have good sport and good fellowship, and that is all we care about. Notice this man, Cecil; he is one of our best, and, mark me, if you can keep an eye on him all day, you will never be very far from the hounds.’

‘He looks like a parson.’

‘Well, he is not one, that is certain, though I will point out one or two of the cloth presently that will give you some trouble to shake off; but for all day and every day, that is your man, and mind his old rat-tailed horse don’t bring you to grief if you follow him. He has gone over this country for twenty years, and knows the depth of the ditches too well to get into them. Here is another good one on the fine brown horse ticked with roan hairs; he belongs to the cloth, and is a clinker over any country. That also is a parson on the thoroughbred chestnut; he rides well sometimes, but skirts about a great deal, and every now and then heads a fox for us.’

‘Who is the dark man coming towards us?’ asked Cecil.

‘Oh, nobody, as far as riding is concerned, though he makes more noise than all the rest put together. You will see him go like fun if he gets into a lane, but he won’t jump. There is another of the same kind; but here comes my cousin, little Lizzie Askham. I must introduce you to her. She is a great chum of mine, the merriest little minx under the sun, and rides gloriously.’

Young people of opposite sexes want little introduction to put them on friendly terms, especially where good looks and agreeable manners are common to both; so by the time Marsham arrived and Will turned his black’s head for Oak Ash Copse, a considerable advance towards acquaintanceship was made.

‘Cum up,’ said Will, as he crammed his horse through the rotten fence of this nice little spinney (about a thousand acres in extent), and the field moved away towards the broad riding that intersected it. ‘Hoick, have at him, there! hoick, push him up!’ resounded from the depths of the covert as he forced his way through briar and thicket.

‘Well done, Will,’ said Walton, ‘we shall soon have a fox on foot; no fear of a blank here. Sir Henry is a capital friend to foxes, though a large game-preserve, and not a hunting man himself. Listen. What’s that?—a find, by Jove! That’s it. Will is cheering them. Hoick, Bender, old man; yoi drag on him, there.’ ‘Toot! toot! toot!’ sounded the horn as he galloped down the ride with three couple of hounds at his heels and others dropping away from him, and taking a short cut through the underwood to join Bender.

‘Tally-ho! tally-ho!’

'Well done! That's Tom's holloa; he has viewed him over the ride. Now they are at him in right earnest. Hear what a chorus.'

'No hurry, man,' continued Walton, as Cecil gathered up his reins and prepared to go; 'he will stand a little bucketting before he leaves this, especially so early in the season.'

They were running sweetly now, and made the oaks ring as they drove him all round the outside. He dared not break as yet. Farther and farther did he stretch away until the far end of the covert was reached.

'They are surely gone,' said Cecil.

'Not a bit of it. There is always a lot coffee-housing in the road at the lower corner, and they must have viewed him had he gone away. Now you hear they turn towards us again. Stand still, pray stand still. Here he comes—a cub; a fine one, but only a cub; he begins to look distressed already. If he sticks to the covert this hot morning they will soon kill him. Don't shout; they can't be running better. There is another holloa; he is going the same round again. No, that hound has met and turned him; it's Rosabel. She's always skirting, but Will won't draft her because she is so good over the open. She can race a bit, and hunt, too—such a one down a road. I saw her carry it for fifty yards up Wallingford Lane last season, when nothing else could own it.'

'Hoick holloa! Gone away!'

'Now he's gone, Dick.'

'All right; I hear. He won't go far that way. It is only over the meadows to the other side of the covert. If we stand here we shall see him cross. There he goes, over the stream and into the cover at the opposite corner, just in time to prevent the leading hounds catching view as they flash into the open. What a beautiful sight, is it not, as, all abreast, like the horses of the sun, they take the stream in their stroke? There is a rare scent to-day, if we can only get away from the woods. What a head they carry! Every hound is buried in the high wood, but their merry notes come up to us trebled in the echo to make amends. We lose nothing, you see, by standing still for a time. But what is that stealing over the open?—a fox, for a hundred. Now, if they have changed, we must make haste, or we shall be left in the lurch. As I live, there is a "holloa" from yonder haystack, and ten to one but Will goes to it; he is fond of a holloa.'

Walton clapped in the spurs, and rattled away down the riding, followed by Cecil.

'There is the horn; come along,' roared he, as he crammed his horse at a high stile with a drop and foot-bridge on the landing side. Both got cleverly over; the hounds were well away, and there was not a moment to lose. 'I am sure it's a fresh fox,' said he.

'No doubt of it,' called out Lizzie Askham, who had taken the stile just behind them.

'You here, Lizzie!' said Walton. 'That was a queer place for you to take.'

'Oh! nothing to Goldrop,' replied she, patting her chestnut's neck, and smiling.

'Forrard! forrard! forrard! hoick! hoick! hoick!' screamed Will, shaking up the old black, and sitting down in his saddle for business.

To their right was the man on the rat-tailed horse, who had got a capital start, and was stealing quietly along close to the hounds. 'That's the way to take a blind double,' said Walton, as the old horse did an 'on-and-off' cleverly. 'D—— has the best of us, and will miss this awfully deep meadow and the drain.'

'To the right, sir, to the right,' shouted Will. 'You are in to a certainty if you go there.'

Following him to some firmer ground, they all cleared the drain without a mistake. Not so, however, a stranger on a grey horse, who, thinking to cut off a corner, went straight across, and, floundering on the boggy banks, was over head and ears in the black, muddy water before he found out his mistake. 'One done with, at any rate!' exclaims Cecil, as the horse passes them. 'We shall see him no more to-day.' They were fairly away at last.

There is scarcely a more exhilarating moment in our lives than when we find ourselves well mounted and in pursuit of the flying pack over a good country. Then, if ever the spirit of emulation rises strong within us, and as we see our fellow-sportsmen settling down to ride, and feel our horse going gallantly into his bridle, it must indeed be something awkward that would make us turn or flinch. The feeling may and does go off with many in a field or two, and the sight of a friend on his back while his horse is struggling in a ditch causes discretion to take the place of valour, but at the first glorious burst all like to go to the front, and fondly imagine they can stay there. So felt Cecil Denis as the pack raced away, 'heads up, sterns down'; for, as Walton said, there was a scent, and they made the most of it. Across soft, deep meadows, divided by high banks and wide double ditches, lay the line. It was no joke to live with them in such a country, and after the first few minutes not many tried it. One by one they dropped away as the fences increased in size and the falls became more numerous, into Mudbank Lane, up which the majority of the field were already pounding to meet the pack at Mudbank Scrubbs, for which covert they were evidently pointing. How beautifully Lizzie Askham rode, sitting square and well in her saddle, and with a finger on the rein light as a summer breeze she took her horse over the large fences. Straight as an arrow she went, and at a good swinging gallop, a momentary touch on the crown of the bank, and she was over and away.

Cecil Denis, though he had then but little experience, was a natural horseman—one of those men who ride by instinct, and anything good in the shape of equestrianism was sure to take his attention. How he admired her as she went sailing along, her long

fair hair, which had escaped its bands, streaming in the wind! How his heart came up nearly into his mouth as he watched this delicate girl riding at some bigger place than common, and how his eye glistened with exultation as she landed safely over! He forgot the hounds, he forgot himself, as stroke for stroke he rode side by side with her. It was a new sensation to him; he had never seen aught like it before.

But we have forgotten the hounds, which, still going as if tied to their fox, entered Mudbank Scrubbs. Up the cover without a check they raced, and up a riding knee-deep in mud and slush raced the field after them. The cover was long and large, but the fox lingered not, and the pack, still carrying a good head, left it, and once more raced over the open with scarce a murmur.

The country now became lighter and easier, well-trimmed live fences and low wattles replaced the huge banks and ditches; then, as still higher ground was reached and the pack laid themselves out on the wide expanse of New Mile Down, the road-riding portion of the field were in their glory. The man who does not jump now gets to the front and races abreast of the leading hounds.

'Hold hard, gentlemen, pray hold hard,' shouts the huntsman, as Rival and Rosamond waver for a moment at some sheep-stains, and Merrylass, dropping her stern, goes away at right angles, thus throwing the body of the pack somewhat over the line.

The turn gives them another mile and a half on the down, and a considerable interval between head and tail becomes apparent. 'Now we shall stop some of these flyaway gentlemen,' exclaims Will, as a new-made five-foot wall, the boundary of the Winstone property, stares him in the face. 'Yoi-over, Merrylass! have at him, Vigilant!' as the leading hounds top the fence. 'Cum up, you old brute,' says he, as the black stops dead at the wall instead of going over. 'What, a bit pumped, old man? Stand a second with your nose to the wind, and then try again.' With a short trot he sets him at it, and goes over at the second attempt, saying 'Not gone to ground, I hope,' as the pack carry the line over some dangerous-looking rocks filled with fissures.

The field, seeing a check inevitable, trotted away to a gate a few hundred yards distant, and as they opened it the riders of the rat-tail and the chestnut thoroughbred, who had both laid away wide on the right and so saved a considerable angle, popped cleverly over the wall at a lower place.

'How long from Oak Ash, Tom?' asks the parson, as the second whip trots past him.

'Twenty-eight minutes, sir,' replies he, capping.

'Yo do it, old bitch; have at him, Melody; down the hill it is.'

'Hark, holloa! hark, holloa! hark!' shouts Tom, as a faint scream ascends from the vale below.

'Let them hunt it, will you,' replies the Master. Old Melody's on him again.

The rest soon joining her, they drove like a hurricane down the

hill. What a prospect was now before them; on the right, far as the eye could reach, a magnificent grass vale, not a sign of plough in it, and but few covers. Facing them it was narrower, and on the opposite side rose hills of light plough-land. On the left deep woodlands, and small fields of strong clay. Down the vale, winding and turning like a serpent, now here, now there, sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other, ran Swallowdale Brook, a clear fourteen feet of water from bank to bank. The latter being steep, and in places rotten, the bridges far apart, and the fords few and treacherous; to cross the vale you must take it once, probably twice, and the chances are, unless the line is very direct, it meets you oftener even than that. But while we are lingering on the brow the hounds have already reached the wood below. Will, sitting well back, and with the spurs in, went down at something between a gallop and a scramble. The boldest of the field followed his example; the more cautious dismounted, and 'led down' at the imminent risk of losing their balance, and their horses at the same time, while the road-riders, funkens, and know-the-country party, headed by the man who would not jump, were off full swing for the bridle-track round by Green Mead Farm, and then intended to cut up the driftway and over the bridge at Rushbury Common, and, if not before the fox, get into the main road that intersects the vale.

'This way, Lizzie; come along, Cecil,' holloed Walton, as he followed his friend on the rat-tail down a winding sheep-track through the gorse and boulders. A hunting-gate let them into the pasture next the cover, and they were well placed again.

Pug tried some earths here, and the hounds seemed uncertain for a moment as to whether he was in or not, but they carried it past, as if he had entered and found it too hot for him, or at any rate run over the earth.

'Here they come,' said Cecil, 'right down towards us; that's it, 'Bonnybell has it,' as the whole pack, headed by her, swung round, and once more raced away. Will's old horse did a yawner out of the cover cleverly, and a lot who tried to follow him were pounded. Crash went the fence, and the next instant young Jack Hardup was under his horse in the ditch.

'Never mind,' said Walton, as Cecil half pulled up; 'there are plenty of humane people, as Osbaldiston said, who will stop and help him.'

The pack were well settled again, Racer and Romulus striving for the lead, and the whole lot pushing and struggling in a heap, as the first bullfinch was reached. Crash, swish, and Lizzie was through like a bird and racing across a hundred-acre pasture, her fine chestnut just in his element, now good going was reached and big fences had to be encountered.

A dozen are going well with the pack, and mean business, the cream of the country before them, and not a bush to hold their fox until Sinnington Outwood is reached, that is distant a good four miles, and many a rasper must be encountered in crossing them.

'How quickly they get to head now the bullfinch is passed,' exclaims the Master; 'every hound is pressing to the front, and the slightest swerve lets them in; we are in for it now, and no mistake.'

'Pull him, my friend, pull him,' shouted Walton, 'or you are done; unless you get his hind legs well under him you are a done man, as far as this run is concerned.'

'Look at that,' rejoins Miss Askham, as a man on a raking chestnut goes racing at the fence. 'See with what a light hand he is collecting his horse, and how he goes striding up to it. He will fly it to a certainty.'

'What a jump!' says Cecil; 'five-and-twenty feet if it's a yard, and done without an effort. He sails away as if only a hurdle had been cleared. Capital, Miss Askham! we are over all right, though we can't do it in that style. The man on the big black is down. No! well saved, old boy. A nasty double that.'

This fence thinned the field considerably, and the pace also began to tell on the nags.

'Turn to the right,' cried Walton, who acted as pilot to Cecil and Miss Askham. 'Jump that low gate into the lane, and we shall miss half-a-dozen fences, and cut off a corner in the bargain. Well saved; that's a big oxer before them, now let us watch the fun. Bravo, Straightback, it is nothing to you, only an ordinary stride. Now, Will, send him at it. Ha! that's clever indeed; the old horse has doubled it where the fence is a trifle thin. Look at the parson and —— flying it side by side; not bad for a couple of welter-weights.'

The lane served them no longer, and once more they had to take their places and ride to the pack, but a slight check gave to all the nags the pull they stood so much in need of.

'One moment, gentlemen; pray hold hard; Termagant has it; hark to Termagant,' said Will. 'Let them clear the next fence, and then catch them who can.'

Another oxer lessened the field considerably; the ground was heavy from a week's rain, and it told; still away streamed the pack, and as they crashed through a bullfinch into a field somewhat heavier than common, they saw Swallowdale brook running full before them.

'Is there a bridge handy? Who knows a ford?' are the questions that pass from mouth to mouth, but Stopgap was the only one who knew the fords in this part, and he had a purl at the last oxer, so it was a case of charging it or being left out. There it ran, broad and deep, with not over-good banks. To the right was fair taking off, and three stiffish rails in front; to the left a thick black bullfinch overhung the landing side.

'Now for it,' said Marsham, 'the hounds are across,' as he, Will, and Straightback, looking neither to the right nor left, sailed over in their stride; the whip's horse stopped so unexpectedly that Tom could not stay with him, and plumped head-first into the middle

of it. Lizzie Askham took well hold of Goldrop, and sent him spinning at it, with Walton on one side and Denis on the other. Safe and sure the two former landed, but Cecil's brown dropped short, and hung with his forelegs on the bank and his quarters in the water; quick as thought he clapped his hands on the horse's head and landed in the pasture, as boys play at leap-frog. 'Bravo!' cried his friend, and the lady smiled, but neither paused; the next instant his gallant brown had scrambled out, and he was coming full tilt in their wake.

Still the scent improved, and Rushington Common was reached, where the road-riders, though not forward enough to head the fox, caused a check by having ridden over the scent. But little time was lost, for Will, catching hold of them, swung across the road, and a couple of fields occupied by cattle, at a gallop, and hit his fox off like a workman, and the pack were away again. Loose horses now become plentiful, and the country stiffer than ever.

'Who is that?' asks one as a tremendous crash is heard.

'Only Loosefish through a gate instead of over it. He keeps badly, and his poor old horse is done.'

'But where is Will off in such a hurry?' says another, 'the pack are running hard, and he is riding right away from them.'

'He must have lost a shoe.'

'Not he; Will would never stop for shoes in this soft country, and his fox sinking.'

'Well, here we are at the Outwoods at last, and we shall get a moment's puff.'

But it was too hot for him to linger in the covert, he only just skirted it, and on again. The scent now became fainter, and a storm brewing away to westward threatened to bring the pack to their noses.

'This is unfortunate,' says Walton, as the pace still slackens; 'Will is not here, Marsham is down, and Tom has never turned up since his header in the brook. Lucky Loosefish is done with, or he would be interfering now.'

'Hark! there's a holloa!' cries Denis.

'And Will's too, I am sure,' adds Lizzie.

'You are right,' replies Walton; 'what luck. Pray be still, sir,' said the Master, just come up, to some one who began to rate, and shout 'Get to him, hounds, get to him.' 'They will hear his holloa, and fly to it much quicker than you can drive them.' The pack soon caught it when left alone, flying to the well-known voice, and Will, who fortunately had viewed his fox, capped them on close at him.

'Got Farmer Hurdle's young horse, sir,' says he, capping the Master. 'My old fellow was done. He's close afore them, sir, and very much beaten.'

'Let them hunt while they can; he's sure to turn short now, or crawl in some hole; you will miss him if you hurry them.'

The storm blew over, and the scent again improved. Rosabel

and some more old ones were pressing to head, as if they knew the fox was sinking; the pace improved wonderfully, and as they ran up a large grass field very few could live with them. Even Straightback had little powder left, and Will's fresh nag did him yeoman's service, as, cap in hand, he cheered on the pack.

'Which are you for?' said Walton, 'the rickyard wall or the stile in the corner? neither is very inviting on a beaten horse, but that short cut up the lane saved us a little; I think we can manage the wall.'

'Agreed,' said Miss Askham, and, putting her horse at it, got well over.

Will and Straightback took the stile, the latter with an awful scramble, and all the rest trotted back to a gate.

What a row there was as the fox ran into the outbuildings of a homestead. Men, maids, and terriers, all out at once, all shouting, screaming, and barking, while a couple of colts jumped out of the paddock, and made confusion worse confounded by galloping amongst the hounds. There was no shelter for him in the buildings, and so he once more tried the hedgerows. They went at him in earnest when again free of the crowd, still as they ran down one side he slipped up the ditch on the other. But, turn short as he could, it was no use. How they dashed and drove up the ditch behind him. Again he tried the homestead, but without avail.

'Amidst his old haunts he meets no friend,
Till Will's whoo-whoop proclaims his end.'

Rosabel caught view, then Sailor. 'Who-whoop! all over at last,' says Marsham. 'How those young hounds worked him, Will! 'Selem will make a stud-hound I am sure.'

Then there was the worry in the pasture, the struggle of the whole pack; Furrier trotted off holding a leg, followed by Nimrod with raised hackles, while Rosabel and Hebe disputed the ownership of a tougher piece of skin than common, until Will's voice quelled all disputes.

The field was easily counted: Will, the Master, Miss Askham, Walton, Denis, Straightback, the owner of the rat-tailed horse, and the two parsons.

'How long hast been at un, Bill?' inquired the farmer, as he came out with a jug of home-brewed and some bread-and-cheese, followed by a couple of labourers with gruel for the horses.

'One hour and twenty minutes from Oak Ash Wood,' said Will, as he finished fixing the head to his couples, and recovered his breath after tossing off a glass of ale.

'Well, that be a good un; twelve miles as the crow flies over a good line. Many a gallop I've had from Oak Ash afore the gout stopped me.'

'Good-day, farmer, and thank ye,' replied Will.

'Cope hounds, cope,' and away they trotted with their sterns up, and apparently as fresh as ever.

STRANGE INCIDENTS IN THE HISTORY OF A
HUNTER.

IN the following account of some incidents in the life of a hunter, which I propose to lay before my readers, it may be fancied that I was taking them into the realms of fiction; such, however, is not the case. And perhaps they may say, after having read it, that the facts, for the accuracy of which many witnesses now alive can vouch, are stranger even than fiction itself.

Some few years ago, let us say between 1860 and 1870, a young officer was quartered at a station admirably adapted for hunting with some of the best packs in the Midland Counties. Mr. Dash, for so I will call him, soon became noted for his daring and determined, I might almost say reckless style of riding. He appeared to have adopted the maxim of Assheton Smith, 'that you 'could get over every fence with a fall;' and took no more notice of a crumpler than did that celebrated M.F.H. himself. Places are now pointed out over which he larked in cold blood, which would stop all but the very best when hounds were running their hardest. Riding in this style, it is not wonderful that before the season was over his stud wanted replenishing; for we all know 'it's the pace 'that kills,' and horse-flesh cannot stand this sort of wear and tear without showing the effects of it. Accordingly the hard-riding Cornet went to the metropolis to hire a horse from a well-known dealer, whom we will call Mr. Tallman, to make up the deficiencies in his own stud; and a long, low brown horse without a white hair, and looking all over a hunter, was sent him. The brown when in his new rider's hands by no means belied his good looks. If Mr. Dash had gone well before, he went almost better now—nothing stopped the pair; and although they came to continual grief, the marvellous performances of horse and rider with the Pytchley, Mr. Tailby's, The Atherstone, and other packs, was the general topic of conversation. Several impossible-looking places are still shown which they took, notably one near Marston Hall, which was tried twice unsuccessfully, but accomplished at the third time of asking. At length the season came to an end, the young officer had to return to head-quarters, and not caring to take back the horse with him, or incur the expense of summering him, he was returned to Mr. Tallman.

During the next July, as Mr. Dash was walking in Regent Street, which was crowded with carriages, one afternoon, in company with his sister, a hansom cab passed, and his eye rested for a moment on the horse which drew it. 'I must go,' exclaimed he. 'I shall be 'back for dinner.' At the same time leaving his sister astonished, who must have thought he had become suddenly demented, and rushing off in full chase. On he ran until he saw an empty cab, and jumping in, he ordered the driver to follow the other until he discharged his fare. A long chase he had, but when it was over and he got out, he found that he had made no mistake, and that it

was the old hunter which he had recognized in spite of cab and harness. The owner of the horse had a cab yard at Islington, whither Mr. Dash was taken by the cabman. On arriving, an old dilapidated saddle was put on the horse; and after a ride up and down the yard he succeeded in buying him for 15*l.*; the present owner not seeming very loth to sell, as he had had a good deal of trouble in getting the horse to take to harness. Mr. Dash asked him to deliver the horse that evening at a friend's house, who he knew would find him stable-room for the night. This friend was about to retire when there was a ring at the bell, and on the servant going to the door he saw a hansom cab with a horse hitched on behind, and the driver making anxious inquiries whether he had come to the right house. He was soon satisfied on that point, the money paid, himself fee'd, and the old hunter taken to a stable close by, well fed, and made as comfortable as he could be.

He was well done and got into condition again, and when the hunting season began proved himself as good as ever. Nothing could stop him, all fences were alike to him, and a bolder horse never had a bridle on. He would crash through anything, and if he fell he was up again and at the next fence as keenly as if nothing had happened. And 'Cabby,' as he was of course called, now, as before, cut them all down, go with whatever pack he might.

Now comes the amusing part of the story. Mr. Dash wanted to buy another horse, and applied once more to Mr. Tallman, who said, when the price was discussed: 'Really I must charge you a bit more, seeing the bad luck I had with the horse you sent me back last season.'

'Indeed; what was that?'

'Why you had screwed him up so, that there was nothing for it but to kill him.'

At the time this was said the horse was in the stable of the would-be purchaser.

When the end of the season came again the regiment was ordered to Ireland, and Mr. Dash, not liking to see his old horse go back to a life of slavery and misery, offered him to a friend at Rugby, who gave him 25*l.*, and summered him as well as he could. In his hands Cabby remained for three or four seasons, and carried him invariably to the front. One day he took him out with a neighbouring pack of hounds, when his honourable scars and wounds attracted the attention of a party of swells, who were inclined to sneer, and remarked in a jeering way: 'You are not so well mounted as usual.' But when hounds began to run Cabby was to be found in his old place, and showed them his tail all the way; and, as may well be supposed, the boot was on the other leg at the end of the day, and the joke quite the other way.

Cabby next migrated to Market Harborough, and kept up his reputation amongst the Tailbyites for two seasons. But at length it became clear that he could not go on courage alone, and he died as a hunter ought to die. His hoofs were made into four very

handsome silver candlesticks, two of which are still to be seen at Rugby and two at Market Harborough; and on each of them is engraved the simple word 'Cabby.'

I have heard of many strange metamorphoses in my time, but fancy that Malacca's resuscitation from a hack to a Cambridgeshire winner, or Chandler's from a gig-horse to the best steeplechaser of his day and winner of the Liverpool Steeplechase, was not more curious than Cabby's providential resurrection from between the shafts of a hansom cab.

N.

CRICKET.

HE must be a cheery soul who can look back on the opening of the cricket year of 1877 with anything like a feeling of satisfaction. Can any one picture a state of things more depressing than marked the four weeks which formed a month with desperate irony designated the merry month of May? Instead of the gentle zephyr coming 'like a low sweet song,' a blustering inhospitable nor'-easter, piercing you to the skin, and chilling every attempt at enthusiasm or energy. In place of grounds generally well cared for and, under ordinary circumstances, in no way difficult for the batsman, turf thoroughly saturated and treacherous, and for good scores a succession of small totals singularly monotonous and uninteresting. The first step taken by way of formally opening the season was one certainly open to misconstruction. The annual general meeting of the Marylebone Club was held on the first Wednesday of May, but there was oddly enough little in the proceedings that would have led any one not well versed in the internal mechanism of the club to have identified the meeting in any way with cricket. Had the main aim of the M.C.C. been the advancement of tennis or the propagation of *σφαίριστική*, we should have been better able to comprehend the discussion, which seemed generally to ignore the consideration of cricket topics as altogether unworthy of notice. A general meeting of the first cricket club in the world for a discursive series of arguments on tennis and lawn tennis is something of an anomaly. As was only to be foreseen in the absence of any chance of Mr. R. A. Fitzgerald's restoration to health, Mr. Henry Perkins, the acting Secretary, was duly installed as permanent occupant of the office, and we congratulate the Committee on the selection of a gentleman who has already learned the routine of a post not very difficult to fill, and who will at least do his duty fairly, firmly, and, what is most important of all, without giving needless offence. The amateur question, which in some quarters seems to have the same effect as that of a red rag to a bull, was not in any way touched upon, and the omission of this one important topic has given rise to a long correspondence in 'Bell's Life,' of which perhaps the only real point gained is the gratification that it must afford to the agitators themselves. But 'the play's the thing.' In point of

weather the opening match at Lord's between the Marylebone Club and Ground was perhaps the only one that was played under circumstances alike equal for the bowler and the batsman. What could have been the policy of the Hampshire Committee in playing such a match, at a time when they could hardly have collected the full strength of the county, it is not easy to conjecture. No doubt there is still cricket in the county that gave it birth, and good cricket too, but it is none the less unwise for a county club struggling to regenerate itself to let vaulting ambition overleap itself. At present Hampshire is mainly dependent on Mr. A. W. Ridley for any success that it is likely to achieve. It has in him, perhaps, the finest all-round amateur in England, with the one exception of Mr. W. G. Grace, but without him its chances of victory against any other county eleven would be of the smallest. The result of the match at Lord's proved its weakness beyond all doubt. Galpin and Tate are both fair second-rate bowlers, but even they were knocked about by a Marylebone eleven in which there was really not one batsman who could fairly be described as first-class. Galpin's two wickets cost 180 runs, Tate's two 35; and in all nine bowlers were tried in the first innings of the Club, all of much about the same condition of mediocrity. Mr. Longman, the Cambridge Captain of 1875, does not seem in any way to have maintained his University reputation since he took to commerce; and Mr. Duncan, who made some very good innings for the County last season, and is unquestionably one of the best amateur batsmen discovered of late years, alone played really good cricket; although Mr. A. F. Jeffreys, a dangerous hitter when he gets set, punished Morley and Rylott rather heavily in the second innings, and got 51 principally by hard driving to the off. For the Marylebone Club Rylott, one of the best workers on the ground at Lord's, took seven wickets for 43 runs; but Morley, who does not seem likely to be as destructive as he was two or three years ago, except on a bad wicket, could do nothing; and the two wickets he got cost 86 runs. The weakness of the Hampshire bowling was clearly shown at the close, as Viscount Lewisham and Mr. Russell, neither of whom can be magnified into first-class form, got 55 runs without being separated; and M.C.C. had a very easy victory by nine wickets. The last three days of the same week witnessed the first trial of either of the University Elevens in a genuine match. Report had been busy with the great strength of the Cambridge team, more especially with the bat, and consequently considerable interest was evinced in expectation of the show they would make against the eleven collected by Mr. C. I. Thornton. It was not by any means the strongest that might have been chosen, but as it included Messrs. W. G. and G. F. Grace, Mr. Gilbert, and Pinder Clayton and Mycroft, it was quite strong enough considering that the weather had prevented anything like practice at Cambridge, and that the eleven was in a very unsettled state owing to the need of five new choices. Mr. Steel, who is certainly the batsman most to be feared by Oxford in

the Cambridge eleven of 1877, made 60 out of a total of 126; Mr. Patterson, who was the hero of the Inter-University match of last year, 24. Three freshmen, to wit, Mr. L. K. Jarvis of Harrow, L. Bury of Eton, and P. H. Morton of Rossall, were tried in the match; as also three Seniors, Messrs. F. H. Mellor, C. Pigg, and D. M. Chapman. The last-named was fortunate enough to get rid of Mr. W. G. Grace, who was caught at mid-off the very first ball of the innings; but the best bowling was that of Mr. Patterson, who got seven wickets for 98 runs, and he is likely to be as useful to the eleven as he was throughout last season. With the exception of Mr. Steel, who played another good innings of 31, the members of last year's eleven did little, but some excellent promise was shown by Messrs. Mellor, who scored 13 and 36, and Pigg, while two of the freshmen, Jarvis and Bury, proved very useful; the former by brilliant fielding, and the latter both in batting and bowling. The England eleven had to make 165 runs, and made them with the loss of only six wickets; but it was chiefly through the determined stand of Mr. G. F. Grace, who took out his bat for 52, that Cambridge had to endure defeat. The result of the match, though, was in no way calculated to dishearten the University Captain; and, indeed, taking the cricket of the eleven all round, there was abundant evidence to prove the existence of a very strong team, stronger in all likelihood than was that of 1876. The batting was hardly settled, but there was certainly more bowling at command than at the same stage of last season, and the fielding at every point was admirable.

The second Thursday in the month saw the commencement of the match between the Gentlemen of the South and the Players of the North at Kennington Oval. Some prejudiced persons might go so far as to regard the establishment of this fixture at Kennington as a deliberate piracy of the rights of the original founders, the Committee of Prince's Club; but what matters it? The new piece would have been a great success on the boards of the transpontine theatre but for the one great drawback, the weather. Neither side was properly represented, but the teams were much stronger than might have been anticipated, and the cricket shown throughout was as much above ordinary expectations. The Players were lucky in winning the toss, as they thereby had the best of a perfect wicket, and Arthur Shrewsbury played as good an innings of 119 as any one would wish to see. A few young cricketers, after the style and model of Shrewsbury, would revive the faded glories of professional cricket in the South, and certainly improve the reputation of Southern players. Daft, who seems to have determined to remove himself as much as possible from other than county matches, was absent, and the Australian twelve contained several who would have represented the North, but there was a sufficiency of batting strength in the team to make sure of a long score against the milk-and-watery bowling of the amateurs. It was lucky, perhaps, that the Players were not stronger in batting, as with Mr. Absolom to bowl a succession of long hops,

Mr. Gilbert's very moderate slow round, and only Mr. W. G. Grace able to get a wicket, the result might have been disastrous. Rain the first night gave the Players an immense advantage, and at one time it looked as if the Gentlemen must be easily defeated. They had to follow on in a minority of 137 runs, but Mr. Foord-Kelcey, who showed really sound cricket each innings, and now that he has learned to play steadily should make a very useful as well as dangerous batsman, mainly helped to stem the tide with scores of 21 not out and 52, and a timely forty by Messrs. G. F. Grace and Gilbert enabled the Gentlemen to put on 103 runs. So the game had to be left two hours before the time for drawing on the third day, and those who know the effect of medium-paced bowling on a dead wicket, and the rate of scoring possible with the ground slow and heavy, will own that to get 104 runs in two hours would not only have been a very near thing, but that there was just a chance of the Gentlemen winning altogether. The match between M.C.C. and Ground and England at Lord's on the following Monday was in its way a curiosity, though in a different fashion to what might have been expected. The ways of the Marylebone Club are strange, but on what grounds choice should have been made of three such professionals as Fillery, Barnes, and Tye to play for England can only be known to the committee of selection. Southern cricketers are not apparently in the best favour with the M.C.C., but Richard Humphrey, even out of form, must be a better cricketer than Barnes; and Tye's claims to figure in such a match must be of the smallest. William McIntyre evidently could not get leave of absence from the Bolton Club; but Hickton as a bowler is infinitely the superior of Tye, and Jones is perhaps quite as good. Marylebone had not quite its best eleven, though it had Messrs. W. G. Grace, Hornby, Ridley, and Penn; and Morley and Mycroft were there to bowl. Mr. W. G. Grace was clean bowled for eleven by Watson, the slow-bowler of Lancashire, who has not been encouraged in the South as much as he ought to have been. He is now, after Alfred Shaw, the best and certainly the most active slow-bowler of the day; and it was a fair test for him against a strong batting team to get seven wickets in 43 overs for 39 runs. England seemed to be getting much the best of it at the end of the first day, as against the Marylebone total of 114 they had made 68 runs for the loss of only three wickets. Barlow hit far more freely than is his wont for 37, but the wicket was utterly spoiled by rain during the night; and the second day presented the curious spectacle of 27 wickets, including most of the best players now in England, falling for a sum of 94 runs. The second innings of Marylebone, which amounted to 36, was altogether innocent of double figures, as Mr. Ridley's 7 was the highest score; but the second effort of England was of still smaller account, as the Eleven were utterly unequal to the task set them of getting 51 runs to win; and, indeed, of their very poor total of 26 Mr. Gilbert made 10 and Watson 7, and six of the side were unable to

score. The match ended in favour of the Club by 24 runs, and the closing portion of the play was marked by some exceptionally successful bowling on the part of Watson on the side of England, of Mycroft for the Club. In the second innings of Marylebone the former was credited with 7 wickets for 10 runs, four of which were got from the first ball he bowled; and Mycroft's bowling at the finish, was as effective, for at one time he had taken 6 wickets at a cost of only 2 runs. Another year, and with strong elevens, the match would be sure to produce good cricket, but that it would give rise to any great public interest is not to be expected.

The second half of the month was productive of some truly extraordinary cricket for which the weather was wholly responsible. The match at Cambridge between the University and M.C.C. and Ground, which is usually of interest as giving some insight into the form of the Cambridge eleven, was altogether unreliable. Marylebone had a fairly strong eleven, with the exception of the absence of Morley, but with several good batsmen, including Messrs. W. G. Grace, Hornby, and Wild, they were unable to make more than 60 runs, and Captain Kenyon Slaney, who, useful as he may be for the Household Brigade, is not quite up to this standard, had the honour of being principal scorer with 16. L. Bury, who batted so well for Eton against Harrow at Lord's last year, made 21 out of 98 for Cambridge, and the only other opportunity afforded by the weather, which prevented any play at all on the third day, was to allow Mr. W. G. Grace to show that he had not altogether lost his hitting powers. He hit one ball into an adjoining cornfield for 6, another for 5, and in all he had got 26 out of 42 runs without Marylebone losing a wicket, in which state the game had to be left. Mr. H. T. Luddington, the University fast bowler, who did such execution at Lords in 1876, made his first appearance of the season in this match, and with great success, as he had five wickets, including that of Mr. W. G. Grace, who was clean bowled, for 28 runs.

The Whitsuntide match at Lord's was as usual the worn-out fixture of North against South, this time played without anything like representative elevens, even in the absence of the Australian Twelve and of Daft. On the one hand, though the Marylebone Club properly declined to let Mycroft absent himself, and Mr. Hornby decided to give a time-honoured match the preference over his county, the meeting between Derbyshire and Lancashire at least deprived the holiday folk at Lord's of the satisfaction of witnessing three valuable Northern players, Wm. McIntyre, Watson, and Barlow. Then again the Southern eleven was not the most judiciously chosen, and why Mr. C. I. Thornton should have been selected, or even Messrs. Green and Buller, when there are infinitely better all-round players, it is difficult to tell. Richard Humphrey was the only professional on the side of the South—a fact in itself of some significance—and the North, it is worthy of remark, played Mr. J. Coates, a left-hand medium-paced bowler, who was the captain of the New South Wales team that defeated Lillywhite's twelve at Sydney, on the commencement

of their Australian tour, though Mr. W. G. Grace effectually collared his bowling immediately he was put on. It was a bowler's match throughout, and not one of the four innings reached three figures. At the outset the scoring was level enough, as out of 83 made by the North, Lockwood, whose 45 was, in every sense, an admirable display of cricket, and Mr. Hornby, the two first batsmen, scored 64, while for the South, who got only three runs less than their antagonists, the 17 of Mr. W. G. Grace was the highest figure. It was Mr. W. G. Grace's bowling, too, that mainly succeeded in dismissing the North a second time for 88 runs, as he took eight wickets for 36 runs, and as from his bat came 58 out of the 93 runs scored by the South for seven wickets, it may fairly be argued that he himself gained the victory for the Southerners by three wickets. His superiority to all other batsmen is the more forcibly demonstrated on a bad wicket, and on this occasion while he was in he got 58 out of 77 runs, without an absolute chance. Mr. Ridley's 'lobs' in the first innings of the North showed an analysis of 34 overs for 21 runs and 7 wickets, the best performance, we should fancy, ever recorded by an underhand slow bowler. The batsmen had even a worse time of it in the match between Derbyshire and Lancashire at Derby, as the ground was not in good order, and each county had one bowler certain to be dangerous on a bad wicket; Lancashire in William McIntyre, and Derbyshire in Hickton. As Derbyshire scored 111 and 51, and Lancashire only 84 and 44, it will be seen that the former county won by 34 runs. Lancashire had a very weak eleven in the absence of Messrs. Hornby, Steel, Patterson, Hillkirk, and Royle; and it was the splendid bowling of William McIntyre, who bowled 205 balls for 47 runs and 15 wickets, that made the match at all noteworthy. This first success of Derbyshire was followed by another even more decisive at Southampton against Hampshire, on the three last days of the week. The home county could not be considered to be well represented in the absence of two of its best batsmen, Messrs. Longman and Jeffreys, and of its most successful fast bowler, Galpin; while Derbyshire, though it had most of its strength, would none the less have been rendered still more formidable had it been assisted by Hickton. With the exception of Messrs. Booth, Ridley, and Duncan, Hampshire had quite a second-rate team, and it derived little aid from the bowling of Mr. W. N. Powys, the Cambridge left-handed bowler of 1872-74, who played for the county for the first time, and according to his form on this occasion is not likely to do it much good. Worse fielding than was shown by the Hampshire team no one has ever seen, and Mr. Ridley, who, like every other slow bowler, has to depend mainly on his field, must have been glad when the match was over. A lucky innings of 42 by Mr. R. P. Smith enabled Derbyshire to score 115, instead of 70 or 80, as ought to have been the case; and when Mr. Ridley's bowling was collared in the second innings, Foster, Platts, and Frost, who are all good hitters, let out freely with a certainty of never being

caught, until, as a natural consequence, the total reached the goodly sum of 242. Hampshire made a very poor show at the finish, as out of 253 wanted to win it could only gain 63; and Derbyshire had an easy win by 189, its second county victory in the week. Surrey, minus its three great bulwarks, Jupp, Southerton, and Pooley, was at the same time making a fair fight against Cambridge University at Cambridge. Jones, the Mitcham youth, was promoted to the position of chief fast bowler, *vice* Street, deposed; while Barratt took Southerton's place far from unworthily. In one respect the match was encouraging for Surrey, as it once more had at its head Mr. G. Strachan, the best Captain the County has had since the days of Mr. F. P. Miller, and the eleven moreover were a young and active lot, certainly more pleasant to look upon than the effete used-up warriors usually associated with Surrey cricket. Strangely enough the eagle was killed by a feather from its own wing; or, to drop simile, Surrey owed its defeat mainly to a very fine innings of 76 by one of its own players, Mr. A. P. Lucas. Elliott, one of the most willing and respectable cricketers in the South, or indeed anywhere, played two excellent innings of 52 and 36 for Surrey; and Jones justified his promotion by bowling six of the University wickets for 70 runs. Surrey lost by seven wickets, but considering the undeniable batting strength of the University it was in no way a disgrace; and with a young eleven, some good batsmen, fair bowling, and a working field, Surrey may yet make an honourable show this season. The match between Oxford University and M.C.C. and Ground, begun at Oxford on the same day as that just referred to between Cambridge and Surrey, thanks to a very dangerous wicket, produced the curiosity of the month. The Schools were on at Oxford at the time unfortunately, and the University not only lost Buckland and Heath altogether, but the Captain, A. J. Webbe, was himself an absentee in the first innings. The result was *a score of twelve*, the smallest ever made by a University, and the more remarkable in that E. W. Wallington, who was not out, contributed seven of them, H. Fowler four, H. R. Webbe a single; while the remaining batsmen all failed to score. The one innings of 124 by M.C.C. was noteworthy for the fact that H. G. Tylecote, who has never been regarded as a bowler of any pretensions, in all had nine of the ten Marylebone wickets, eight from his own bowling, and the ninth caught from that of Jellicoe. The second innings of Oxford it was expected would atone in some measure for the shortcomings of the first; but there was only a slight improvement. A. J. Webbe himself was caught by the long-stop after making 6, and his brother's 10 was the only double figure in the modest total of 35 runs. It is not often that Morley has such a wicket to help, and altogether his bowling for the Marylebone Club showed 133 balls for 14 runs and 13 wickets. It is evident enough that the match is in no way to be regarded as a test of the real form of the Oxford team, but, making all allowances, it is difficult to imagine what chance they are possibly likely to have

against an eleven so well armed at all points as is Cambridge. Indeed, everything tends to confirm the idea that the Light Blues are infinitely superior to last year, and if so the issue of the Inter-University match should be placed beyond all doubt.

YACHTING AND ROWING.

SPRING having this year set in with more than usual severity, the opening cruises of the various clubs, while in most cases enjoying sufficient wind, came off in such chilly weather that all but the most hardy spirits longed for a gentle spring, such as the song dilates upon, instead of the usual season, on whose *désagréments* Mr. Corney Grain is musically so eloquent. Hitherto scarcely any events of importance have been decided, but as all the Thames clubs have arranged very liberal programmes, during the next few weeks there will be no lack of sport between Erith and the Mouse, besides the Channel matches to Dover and Harwich. At Cowes, action has been taken to prevent the Southampton and Isle of Wight Steam Company obstructing the road to the pontoon, which has for years been constantly used by yachtsmen, and in their interest it is to be hoped the appeal will be successful, as the thoroughfare is of considerable importance to them. To descend to the small fry, up-river sailing has for some time been greatly on the increase, and the practical knowledge of Charles Burgoine of Kingston, who has had a good deal of personal experience in small yachts, incited the lazy division of the upper Thames to direct their attention to balanced lugs, centre boards, and other refinements of boat-sailing, which were a few years ago comparatively unknown. Now, however, the Thames Sailing Club, at Surbiton, is quite a flourishing concern, and some of their fleet such formidable-looking craft, that the wonder is they are not continually aground. At Hammersmith there is a similar club, and more recently another has been started at Hampton, the Thames Valley Sailing Club, which, with Lord George Hamilton as President, the Marquis Casa-Laidesia and Mr. Rich, two skilful boat-sailors, as Vice-President and Commodore, bids fair to hold its own, numbering as it does amongst its members a large array of practised hands.

Professional rowing has been unwontedly brisk this spring, and up to the present time, Higgins, Blackman, and Boyd were all of a heap in their claims for superiority, while from the antipodes we hear tidings of Trickett, whose decisive defeat of Sadler annoyed Englishmen, though far less than his aggravatingly sudden departure, which prevented any of our younger aspirants having a try with him. The Australian champion seems likely to row one Rush, who has been taken up by Punch, Trickett's friend and mentor when over here, though the cause of the coolness does not exactly transpire, unless the assertions that Punch received the stakes won by Trickett, and that Trickett has opened a tavern near, and therefore presumably in rivalry to Punch's, have something to do with it. Meanwhile the Tyne rowing world this spring has been very lively, and though probably only a moiety of the matches proposed and discussed came to anything, these formed a very good list. Besides some minor events, Blackman and Lumsden rowed a grand race in dreadfully rough weather, and, as any one acquainted with the Tyne course knows, a strong south-east wind insured plenty of lumpy water. The Londoner, from the middle, had the worst of this, but finally rowed down

Lamsden, who pulled right gallantly, until worn out by his exertions. A match between Blackman and Nicholson was also mooted, but collapsed, which we should say was lucky for Nicholson and his backers. The name of Robert Cooper recalls the doings of over a decade ago, when the Bob Chambers, Kelley, and Cooper were nearly level for a short distance, and though staying was never reckoned the latter's forte, he ranked perhaps as the speediest of the trio of cracks. Anyhow that was long ago; poor Bob has been dead several years, and Kelley, though he stuck gamely to the sport, has retired some time, his last memorable success being teaching Trickett to slide. It was therefore sad to find Cooper at forty-one matched with a man who, though no chicken, was ten years his junior, and not for the first time youth was served. Green and Hepplewhite, who had already met, were again matched to row over the long London course, the Tynesider and his friends flattering themselves, that though Green had won before, their man was now greatly improved, and had a proportionate chance. History, however, repeated itself, Green winning very easily at the finish. The match between Higgins and Boyd was a most remarkable one, as the Londoner remained a hot favourite up to the morning of the race, when over 2 to 1 was laid on him, and a report that Boyd was not quite up to the mark maintained their confidence until arrival at the scene of action, when the presence of a strong northern contingent caused a reaction, and the certainty of the men having very lumpy water being reckoned in Boyd's favour brought matters more level, until at the start the slightest odds on Higgins found takers. The wind was blowing strong off the Surrey shore as the men went away, the Tynesider, who had won the toss and taken the centre station, getting much the best of it, and going smartly he was a length clear in no time. Higgins, on getting fairly to work, held him for a short distance, but the Northerner soon established a comfortable gap, and, bar accidents, the race was over long before Hammersmith, as at no time did Higgins draw up to any noticeable extent. On rounding into Corney Reach the men felt the fullest force of the strong head-wind, and Higgins specially seemed to be quite stopped; Boyd at any rate made better weather of it, and increased his lead materially, winning as he liked by several lengths. This decisive defeat seems to discount the coming match between Higgins and Blackman on the 11th, which the latter ought to win; anyhow he is the coming man, though whether he has already arrived, remains to be seen. The Thames International Regatta, which gave most valuable prizes at the close of last season, have issued a very tempting programme, and hopes are expressed of attracting foreign talent. Scullers, perhaps, like Trickett and Rush from Australia, might be disposed to try their powers, and maybe a Canadian crew or two—some of the blue-noses; but, seriously, there seems little chance of foreign entries. American oarsmen are not likely to venture against our professional crews, as the Philadelphia tomfoolery showed them clearly enough that their artisans were not a match for our amateurs, so how much chance would the Beaverswyck hirelings have against the Hammersmith lads, or a Tyne crew of the good old sort? The Yankees know, and therefore, unless they are allowed to bring their own umpires and judges, will wisely stop at home. Still, the liberality of the prizes must attract the cream of the professional talent all over the country, and the amateur element of London will also be sure to avail themselves of the offer of so many good things at their very boathouse doors.

The prospects of a brilliant season among the amateur world are quite up to the average, and the usual contingent are at work for their engagements

at Henley, where the inevitable London Rowing Club, the Thames, who hold the big pot, the Kingston, and a contingent of head boats from the colleges will be found on the card on the 21st, and, as each hopes, the 22nd inst. The West London will be again represented, and the Dublin men send a four and an eight. Playford, the holder of the Diamond Sculls, will perhaps not go for them this time, but rows stroke in the Grand and Steward's crews of the L.R.C., while for the Goblets Gulston and Long will again show, so the club will maintain its monopoly of this race. Grove, L.R.C., and Labat (Thames), with Frere, K.R.C., will contest the sculls, and are not likely to have the affair to themselves, as Playford's probable absence will doubtless induce several entries, so the list can scarcely fall short of the recent large numbers. Walton regatta, which was discontinued last year, is to be revived, and the committee announce the 30th inst. for their fixture. The meeting, besides being a most agreeable one for spectators, and the ladies especially, has from time to time been productive of very fine sport, and in the halcyon days of the Kingston Club, some of their grandest races, with Risley at the stroke oar, against the London men, have been decided on this water, so it is to be hoped the renewal of the regatta will be a success to all interested in it. Efforts have been made to get up a regatta on the fine piece of water by Reading, and, as there is a club there, and Mr. Carleton Blyth has promised to give a valuable challenge cup, the enterprise starts well enough, especially if Mr. Willan, of O.U.B.C. fame, who may be claimed as a local, can be pressed into the service, and will see to efficient umpiring and general management, so often the weak point in provincial meetings, where they generally mean well, and have often pots of money. Tewkesbury regatta, which still flourishes, and is announced for the 24th July, solved the difficulty by hiring an expert, and for several years Stephen Salter used to go there and umpire the races; but the plan has not been generally adopted, though, in the absence of thoroughly competent amateurs, it was certainly the best thing to be done. York, Bedford, and other old-established fixtures are announced to take their accustomed place, and Barnes, the most popular London gathering, is fixed for the 11th August; so with the International, to which we have already alluded, there is plenty of sport in prospect.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—A May Medley; the Road, the Racecourse, the River.

MAY Day, but not with pipe and tabor, no twining of roses, no playing under the greenwood tree. The only pipe is Ned's horn blown in his usual mellifluous style, as 'Mr. Walter' brings up the Guildford with a fair load to the Cellar. The only roses are those on the cheeks of the aforesaid load, and the playing under the greenwood tree will be limited to the good luncheon that the coachman, we feel sure, will give them at the White Hart. The other coaches, the Windsor and the Portsmouth, have full cargoes; the horses, the harness, the whole turn-out is as perfect as it can well be made. There are crowds of coaching men on the pavement, and the more or less golden youth of the period crowd the windows of Hatchett's coffee-room, formerly an old-fashioned country gentleman's hotel, where they ate their mutton and drank port-wine, in that consulate to which we are so fond of referring, now the resort of fast young London gentlemen, who, whether they have or had a fine estate is matter of great uncertainty. The

cutting east wind robbed the scene of what else would have been brilliancy, but we are, or ought to be, so well inured to that unpleasant visitor, that we try to heed him not. Not coaching men only, but idlers of all descriptions, men who hardly know coupling reins from crossing traces, ladies who dearly love the coaches and are not indifferent to the coachmen, all the component parts of a rather distinguished London mob kept their May Day around the time-honoured cellar.

'Mammon,' a new three-act drama from the pen of Mr. Sydney Grundy, is the latest novelty announced at the Strand. In this instance the author has not hesitated to avow the source from which he obtained his plot. He acknowledges that it is to M. Octave Feuillet and to 'Montjoye' he is indebted for the framework of his own play. So far then there is no mystification, which we know has been too frequently the case in productions borrowed from the French stage and palmed off upon the English playgoer as original. The hero of 'Mammon' is one of those lucky rascals whom for a time, in the height of his prosperity, everybody envies. His financial schemes have placed him on a pinnacle of fame, and he has untold gold at command. The inner life of the man is depicted in all its sordid repulsiveness; but one redeeming feature still links him to humanity—an only daughter, on whom he lavishes the tenderest affection, and whose happiness is the one unselfish object of his life. After a time comes a crash, and the fortune of the millionaire crumbles to the dust at one blow. In the *dénouement* wife and child, who had previously sought a shelter elsewhere, return to the side of the ruined Sir Geoffrey, who at last is brought face to face with his evil deeds, and for the future he determines to pursue an honourable career. In saying that there are faults in Mr. Grundy's composition we do not overlook the fact that it has merit of a sterling character; and in Mr. W. H. Vernon's hands the interpretation of the principal character is everything that could be desired. With 'Mammon' in the programme, the Strand will surely be largely patronised when such meretricious works as some we could name meet with so much approbation.

At the Alhambra the already well-worn 'Orphée aux Enfers' has been laid under contribution, and as usual at this house the gorgeousness of the ballets is supposed to offer greater attractions to its patrons than the choicest *morceaux* of the composer. As a financial question simply, the management are undoubtedly the best judges of what is required to attract the public, but we confess to a feeling of regret that a higher tone is not given to this class of entertainment, more especially when such an accomplished hand as that of M. Offenbach is called into requisition. The mounting of the piece is as brilliant and effective as any that have preceded it, while the vocal abilities of one or two of the performers are certainly above the ordinary level.

And we kept a second May Day on the Rowley Mile, the festival of the Two Thousand being combined therewith. It was fully intended that it should have been a very grand festival indeed, one in which the fashionable yellow was to have been very prominent, a high, mighty and puissant prince have played a distinguished rôle, and the best-looking and most graceful of trainers being the *jeune premier* of the play. The festival *was* a grand one, as grand as any we have seen on the same spot; but the chief performers were changed, a regrettable circumstance, and one that caused much heart-burning and evil-speaking at the time. We have settled down now, but everybody was then rather unreasonably angry at the substitution of one set of actors for another, and there was a fervent desire to hang somebody, similar to that which arises in our breasts when some of our fellow-creatures are chopped to pieces on the Middlesex Smashem and Crashem. But we have got over that,

and are ready to bow down to the high, mighty and puissant, and take the *jeune premier* to our hearts. Indeed, our sympathies were aroused in the latter's favour, for he was struck out of another drama the following week, one in which he expected to play a very leading part and gain no end of applause, and that without so much as by your leave or with your leave. A very ill-treated *jeune premier* without doubt, but he did not seem to mind it, and was as affable and graceful as ever when Pageant's number was hoisted on the Roodie. To be sure he had avenged himself by taking 1,600 to 100 about the winner, and that might have had something to do with his grace and affability. But we have a little got beyond our theme, which is at present the Two Thousand.

Tremendous was the rivalry between Chamant and Morier for two or three days previous to the celebration. A rivalry and fierce contention, causing the coolest of us to waver in our opinions, shaking the soundest judgment, and even bringing some of our teachers and guides to deplorable grief. It is an old story now, and we will only briefly dwell upon it here. The tales current as to what Morier had done, the wonderful *camards*, gigantic birds that flew over Newmarket Heath, and flapped their wings and cackled their utterances into all ears, are unrepeatable now. We are afraid to think, at this lapse of time, of what we were told Morier had done, and what he had done it with. Brown heard it from Jones, and Jones had heard it from Robert Peck himself. So strong were the tips that, as we have said before, the warmest supporter of Chamant was shaken, and began to talk of saving himself over Morier. True, when we attempted to sift these stories to their foundation, we could find little that was reliable. Instead of Morier having done such great things, it was not at all certain that he had done anything at all. The most that we could discover was that he was supposed to be several Dalhams and Julius Cæsars rolled into one, and consequently could not by any human possibility lose. This, of course, would have been more than enough if reliable, but pressed as to his real trial, the only satisfactory reply we could get was that Robert Peck said he would win, and if we did not believe Robert Peck we might as well become a racing infidel at once. So we believed in Robert, and 'saved' ourselves, the majority of us, to some considerable extent. The greatest 'savers,' however, were the analysts. What they went through before the race, in day by day getting rid of Chamant and clothing themselves with Morier, may be faintly guessed at by those who studied their daily agonies. There always seemed to us, reading these lucubrations, an undercurrent of feeling to be detected that they were so many good men going wrong. But nevertheless, with some few exceptions, they went. The spell of the Russley enchanter was over them all, and if he waved his wand they followed his lead. Indeed, they had warrant and example for so doing. Many big swells, non-analytical, swore by Morier, from his Grace of Westminster, and the congregation of St. Michael's, Chester Square, in which the head of the house of Grosvenor worships, downwards. Of course we do not mean that the congregation swore, or did anything half so shocking, but the pew-openers were 'on.' Our readers perhaps have little conception how Morier pervaded society, not racing society, but 'the real grit.' The grandest dames, the real *crème de la crème*, who occasionally go to Ascot as a duty—but nothing more—had heard of Morier; several religious societies with which Morier's noble owner is connected by ties of patronage or otherwise had, through committee mouthpiece, expressed hopes that they might have the gratification of offering to his Grace their sincere congratulations, &c. &c.; above all, the lambs of the flock had promised to wear his colours. That they were the fashionable

colours was of course an agreeable coincidence, but still the Westminster yellow is one that admits of no compromise. It is neither lobster salad, *mal de mer*, or mustard poultice—fashionable tints of the prevailing insanity—but a good, wholesome colour that will not be trifled with, and many a fair *Blonde* must have trembled as she put it on. And for all this and much more, Morier had to answer. Morier, in fact, was like the original and only Jarly, the delight of the nobility and gentry, and we rather think that this it was that helped to turn the analytical brain. A horse to which godspeed was given by Robert Peck and society must be something out of the common, and so the analysts, at least the majority of them, in an evil hour flung over Chamant and went for Russley. The result is now a tale that has been told. Events follow each other quickly on the Turf. We have nearly forgotten all about the luckless Morier, his cast shoe, his tight bandage, and all the rest of it. How he fell lame and nobody knew it—how he took sequestered gallops with nobody looking on—how the lameness increased—and how much better a favourite he became, may be told perhaps when the Macaulay of the future writes another third chapter. The most extraordinary part of the story is, how well the secret of the lameness was kept. There is no doubt now that Morier came lame to the post, and had been lame nearly ever since he had arrived at Newmarket. But the horse kept getting a better favourite every day. The keenest horse-watcher had failed to detect anything, and it is to be presumed that the most knowing backer was not alarmed. What the bookmakers knew, we poor outsiders will never know. If they had knowledge they used it discreetly. No liberal offers against Morier—no taking of liberties—not a shade over 2 to 1 about the horse that could not lose, and who was in reality as safe as if he had been boiled. It was very curious. One hint we did indeed hear of that was given by a bookmaker to a gentleman to whom he was paying some money on the morning of the race. 'I won't take this pony,' said the gentlemen, 'but you shall keep it, and I will stand with you on Morier.' The gentleman was rather a favourite of the bookmakers, and the latter's reply was, 'No thee shan't; thou shalt stand with me on Chamant.' Good bookmaker.

We need not recapitulate the story of the Two Thousand. Those who galloped down to the post to see the start brought back anything but flattering accounts of Morier, and as they were given before he made such an exhibition of himself, they were to be relied on. No one liked him, and all sorts of uncomplimentary epithets were bestowed upon him. The story of the race we all know—how Morier was about the first beaten, and how Chamant won. The deluded backers of the Russley horse raised a cry in which there was much bitterness, for in addition to their having been so deceived, they saw the horse which for Morier's sake they had flung over, win after such a fashion as we do not often see a Two Thousand won. It was riling, and made several distinguished gentlemen, more especially the analysts, 'so wild.' They were made wilder when it transpired that, in addition to Morier having been lame for two days, he had not been tried. There was no disbelieving the statement, almost incredible as it appeared, for it came from the highest authority, even Robert himself. All the wonderful tales of what the horse could do with Julius Cæsar and Dalham were pure efforts of the imagination. Who imagined them we cannot say. All we know is that we heard of them on every side, and that though one account contradicted another (were we not on the Turf?) all were implicitly swallowed. The story, it must be allowed, is a very strange one. Here is a dark horse rushed up into the position of equal favourite for the Guineas with the best horse of his year, who had really done nothing to warrant it; and who, moreover, in addition to this, had been

lame for two days previous to the race. What his Grace of Westminster thought about it we have no means of knowing. It is stated that he was apprised by his trainer the day previously that Morier was not quite right, and advised to strike him out. The Duke's reply was worthy of a gentleman. He said he had told and advised all his friends to back him, and the horse, lameness or no lameness, must run. It was a most unfortunate circumstance, doubtless, his going amiss in this way, because he might have been—may still be—the best horse in England, though we much doubt it. But how did the Duke of Westminster and Robert Peck attain unto the knowledge of his being such a wonder, that is what we want to know. The secrets of a stable generally ooze out in some way. True, there is a great deal of falsehood, but there is a substratum of truth when the secret is made known; but here the stable has been a prison-house indeed, and discloses nothing. All we know is that the Duke of Westminster believed that Morier would win, and told all his friends to back him, that Robert Peck did the same, that 7 to 4 was actually taken about him at the post, and that the horse never had been tried.

For the rest, Newmarket was dull. There were fewer people there than we ever remember seeing at a First Spring—less excitement. After the Two Thousand opera was over the town rapidly thinned, and a comparative few witnessed the victory of Belphebe in the One Thousand. That the form of our fillies is very moderate her first and the second of Lady Ronald prove. The One Thousand is always the biggest racing lottery out, but still it is one into which we put freely, for there is genuine excitement in knowing that anything might win. The race is a record of surprises, and 'County Guy' added another to the long list. At a satisfactory price too did the noble leader of Her Majesty's Opposition back his mare. We believe he got 20 to 1, which is always charming, be your stake the lordly five hundred or the modest fiver. Other noble persons backed Belphebe at the same price or thereabouts, for what reason we can hardly tell, except that it was taking a ticket in the lottery, and one number was really as good as another. We must add though that Belphebe looked in the paddock about the fittest mare there. We do not say this from personal observation—for truth to say we did not particularly notice her—but we are expressing the opinion of a friend on whose judgment of condition we can thoroughly rely. Indeed, the mare was backed by more than a few who saw her, and simply for that reason—that she looked fit. As we have said before, the form must be moderate, and we have yet to look for the Oaks winner.

So our May-day festivals passed, we had to turn our attention to the succession of festivals which the merry month brings in its train. Operatic festivals—but we have not time for them; Wagnerian—not if we know it; pictorial—yes, let us snatch a moment, before we rush off to Chester, to see the Grosvenor Gallery, and the Lord and Lady of Balcarres. Sir Coutts Lindsay has met with the usual fate of men who do anything out of the common way—who either shock the commonplace world by the display of a princely liberality, or an unselfishness so utterly incomprehensible as to cause the aforesaid world to shake its head pityingly and deplore the amiable weakness which has led to these displays. He has built, at what cost concerns himself alone, a magnificent gallery for the reception of paintings of all schools. That he and his wife are artists themselves and exhibit their own pictures, is no occasion for a sneer at their having been refused at the Academy and other places. We believe Sir Coutts Lindsay to be a true lover of art, and he has shown this in the noble home for it he has erected. That he would like to see the efforts of his own brush on the walls is most natural, and therefore we must

deplore the sneering remarks that we have seen in print on this point. To say that Sir Coutts Lindsay built the Grosvenor Gallery for the sole purpose of exhibiting his own pictures is absurd and something worse.

But the gallery itself—well, it is charming. There is a home look about the place. You are not in a gallery, in reality, where the eye is wearied by yards upon yards of canvas and gilt frames, packed so close together that there is nothing on which to repose. Here there is no crowding. The walls are richly hung, and much as some critics have found fault with the crimson satin damask, we own that it did not offend us—but then we are not critical. Something beyond crimson damask attracts our attention. It is Rome—the Rome of English memories and associations. There is the Pincian, but not with its gay crowds; there is the Villa Borghese with its sombre pines; there is the Lateran and its Piazza; there are Cardinals, Seminarists, and there are the wonderful Cardinal's servants in the wonderful ancient liveries, the coats reaching to the heels, which we know so well. It is to M. Heilberth that we are indebted for these almost living pictures, to our thinking, the most interesting in the gallery. The old Cardinal and the little child, the 'Past and Present,' the group of Seminarists, the admirably truthful group of people outside the Lateran—all bring back the Rome we remember when the world was younger. Then there is a sweet picture by the same artist, 'Mother and Child,' before which we linger awhile and pass on to Tissot's home scenes, 'Summer,' 'The Gallery of H.M.S. Calcutta' (familiar from the engravings), and then into the region of imagination, 'The Triumph of Will'—which we do not so much care for—and so take leave of M. Tissot. We are arrested a moment or two by Phillip Morris's 'Reaper and Flowers,' and then pause before Watts's portrait of Lady Lindsay, a grand picture. But space and the saddling bell at Chester warn us we must not linger. We cannot do the whole gallery, but we must notice Millais' three brides, or rather three ladies in bridal costume and Gainsborough hats—Lady Ormonde, Lady Grosvenor, and Lady Beatrice Grosvenor, and then tear ourselves away, leaving Mr. Whistler's 'Arrangements,' 'The Beguiling of Merlin,' and some wonderful studies of M. Legros for further consideration.

Dear old Chester!—cozy and comfortable, pleasant and picturesque—we love the place of thy habitation, and should love thee more if we could back the winner of thy Cup—an accident that did happen to us once, but so long ago that we can scarcely remember the circumstances. We believe Knight of the Garter was the chief circumstance, but are not sure—a weary time ago, at all events—and as we roll into Chester station, we make up our minds that we really will back the winner this time. Of course it is very easy to do. We have only to put ourselves under the champion prophet and the most fortunate of analysts, and the thing is done. The champion, unfortunately (or fortunately), is not with us, but the fortunate analyst is. We will sit under the feet of that Gamaliel and he shall put us on, we are determined. Then, in addition, we shall be able to take sweet counsel with one whose pen is not unknown, and always welcome in 'Baily's' pages; and he, in morning walks round the Wells, will discourse on all things, from the cedar of Lebanon to the latest trial, and there, too, we shall be 'on.' In fact, so rosy do our Cup prospects appear, that we enter Chester in a mental triumph, with a 'Ho! 'lictors-clear-the-way!' sort of feeling, and are rather inclined to resent the people not taking off their hats as, in company with the 'Baily' ever welcome one, we drive down the Watergate to our snug quarters in a street the name of which is immaterial, and over the modest meal to which a certain Jordan and Co., not unknown in Jermyn Street, also in Dublin, materially contribute, we make our plans. We shall, of course, back Snail; and the fortunate analyst

advises Footstep, about which, however, we are dubious. There is something wrong about Footstep, and there are rumours that she will not run. Her noble owner is not coming to Chester; and, altogether, there is an uneasy feeling among her backers that all is not well with her or them. But feelings of another sort interrupt the harmony of the evening, when the news reaches Chester that Hampton and Woodlands have that afternoon been struck out of the Cup.

Then rose from earth to sky the wild acclaim,
Then swore the roughs and gnashed their teeth the swells.

There is always a good deal of bad language at Chester; but the Dean might have preached another sermon on the fearful increase of it on this anniversary. Prayers were offered up for Mr. F. Hobson's welfare at the Grosvenor and other places of public resort, in so very fervent a manner that even the oldest waiter, who had remembered a score of Chester races, was much impressed. At first everybody said, 'The Russley stable again,' but as that was manifestly unjust to Robert, the note changed, and men recalled each to other the celebrated 'scratchings' to which Hampton has been subjected, how good his owner was at the game. Woodlands, too—and a few good wishes were expressed for Mr. Herbert Bird and Co., the Co. coming in for the larger share. It was 'forestalling,' so said everybody, and we believe it was true. Mr. Hobson had asked for 10,000 to 1,000 about his horse and been refused. It certainly is hard lines that an owner cannot get what he considers a fair price, and the only wonder is why he does not get it. That is what we want to know. The racing community is tired of hearing that Lord This and Mr. That are not 'on' their own horses, that for the last two or three weeks have been favourites for some big handicap. The ways of owners are inscrutable. It seems to us that if we kept racehorses—which a kind Providence forbid that we ever shall—we should know what we intended to do with them, and that if we entered one for the Great Diddlesex, and meant to run him or her—we should take care to have our money on in time. As racing is constituted in these days, owners of good public performers, such as Hampton, cannot expect that the public, bitten with the great gambling mania that infests all classes, will allow their horses to run loose. The idea is too absurd. Granted that owners have a hard time, and we freely admit it, how is it to be helped? A great part of the world is racing mad, from my Lord Tom Noddy to the powdered Jeames who stands behind his chair. That is to say, all classes look to the Turf as a legitimate investment by which they can make money. How can owners hope to stop that tremendous avalanche that flings itself on a handicap directly the weights appear, thirsting to be on the supposed good things it contains? The only chance for them is to go with the rush—to be before it if they can. They have facilities for this, most or many of them. Why do they not use them? But say they, 'We have not 'made up our minds; we have entered our horses, but we don't know whether 'we shall run them.' Fatal uncertainty. That might have been all very well thirty or forty years ago, before the days of penny papers, training reports, and the electric telegraph. With these blessings of civilisation another era has dawned. The quiet days when a man strolled down to the old Corner, backed his horse for a thousand or two, and few people except the two principals knew anything about it, have gone for ever. A tremendously fierce light bursts now on all Turf transactions, and the attempt to do anything in secret generally results in its being known as soon as done. Why, then, do not owners make the best of a, for them, bad bargain, and get on when they can? Why do they continue to cut off their noses to spite their faces, and earn for themselves an amount of obloquy not entirely deserved? These are

questions which we should like to see answered. If it can be demonstrated that owners cannot really back their horses, then we confess that our sympathy is with them and their case a hard one; but then we want to be sure of this.

So our Cup prospects did not look quite so rosy as they did at first; but we girded up our loins, and by the aid of the 'Baily' ever welcome one, and the fortunate analyst, determined we would do or die. Snail was our refuge in this time of trouble, and both he and Footstep were in great demand, the horse decidedly favourite, and the mare, as we have before said, not going very well in the market. Old Pageant had arrived, and great were the searchings of heart in the quiet lodgings as to whether the horse, who had taken a little of our money from the day of the Duke of Parma downwards, should be backed or no. The opinion of the majority was, we regret to say, unfavourable to him. Nothing was known about him; and though, of course, Mr. Gretton had backed him, his trainer shook his head over his chance. One of the band—faithful among the faithless, the faithful only he—stuck to him. Would that we had followed in his footsteps, and, at the remunerative price of 100 to 6, repeated our Knight of the Garter accident! But we had trusted Pageant once or twice too often—the last time for this very Chester Cup, a year ago, and we were afraid of the old deceiver on this occasion. He looked wonderfully well—better and bigger than we had remembered; and one good judge, Robert Peck, took 1,600 to 100 about him after he had seen him in the paddock. 'Neutrals' always run best a little on the big side, we knew; and Pageant having not been bothered or troubled with much work, he was probably better than ever he had been in his life. How he won; how the band of backers (all save one) reproached themselves for not trusting him once again; how Snail failed to stay; what a bad figure Skotzka cut, and how well Collingbourne and Charon looked at the last turn—need not be said here. It was as easy a win as Chester Cup annals can show; and the race was a very bad one, we need scarcely say, for backers. The other racing at Chester, the two-year-old form, &c., need not be dwelt on. We only came to the old city to see the Cup—a fact which has begun to dawn on the brains of its citizens, and we are happy to say that the question of lopping off the fourth day is about to receive serious consideration at the hands of the Grand Stand Committee. It was fully time that it did so. Over and over again in these pages have we advocated the curtailment of the meeting to three days as a necessary measure, if Chester Races were to go on. Hitherto the publicans and other sinners have been too strong on the other side. But Beer is vanquished now, we think—at least we hope so; and we shall, we trust, meet on the Roodee, if not next year, the following one, and enjoy three good days' sport without that weariness and vexation of spirit which for the last few anniversaries have accompanied four.

Of course the result of the race was a surprise. Snail, that we looked upon as a certain stayer, failed in what we thought was his strong point, and the cracked-up Skotzka—we never believed in her—ran herself to a standstill after a mile and a quarter. Collingbourne ran much better with his boy than was generally anticipated he would, and the bold front shown by Clonave at the Grosvenor turn was another unexpected event. Mr. A. Baltazzi must have wished Pageant in the kingdom come of horseflesh when he saw Glover bringing up the old neutral at the distance; Footstep went badly in the market and worse in the race, and the extreme outsiders never gave us a moment's uneasiness, nor bookmakers a thrill of delight. It was as usual a wonderful Cup Day in point of attendance. We missed Sir Watkin, who, however, every one was glad to hear was going on favourably since his return

from Spain, and as Damon could not be there, Pythias did not care to be. There was the usual gathering of pretty faces, the usual fun and flirtation going on, the usual Chester hospitality, and the usual good luncheons.

We had heard so much about Manchester Races and the good management, &c., there to be seen, that we determined to pay the place a visit this time, and forswearing Town delights and the brief holiday that comes before the Derby week, plunge into the smoke and grime of Manchester, see the humours of the great city during its annual Carnival at Whitsuntide, and back, if we could, the winner of its Cup. We were further incited to this by allurements held out to us by a friend, of good accommodation for man as well as horse at a certain hotel called the Albion, *nulli secundus*, so said our friend, for good cooking, and snug lying, and all that goes to make up a perfect house. And here let us add that we found all our friend said was as true as the existence of the Albion itself. We do not wish to be thought writing a puff about an hotel which wants none; probably the merits of the Albion are as well known to Manchester frequenters as those of any first-rate London hotel are to the people who use them, but as a stranger within Manchester gates we must say we were never in a better, and few, very few so good. There is a first-rate waiter there, Joseph by name, who has that high faculty that all waiters should have, but haven't, that of studying the tastes, wants and ways of the people they serve. After our first meal 'Joseph' knew us and our requirements as well as if he had been acquainted with them for years. Go every one to The Albion.

Racing is certainly done well at Manchester, and the Race Company, a set of worthy and sporting citizens, when they invested their money in the ground at New Barns did a good thing for the city as well as for themselves. The course is a capital one, though severe, the going being exceedingly dead and flat; therefore a horse who can win over it does a very good trial. The Stand is perfect in all its arrangements, and the happiest thought of the directors was building a block of stabling and loose boxes at its rear. Surrounded by a spacious yard within high walls, one hundred and sixty horses can find accommodation quite equal to that of any nobleman or gentleman's establishment, and at the charge of a guinea a week be as well looked after, and perhaps better guarded than they would be at home. All this has cost money, but the directors were shrewd men of business, and knew they would see it again after many days. What the shares are worth now we do not pretend to say, but they pay, we believe, something like 30 per cent. The attendance on all the racing days is very large, but during the Whitsuntide week, when the Summer Meeting is held, it is simply enormous. Everybody pays sixpence who goes on to the course, and on the Cup day this year we think there must have been quite 80,000 persons there. This will account for the 30 per cent. The sport was good, and though we think four days is just one too many, we are bound to say the Manchester people did not seem to think so, for they flocked to the course on Friday in nearly as great numbers as on Tuesday. The Cup was of course the great race, and took this year a very important place among the large handicaps of the season. Mr. Lawley, the C.C., had framed a capital one, and though it was subjected to much hostile criticism when it first appeared, the result proved how wrong were the critics. It was maintained that Dalham could not well be beaten, though the horse was running out of his course and a very trying mile and a half into the bargain. Nobody except his own immediate party, and the public, who always stick to a good horse, thought much about Umpire, who was supposed to be much overburthened with 8 st. 12 lbs. on his back. He ran such a great horse, however, in last year's Cesarewitch under 7 st. 8 lbs., he being then a three-

year-old, that we have been always expecting him to do something one day that would astonish the Browns. We thought he was going to astonish them on the Roodee, but for, we presume, good reasons he did not put in an appearance there, and a very fortunate circumstance it was for Mr. Gretton that he did not. He would, we think, have chawed up the old neutral. He found a very able assistant in the Manchester Cup in Clonave, who made the pace so hot from the moment Major Dixon dropped his flag that he had half the field settled by the time they had gone a mile. In fact at that distance Clonave had won, and very easily too, and such great speed at this distance does the ex-jumper evidently possess that Sir Walter Nugent ought to have won a good race with him before this. Among the early settled ones was the great favourite K.G., who had been well tried with Thorn, and looked upon as a certainty, provided that no mistake had been made. We suppose 'some one had blundered,' for K.G. never was in it, no more were Chypre, Redoubt, Staphylus, and other more or less fancied ones. Three furlongs from home Glover brought Umpire to the front, and though Webb vigorously called on Dalham, who as gamely responded, the Irish horse won a good race by a length amidst tremendous cheering and excitement. Evidently the people liked to see a good horse win, for the enthusiasm was immense, and Mr. Lawley came in for many hearty congratulations on his handicapping. We have not space to dwell on the other events of the meeting, about the most successful ever held in Manchester, but can only add that we much enjoyed our visit, and we will drink the Manchester Directors' good health and their families—not forgetting the Albion Hotel. May we meet them all again.

Despite the predictions of the art-critics and the art-crokers, there is much to interest and please in the One hundred and ninth Exhibition of the Royal Academy. One of the principal objects of attraction is Mr. Leighton's superb statue of an 'Athlete wrestling with a Python.' This work is classical in every sense of the word, and presents a splendid example of the struggle between energetic human passion and brute strength with ponderous animal effort. Of the pictures Mr. E. Long's 'Egyptian Feast' is probably the most important. A party of revellers are confronted with the skeleton which preaches to them of mortality and the shortness of life. The female figure in the foreground is a marvel of fine drawing and just proportion. In the 'Sound of Many Waters' Mr. Millais tries boldly to revive the memory of his other contributions to landscape, whilst in his life-sized figure of a 'Yeoman of the Guard' he deals with costume of the most fiery colour, and deals successfully. A more poetical subject, and one that will be acceptable to the largest circle of his admirers, is 'Yes,' a parting of lovers; intensity of expression and purpose is seen in every line of this tenderly painted picture. The 'Seasons,' in the hands of Mr. Alma-Tadema, receive picturesque and charming treatment of the finest quality. Mr. Watts' 'Portrait of Earl Cowper,' full of earnestness and vigour, Mr. Hook's 'Word from the Missing,' one of his pathetic sea pictures, Mr. G. Leslie's 'Cowslips,' a combination of characteristic grace and refined simplicity, and Mr. Calderon's poetical illustration of the Poet Laureate's lines, 'Home they brought her warrior dead,' are notable and admirable in all ways. Mr. Pettie comes to the front thoroughly and boldly with his 'Knight of the Seventeenth Century,' and rises to artistic greatness in his 'Sword and Dagger Fight,' where there is great force of contrast and immense exhibition of activity. Then Mr. Andrew Gow gives an animated version of the 'Tumult in the House of Commons on the 2nd March, 1629,' and Mr. Armitage a serious exposition of 'Serf Emancipation,' where the grouping of figures round the bed of a dying man is presented with striking harmony of effect. 'A Bit

'of Blue,' by Marks, is a pleasant hit at the China mania just now in vogue. 'A Basket of Roses,' by H. Fantin, and 'Snow in Spring,' by G. H. Boughton, show skill in execution, and taste of the rarest spirit. Royalty is only illustrated by H. von Angeli, who has produced an excellent likeness of H.R.H. the Crown Princess of Prussia. Sport is not widely represented. 'A Holloa Forward,' by W. H. Hopkins, and 'Rejected Addresses,' by R. Ansdell, however, go far to redeem the want of some more telling association with horse and hounds.

Messrs. W. H. Tuck and Co., of Regent Street, have issued cards of invitation to view their picture of the Jockey Club. No expense and trouble have been spared in producing a valuable addition to their already well-known series of sporting celebrities. The various portraits are rendered with fidelity and grouped with much effect, and, as in its predecessors, the corners are artistically arrayed with sketches of racing interest.

We revisited the Exhibition of Coaching Pictures at 114 New Bond Street the other day, and, thanks to the energy and perseverance of Mr. Foster (junior partner in the firm Dickinson Bros. and Foster, at whose gallery the show is held), it has become quite an attractive and interesting collection. The most notable additions during the past few days have been supplied by Sir W. Wynn and Mr. Wormald, their contributions alone being worth a visit. Mr. Wormald's large picture of the Mails at the Peacock is truly magnificent. To the Duchess of Beaufort, Lord Macclesfield, Mr. George Lane Fox, Mr. Allison, Capt. Malet, Mr. Chas. Lawrie, Mr. Fores, and the two gentlemen above mentioned, the interest and success of the undertaking is due.

The first meet of the C.C. on the 16th would have been a brilliant affair, had it not been marred by the weather. Nobody can look quite happy outside a coach in wind and rain, not even the most enthusiastic devotee of the road. We had to try and look happy in the days of old, when we started on a seventy or eighty miles' journey, with the sure prospect of being wet through before the first change; but that was pure business, and nowadays coaching is pure pleasure, so it is hard to have our pleasure spoiled. However, there was a goodly gathering of some twenty-eight coaches, but neither the noble President, the Duke of Beaufort, nor the Vice-President, Lord Carington, were able to attend. There were most of the other familiar faces, however, that we know so well—familiar faces and familiar teams. The browns of Sir Henry Tufton, the greys of Captain Whitmore, the roans of Mr. Carter Wood, all these we have long known, and are glad to see them so fresh and well. There are many new ones. Sir Talbot Constable, Major Jary, Mr. Charles Hoare, Sir Henry Meysey Thompson, Major Stapylton (his a face not often seen at coaching meets), Mr. Edwardes, Mr. Foster, Mr. Brand, &c., are all evidently very well horsed this season, and the Park, Orleans, and Hurlingham will doubtless know them often. The drive on the 16th was down to the Orleans Club for luncheon, and the prospect of that pleasant meet in such a locality no doubt helped to sustain the fair loads (and most of the coaches carried them) under the infliction of the elements. It was a pity, though, that more went down than luncheon was prepared for. Colonel Armytage had taken every precaution to ascertain what members proposed driving down, and had his list prepared, when lo, at the last moment (perhaps the presence of the Prince of Wales on the Duke's coach, driven by Lord Arthur Somerset, had something to do with it) many members changed their minds and drove down. The consequence was that the resources of the Orleans Club were unfairly taxed. When luncheon is ordered for a certain number, and when forty or fifty in addition come to partake of it, the result may be easily imagined. We trust members of the C.C. will know their own minds next time.

Mr. Silverthorne of Brighton does not start the Arundel coach this season.

Mr. Chapman is going to run the coach he did last year from Cheltenham to Malvern this season also. It will commence on the 1st of July, get to Malvern to luncheon, have an hour or so there for a stroll, and be in Cheltenham again by dinner time. It is a very pretty road, and the coach will no doubt be as well done this year as it was last.

A great disappointment to many was the old Club not meeting, as is customary, at the Magazine, on Wednesday (the Wednesday before the Derby)—for the postponement was not generally known, and we believe two coaches did actually put in an appearance at the trysting-place. Consequent upon Whitsun week and the absence from London of peers and M.P.'s, the meet was postponed from the last Wednesday *before*, to the first Wednesday *after*, the Derby.

The Saturday after Ascot, the 16th of June, will find every one who is alive after that Royal and generally scarifying meeting, in the Cobham paddocks and boxes, catalogues in hand, taking stock of the best Mr. Bell can show us; and if a son of 'the mighty Blair' *should* win the Derby (our Van will be started before that race is run) we will not answer for the consequences. We hope, for his sake, and the sake of the Cobham Stud, so it may be; but, under any circumstances, there will, we feel sure, be a brisk competition for the very promising lot of future fathers and mothers of our kings to be that will be then paraded before Mr. Tattersall. Already rumour is busy with the excellence of one or two; but that excellence will, no doubt, be found out on the day.

And before many of our readers have cut their 'Baily' we shall be up to our necks in the Horse Show. We shall be sniffing the sawdust of the Agricultural Hall, comparing notes over prize-winners, and having out our private opinions with Brown, Jones, and Robinson, which may not be always the opinions of the judges. That is one of the delights of Islington, we always think—the secret criticisms (on no account to find their way into print) passed on the prize list—and what we superior-minded and better-informed persons should have done if we had been the judges. Mr. Sidney, the indefatigable and hard-working, has issued a wonderfully good programme, and, from all we hear, there will be an equally good response to it. Who does not look forward to the Horse Show week and 'the meet' at Islington? It is 'the Paddock' over again, only with many additions.

Easter is usually the commencement of the busy time in the horse trade: the empty stalls in the hunting stables, especially after such an open season as the last, have to be filled up, teams have to be got together for the road, and nice hacks have to be purchased for the Row. In April, Mr. Barnes, the well-known dealer of Andover, who has retired from business, sent up to Tattersall's his entire stock-in-trade, consisting of upwards of one hundred horses. There was little in the hunting line to tempt buyers, but there was considerable competition for the carriage horses, and such as were suitable for London work sold at prices varying from 250 to 270 guineas, Earl Dudley, Mr. Sheward, and others being the purchasers. Sir Bache Cunard gave 300 guineas for a skew-ball with fine action; and a cob, barely exceeding fourteen hands in height, was sold at the very high price of 140 guineas. A really nice horse, of whatever description it may be, is pretty sure to fetch its full value at Albert Gate. Messrs. Tattersall were busy during the month of May in disposing of the studs of those masters of hounds who are in the habit of selling their hunters at the end of the season. Mr. Corbett was the first in the market with the Cheshire Hunt horses, which were sold, on the 10th, at the Kennels near Northwich. Being a remarkably good lot of fresh Irish-

bred horses, they made the high average of over 137 guineas apiece. Conscript, a brown gelding by Zouave, dam by Hercules, seven years old, was bought by Mr. Oldaker for 310 guineas, which was the highest price given. A couple of days afterwards Lord Shannon's horses, that had been carrying himself and his men last season in the Vale of White Horse, were brought to the hammer, and realised an average of rather over 109 guineas, which, taking into account the fact that the majority of them were undersized animals, must be considered a good sale. Mr. Newcomb Mason gave the top price, 300 guineas, for Yorkshire Lass, a grey mare bought by Lord Shannon out of the Bramham Moor Hunt, and having a deal more size and scope than any of the others. A mere pony, Welshman by name, but Irish from the tips of its ears down to the frogs of its feet, seeing that it was bought three years ago at Cahirmee fair, was sold to Mr. Inge for 210 guineas, quite a fancy price.

On Whit-Monday the Quorn horses came up to Tattersall's, and, although some of them did not reach the reserve placed upon them, those that changed hands made good prices. Lord Wolverton gave 300 guineas for Bay Middleton, a bay gelding seven years old, by Joey Jones, but it must have been more from his performances in the field than for his looks. This horse carried Tom Fitt, all last season, and never missed his turn, and Mr. Tattersall's catalogue informed us, 'without a mistake.'

Our reports from country fairs all agree as to the dearth of good horses, and that it is to such an extent that those marts are scarcely worth the expense and trouble of attending. There was a tolerable supply of horses of one sort or another at Lincoln fair, but a deficiency of excellence. Few London dealers attended, and not a single one was to be seen from foreign parts, and in consequence business was slack. They were mostly harness horses at Northallerton, and very few changed hands. The absence of military dealers was a rather remarkable feature at that fair. A few Irish colts were brought over to Beverley, but that again was a very poor fair. In addition we hear from the Emerald Isle that the show of horses at the great half-yearly fair at Limerick was less in number than that of the October fair, and as to quality it was chiefly made up of those little light animals which are to be seen in such abundance at all the fairs in the south of Ireland. During the last two months a large number of horses have been imported from South America and elsewhere, but they have not been of a kind calculated to improve our native breed.

The fourth Manchester Horse Show, held at Pomona Palace, was a great success, in fact the management of Mr. Douglas left nothing to be desired. There was only one entry in the class for thoroughbred stallions—Bête Noire, of Ascot stakes renown—but he is no 'show horse.' Mr. Stutter's Star of the East was invincible in the Roadster Stallion class, as last year. Lord Ellesmere was to the front in the cart-horse classes. We were sorry to see only six brood mares entered. Verily, we have no mares left! In the 15-stone Hunter class Banker, who was looking very fresh and as if he had never done a day's hunting, won easily. Mr. John Booth's Baldersby, who was second, showed signs that he had been sent along with the Bedale. The Colonel, of Islington renown, was third; he has not improved a bit, and goes with no force behind. In the next class of hunters, without condition as to weight, Mr. Harvey Bayly won very easily with Rossington, bought last year from poor Mr. James Brown of Copgrove, who never had a bad one. Rossington is such a one as you cannot find nowadays—long, low, and full of quality. Edwinstowe has never sent a better one to compete in the ring, in our opinion. Vandyke, a great prize-winner as a young horse last year, was second; he has not improved as much as we expected to see him. Morborne, a light well-bred one, was third; this was as good a class as is to

the departure of Brighton does not start the Arundel coach this week.

Mr. Jackson is going to run the coach he did last year from Chichester to Havant this summer. It will commence on the 1st of July, get to Havant in 12 hours, stop at least 10 or 20 there for a stroll, and be in Chichester again in 12 hours more. It is a very pretty road, and the coach will no doubt be a well-used one when it is run.

A great disappointment to many was the old Club not meeting, as it was expected, in the Academy on Wednesday the Wednesday before the Derby — as the announcement was not generally known, and we believe two or three of the members met in attendance at the trying-place. Consequently the 100 guineas were not the amount from London of peers and M.P.'s, the next day, however, from the old Wednesday before, so the first Wednesday was not lost.

The question after June, the 1st of June, will find every one who is alive after the Derby and generally starting morning, in the Cobham paddock at 10 o'clock, engaged in making such of the best Mr. Bell can give as will be a "the night's race" about with the Derby (our Van is in the center here, that is, we will not answer for the consequences, but we will be sure that the state of the Cobham Stand, so it may be; but, after any arrangement, there will, we feel sure, be a brisk competition for the very winning of a large number and number of our kings to be that will be the subject of Mr. Tattersall. Already number is busy with the Cobham and the Derby, but that excellence will, no doubt, be found out in the end.

As we have many of our readers have our 'Daily' we shall be up to the mark in the Cobham Stand. We shall be making the subject of the Agriculture of the Cobham Stand, and having out our private property with the Cobham Stand, which may not be always the subject of the Cobham Stand. That is one of the subjects of Islington, we always find — the Cobham Stand, as an account of their way into print, which is the way to — and what we superior-minded and better-informed people shall have done if we had been the subject. Mr. Sidney, the independent and independent has made a wonderful good programme, and, we feel, we shall have an equally good response to it. Who does not see the Cobham Stand, the Cobham Stand, and the Cobham Stand? It is the Cobham Stand, and we shall have more subjects.

There is really the commencement of the best time in the horse trade: the Cobham Stand is the running horses, especially after such an open season as the Cobham Stand is to be seen in the Cobham Stand, and the Cobham Stand is to be seen in the Cobham Stand. In April, Mr. Barnes, the Cobham Stand, at London, who has retired from business, sent up to "London" — to the Cobham Stand, a number of animals of one hundred pounds. There was little in the Cobham Stand to tempt buyers, but there was considerable interest in the Cobham Stand, and such as were suitable for Cobham Stand, at prices ranging from 250 to 270 guineas, Earl Dufferin, Mr. Stewart, and others being the purchasers. Sir Roderick Campbell gave 250 guineas for a Cobham Stand with fine action; and a cob, handsomely decorated, a horse was sold at the very high price of 140 guineas. A Cobham Stand, at Cobham Stand, it may be, is pretty sure to find its way to the Cobham Stand. Messrs. Tattersall were busy during the month of May in making a list of the Cobham Stand of horses who are in the Cobham Stand, and the Cobham Stand, at the end of the season. Mr. Corbett was the first in the Cobham Stand, the Cobham Stand, which were — the Cobham Stand, and the Cobham Stand. Being a remarkably good

be seen. In Class 10—four years old—Mr. Newton, of Malton, had a very easy win with Sir George, a smart young horse, with a regular Sir George pedigree, as he is by Theobald, dam by Orpheus; we do not think any of the others likely to do much this season. In the next class that good friend to hunting, T. Darrell of Ayton, was to the front with a nice Theobald (again) colt, four years old, beating a smart little horse in Cardinal, the property of Mr. Harvey Bayly. This was a near thing, and we should not be surprised to see the tables turned next time they meet. This ended the judging of the first day, and jumping commenced; then we always go away.

There have been a great many hunters sold during the past month, but owing to Turks and Egyptians, money has been decidedly scarce, and no great prices given. The Cheshire horses averaged 138 guineas each, and the Quorn 132. Several studs will also be sold at Tattersall's this next month, amongst others the Pytchley, Mr. Muntz's well-known weight-carriers, and Captain Middleton's flyers on the 4th; while on Thursday the 7th Mr. Oakeley's Atherstone horses should command the attention of all the 'heavy swells' in the kingdom. They are up to great weight, thoroughly know their business as hunters, are in first-rate condition, and several of them have been ridden by Mrs. Oakeley.

The following story has reached us from the West:—An officer of a very smart Hussar Regiment was present at the inspection of an equally fine Hussar Regiment of Yeomanry Cavalry; he noticed the particularly soldier-like seat the men had on their horses, and the way they sat down in their saddles; and on asking the adjutant who the riding-master of the regiment was, received the characteristic reply, 'The hunting-field is our riding-master.'

We have great pleasure in recommending Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron's novel 'Juliet' as a very agreeable one, and can confidently state that both ladies and gentlemen will find it very attractive, and we hope that she will soon favour us with another of the same description.

The death of Mr. Morgan Vane at the early age of forty-three must have painfully startled many among our readers to whom he was well known. He had been in failing health for some time, and his condition excited grave apprehensions among those near and dear to him—but yet the end came suddenly. He had gone down to Brynderwen, near Usk, a favourite fishing haunt of which he was very fond, at the beginning of last month, and there a sudden seizure carried him off. He was a sportsman of the quiet type. Fond of a little racing, but not too fond, his passions were the rod and the gun. On Yorkshire moorlands, over Sussex stubbles,—among the long tails when he lived at Chippenham near Newmarket, in company with a few chosen friends, he was the happiest of the happy. Equally was it his delight to come down to Usk and spend days and nights in salmon fishing. There he was the idol of the fishermen. Not only did he love the gentle craft, but his was the kindly heart and the open hand ever ready to sympathise with and assist them. They followed him unbidden to his grave, and the children strewed flowers before his coffin. Of many men it is said that they had not an enemy in the world—a phrase rather widely stretched—but if ever it was true, it is true of the man whose death we record. His many friends, those for whom he had always the warm welcome and the kindly smile, will endorse this, and when they think of unselfishness without alloy, of a nature ever thoughtful for the feelings and wants of others, of a tongue that knew not bitterness, and a heart as open as the day, they will think of Morgan Vane.



Adm. prof.

Adm. prof.

Adesdale

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

THE EARL OF REDESDALE.

AN hereditary legislator to whom that title is no empty meaning,—a thorough man of business in the highest acceptance of the term,—a keen sportsman, zealous in the reformation of sport's abuses, and ever ready to devote his services to matters connected with the hunting or the racing world,—a pattern country gentleman,—such an one is John Thomas Freeman Mitford, second Baron and first Earl of Redesdale, whose well-known features our artist has been so successful in delineating for Baily's gallery.

The noble Earl has been a sportsman all his life, and his Mastership of the Heythrop Hounds will be long remembered in Oxfordshire. It was five-and-thirty years ago, in 1842, that Lord Redesdale took office, and hunted the country until 1854, when he resigned, finding it impossible consistently with his duties as Chairman of Committees in the House of Lords to be as much with his hounds as a Master ought to be after the meeting of Parliament. But though he—we may well suppose unwillingly—laid down the horn, his interest in the sport was still keen. The Master of Foxhounds Committee at Boodle's owes its origin to him. There had been a foxhunting dinner at the club for some years, and in 1856 Lord Redesdale proposed that as there were more M.F.H.'s in it than in any other club, and it was altogether unconnected with party politics, a tribunal might well be established to which foxhunting disputes might be referred. The proposal was well received, and to its author and the late Sir Bellingham Graham was intrusted the settlement of the constitution of the Committee, which has worked well hitherto, and will, there is no doubt, continue to prove useful in time to come, in determining matters which, without such a tribunal, have often led to ill-feeling and disputes interminable between hunting countries.

Though not a racing man, Lord Redesdale was keenly alive to the abuses of the sport, and against one of the chief he, in 1860,

opened a crusade. As in his own judgment he considered the light-weight system an intolerable evil, and as the Jockey Club showed then no intention of setting their own house in order, he introduced a bill into Parliament to correct this abuse; and it was only on the late Lord Derby assuring the House of Peers that the subject should receive the immediate attention of the Club that Lord Redesdale withdrew his bill. The result we all know. A minimum of 5 st. 7 lbs. was fixed by the Club; and though Lord Redesdale has lived to see the dawn of better counsels in that body, and the great probability of his original idea being carried out, he has also been the witness of some absurd and retrograde legislation, which, though promptly checked by the good sense of the majority of the Club, has left an unpleasant impression as to the fitness of our Turf legislature for the work before it.

In his position of Chairman of the House of Lords Lord Redesdale has been answerable to Parliament for the Private Bill legislation for over a quarter of a century; in reality for a longer period, as he sat with and assisted the late Lord Shaftesbury, his predecessor, in his Committee work for some time previous to the late Earl's retirement; and it is not too much to say that by organisation of the simplest kind he has reduced parliamentary practice to as nearly a perfect system as it is possible for any one to do.

The late Duke of Wellington supported the motion (which was proposed by the late Lord Landsdowne and seconded by the late Duke of Richmond) for appointing Lord Redesdale to the Chairmanship in the year 1851. Quoting Hansard *verbatim* as regards expressions, though slightly curtailed as regards debate:—

'The Duke of Wellington said that some years had elapsed since
' it was his duty to consider of the person whom he should recom-
' mend to the House to succeed to the important office so long and
' so ably filled by his noble friend [Lord Shaftesbury], who he was
' sorry to hear was no longer able to perform the duties of Chairman.
' He was happy to see that his noble friend [Lord Redesdale] had
' devoted himself by his [the Duke's] recommendation during so
' many Sessions to the performance of those duties and had qualified
' himself in every way for their performance. He was happy to find
' that he had been proposed now, and he sincerely believed their
' Lordships could not make choice of a person more capable of the
' performance of those duties to the satisfaction of the House, and
' with reputation to himself.'

From the moment of his taking office his Lordship always put himself in the position of guardian of the interests of the public, in discussing with the professional men who have the conduct of private bills the details of, and clauses contained in them. Nothing escapes his observation, for he has made himself to a great extent master of scientific and engineering and financial matters, and thus has enabled himself to go into the merits of all questions connected with private legislation. The public generally, and shareholders in particular, are under a deep obligation to him for protecting their interests.

The great power which is intrusted to the Chairman is always used by him with moderation and kindness towards those who tell him the simple truth and trust him, and no one can be more kind and just than he always has been to those who from accident or mischance have got themselves into a scrape in conducting a private bill; but woe be to the man who tries to deceive him by concealing or telling him half the truth, for, like a thorough Englishman, true as steel and as open as the day, the present Chairman hates a lie as he hates the devil; and is naturally slow to again trust the man who has once deceived him.

ADMIRAL ROUS.

DIED JUNE 19, 1877.

‘From the wreck of noble lives
Something immortal still survives.’

As when convulsed with elemental shock,
Some lighthouse, loosened from its parent rock,
By Neptune’s wrath and Jove’s red fury riven,
Sinks like the son of morning unforgiven;
Its beacon cresset, erst the sailor’s guide,
For ever quench’d beneath the envious tide;
So fades the light o’er troublous waves that shone
From yon grey pillar, lying cold and lone,
And storm-tost pilots gaze around in vain
For that lost star that sentinelled the main.

Oh form erect, and weather-beaten face,
Meet type of Britain’s ocean-ruling race;
Keen piercing eye, that knew not shame’s eclipse,
Rough beetling brow, and thin determined lips;
Deep tones that breathed of order and control—
Familiar traits of Sport’s untiring soul—
Dear to all hearts, while still they lingered here,
And now to fond Remembrance doubly dear!

Simple alike in manner as in mind,
To credit rather than to doubt inclined
The oily whispers of obsequious friends
Intent on furtherance of selfish ends;
True as the compass, honest as the day,
And holding sleek chicanery at bay;
’Twas thine to purge, ennoble, elevate,
The waning morals of our Turf estate,
Whatever good the ‘sport of kings’ could boast,
To tend, to foster, and to cherish most;
Whatever base, to prune with ceaseless care,
And lay the roots of simulation bare;

Till the fair tree, thy labour's crown, outspread
 Its wealth of boughs, no longer sere and dead,
 But 'bravely burgeoning' with fruit and flower,
 Thy jealous care's reward, thy duty's dower.

And as in Erin's isle the reptile taint
 Fled at the advent of her patron saint,
 And hateful forms to darkness stole away,
 Like ghosts ill-omened at the break of day—
 So when the pennon of our sailor-chief
 Fluttered aloft in token of relief
 To seas infested by marauding hosts,
 The scourge and terror of our peaceful coasts;
 That meteor-flag no pirate stayed to hail,
 But spread for flight his spoil-encumbered sail,
 And sought, mid crags that house the wailing mew,
 Precarious shelter for his robber crew.

But see! the avenger halts in middle way,
 With furling sails no idle zephyrs play;
 From sleeping prow no foamy cloud is thrown,
 And the broad pennon flutters slowly down;
 And hark! the ocean echoes, how they roll
 A thundered requiem for the warrior's soul!

But hence, wild Metaphor's delusive spell!
 Not thus he died, the man we loved so well;
 But still in harness. Round his honoured grave
 Let the wind whisper and the tall grass wave,
 The wild bird warble of the free fresh air,
 Dear to the sailor's soul, who slumbers there,
 And the 'white rose,' that mocks the marble's snow,
 Tell of the 'blameless life' of him who rests below.

AMPHION.

MEMOIR OF THE REV. JOHN RUSSELL.*

CHAPTER I.

'Gaudet equis, canibusque, et aprici gramine campi.'

THERE are probably few, if any among us, who have been spared to see the patriarchal age of eighty-one years, the course of whose lives during that prolonged period has been one of unceasing activity, both of mind and body, from whom some useful lesson may not be learned, either

'To point a moral or adorn a tale.'

NOR does the subject of the present memoir, the Rev. John Russell, who on the 21st of last December entered on his eighty-second year, form an exception to the general rule.

* Mr. Bailey is preparing a life-like portrait of the Rev. John Russell.

Blessed with health, vigour, and buoyancy of spirits, such as many a man in the prime of life might envy, he, at least, has not travelled through this world, as a meteor travels through the sky, without leaving behind him tracks which, so long as knowledge is power and manliness a virtue, will be marked and admired by his fellow-men for many a year to come.

His father was the well-known rector of Iddesleigh in the north of Devon, but resided, when John was born and for a short time afterwards, at Dartmouth, where he took pupils and at the same time kept hounds. It is recorded of him that not only was he careful to instruct the former in the rudiments of Greek and Latin, but in those of the 'noble science'; the full enjoyment of the one being made subservient to the due acquirement of the other.

'Work and play' was the good man's motto; and to carry out this principle he adopted the novel plan of keeping a pony-hunter expressly for the benefit of the boys; and he who managed to gain the highest marks for his work during the week was rewarded with sole possession of the pony on the following hunting-day. As might be expected, no stimulant could have been more effective: the boys worked like Trojans at their school-tasks; and, with few exceptions, the result obtained is said to have proved eminently satisfactory.

During this eventful era, however, the child 'Jack' was in petticoats; and before he became old enough to compete for a mount, his father removed to South-hill Rectory, near Callington. But, inheriting as he did a double portion of that sire's hunting-blood, had the chance been given him, it may well be imagined how he would have stepped first and foremost into the academic ring; and how he would have striven, early and late, to secure so glorious a reward. His '*Propria quæ maribus*,' we may be sure, would have been perfect; his knowledge of the Concords and Syntax equally faultless; nor, the victory gained, would he have failed to acknowledge that the day's sport, thus earned, had been doubly sweetened by the very labour he had taken to obtain it.

Nevertheless, with his strong innate tendencies, it may be fairly doubted if the boy's culture would have advanced *pari passu* in both departments: the dead languages he certainly would have buried without a scruple, were it not for the 'leg up' they gave in helping him to a mount. To Diana alone, unquestionably, his whole soul would have been dedicated, to the utter neglect of the Muses and all the gods of Olympus.

A Cornish gentleman, whose father had been educated by the elder Russell, writes thus to the author of these memoirs: 'My father has long been dead: he sleeps in the Consul's garden at Tangier; but I can well remember the delight with which he was wont to talk of his school days at Dartmouth; and the admiration he felt for his dear old master. Of him he would say: "He was "one of the best classics, one of the best preachers and readers, "and, *facile princeps*, the boldest hunter in the county of Devon.

“Not unfrequently, too,” my father would add, “have I seen
 “the fine old fellow’s top-boots peeping out from under his
 “cassock.””

His son became a fair classical scholar, nothing more ; but, otherwise, to no one in the West of England would this description apply with more fidelity than to John Russell ; whose fine sonorous voice, distinct enunciation, and earnest exhortations have long established his repute, both in desk and pulpit, as an expounder of truth second to none. A story is told that, on the occasion of his preaching a sermon, either at the re-opening of a church, newly restored, or on behalf of the North Devon Hospital (to which, in this way, he was an ever-ready and bountiful contributor), the late Bishop of Exeter, Henry Philpotts, travelled a long distance on purpose to hear him. The stout-hearted prelate, himself a master of eloquence, was so taken with the matter of the discourse and the style of its delivery, that he pointedly expressed his commendation of both to those assembled around him at the luncheon-table.

‘Yes, my lord,’ said a lady sitting next to him, who happened to be nearly connected with the preacher, and very well known as a prominent rider in the hunting-field, ‘yes, Mr. Russell is very good in the wood ; but I should like your lordship to see him in the pig-skin.’

But, having anticipated the period of his middle-life by this anecdote, it will be necessary now to revert to the boy’s school-days, and follow him through the bright but not unclouded portion of that somewhat eventful time.

An old-established grammar school was that of Plympton, the *cunabulum* of Sir Joshua Reynolds, to which he was first sent. There, it would appear, the head master maintained the block-system in full force ; not, however, for the purpose of checking, but rather of expediting the educational progress of his pupils ; for, when a boy’s head appeared to be too hard to comprehend and remember some crabbed line of Phædrus’ Fables or Cæsar’s Commentaries, it was duly whacked into him at another more sensitive point.

Such, however, was the training at that time, which scholars like Dean Gaisford, Bishop Copleston, and the late Mr. Justice Coleridge were probably compelled to submit to, notwithstanding the grand share of brains with which Nature had blessed those distinguished men. It was the fashion of the day—a false quantity was enough—and they, at times, must have shared a like fate with their less intellectual companions, who had the misfortune to be born in a modern Bœotia, or in some atmosphere denser than their own.

Here it was he first met his fellow-pupil John Crocker Bulteel, ‘the heir-apparent of Flete,’ afterwards so well known in the county not only as a popular master of hounds, but as one of the most genial and talented of men. The old borough of Plympton—the stronghold of the Treby family, till the brush of the Reform Bill swept away its charter—was proud enough of its then flourishing

grammar school ; but prouder still was John Bulteel of being 'cock of the walk' over the many juveniles who flocked from all quarters to that establishment.

On more than one occasion he had exhibited a disposition to crow over Russell, but he was very soon taught a lesson that few boys would be likely to forget so long as they lived. Bulteel, at length, brought matters to a crisis by saying something to Russell's disparagement, in his absence, which of course was speedily conveyed to him in an exaggerated form by one of his schoolfellows. The offender, however, was not to be found at the moment, so Russell, seeing a book with J. C. B. inscribed on it, pounced upon it at once, and in his wrath tore it to shreds ; this he did under the full conviction that Bulteel, on discovering the outrage, would lose no time in resenting it, *vi et armis*.

'Who tore this book?' demanded Bulteel, coming in soon after, and viewing the pages of his new Gradus scattered on the school floor, like autumn leaves that strew 'the brooks in Vallombrosa.'

'I did!' responded Russell defiantly, as he doubled his fists and prepared for the imminent encounter.

'Then take that,' said Bulteel, acting on the principle that 'the first blow is half the battle,' and hitting him like a flash of lightning on the most prominent feature of Russell's face.

A sharp and severe encounter then followed. Russell, however, at length prevailed, winning, as he would call it, his first spurs, and at the same time securing ever after the unqualified respect of his antagonist as a foeman worthy of his steel.

Soon after he had attained his fourteenth year, John Russell was removed to Tiverton School, then under the able mastership of Dr. Richards, a disciplinarian strict as Draco, who, by the success of his tuition and the obedience he enforced, elevated the standard of his school to a rank equal to that of Reading or Sherborne in their best days. Nor were the worthies of Devon slack in availing themselves of these and other educational advantages offered by Blundell's school ; for, when Russell joined, it was swarming with pupils, several of whom represented, more or less directly, a goodly portion of the county families.

He had been but a short time at this Spartan seminary when, daily provoked by the tyranny of a boy called Hunter, a monitor in the first class, and a notorious bully, Russell avowed himself a champion of the oppressed, and, for his own sake and that of others, determined to fight him on the first opportunity. Now, if a junior boy presumed to challenge a monitor, it was regarded as a serious and punishable offence ; but if he struck him, so dire an act of insubordination was promptly visited by expulsion.

To bide his time, therefore, was Russell's only safe policy ; but the trial of doing so tested his utmost patience ; for the longer he managed to submit to Hunter's bullying, the more oppressive and galling it became. The long-deferred chance, however, came at last. Dr. Richards having discovered that several of the boys kept

rabbits, gave a peremptory order that they were to be got rid of forthwith.

Accordingly, on being dismissed from dinner, the owners all, with one exception, posted off to dispose of their rabbits; that exception being Hunter, who, possessing a choice breed, delayed to execute the order, with the intention of asking permission to send them home, on the ground that his rabbits were so valuable.

Russell, in the meantime, observing the monitor's neglect of duty, and ignorant of the cause of it, resolved to see the edict fulfilled to its bitter end, and proceeded at once to do for Hunter what he seemed so loth to do for himself. Russell kept ferrets, and, like most boys of a manly nature, held those who kept rabbits in supreme contempt, denouncing them as milksops, only fit to live and associate with maiden aunts. So it can well be imagined how the spirit of retaliation took instant possession of him, and with what zest he conveyed the rabbits to his ferret-box. As well might the innocent victims have been tossed into a python's den, for they were all dead before the owner became aware of their untimely fate or his own grievous loss.

But he was not long in discovering it; nor was Russell, who avowed himself the perpetrator, slow to discover that the maledictions and fierce threats of Hunter, who swore he would give him a sound thrashing, would all end in smoke, and that, in fact, the bully was what he had suspected him to be, an arrant coward.

Though older and stronger than Russell, and boiling with rage, he dared not strike him, which the junior fully hoped he would have done; but off he started, as fast as his legs could carry him, to tell Dr. Richards, whom he accosted with a torrent of tears, as he met him returning on his brown cob from his daily ride in the country lanes.

'What are you crying for?' inquired the really kind-hearted doctor, touched by the boy's distress, and exhibiting a weakness he rarely showed within the precincts of the school.

'My rabbits, sir,' replied Hunter, still blubbing aloud; 'Russell has killed them all with his ferrets.'

'Killed *your* rabbits,' responded the doctor, gravely; 'and with ferrets, too? Are they his own ferrets, did you say?'

'Oh yes, sir, his own; he keeps a lot of them,' added Hunter, observing that a storm was brewing which would break with awful effect on Russell's head.

On arriving at the school-house the culprit was instantly sent for by Dr. Richards.

'Now, sir,' he said in a voice of thunder, 'what right had you to kill Hunter's rabbits, and what reason can you give for committing so gross an outrage on your schoolfellow's property?'

'It was your own order, sir,' pleaded Russell, fearlessly, 'that all the rabbits should be killed, and as Hunter did not seem inclined to kill his, I did it for him.'

'And with your own ferrets, too,' added the doctor, seizing

Russell by the collar and flogging him with his long, heavy riding-whip, till the whalebone appeared in splinters at its end.

Many a week passed before the marks of that castigation became invisible on Russell's back; but never from that day did he suffer further persecution either from Hunter or any other bully of the school; for, though good-natured to a fault, he was discovered to be far too dangerous a customer to trifle with, one whose motto might well be

'Nemo me impunè lacescit.'

Without hunting, even under a Draco's rule, Jack Russell could not have lived; and severe as he knew the penalty would be if he were caught indulging in it, still hunting he must have in some shape or other. Then, as ever since, it has been the one master-passion of his life; a passion, no doubt; but what mortal is there in whom some earthly element is not dominant? Happy the man in whom it does not assume the form of a degrading vice; and thrice happy he whose tendencies do not attract him beyond the bounds of an innocent recreation.

'Men,' some one has truly said, 'do not lose their passions till they get their wings;' and certainly from his earliest years Russell's passion for the chase has clung to him closely as his own skin, through good report and evil report, cheering him in storms which few but he would have faced; and in all weather, fair or foul, asserting its ruling, nay, its paramount influence over him even down to the present day. Nor, till borne on wings he soars away,

'O'er all the hills o' life victorious,'

will the love of hunting lose a jot of its fervour, nor fail, either by enjoyment or memory, to warm his blood and brighten his eye to the latest hour of his earthly career.

But, '*paullò majora canamus*;' after that episode with Hunter, either by compulsion, or more likely from inclination, Jack disposed of his ferrets and took to keeping hounds. He had already won the good-will of the neighbouring farmers by joining them in many a lively rat-hunt among their stacks and barns; in bolting rabbits, too, from their overstocked hedges he had ever readily lent a useful hand, doing them a substantial service, and treating himself to a labour of love.

This sport, however, such as it was, did not long satisfy the boy's aspirations. He was now sixteen years of age, and craved daily, as he said, 'for the ding-dong of hounds,' a music to which, by nature, his ear had been so finely attuned. A schoolfellow of his own standing, called Bob Boyey, appears also to have had a strong strain of hunting-blood in his veins; and hearing Russell's oft-expressed wish to keep a few hounds, he came to him one day, and despite the danger of doing so, proposed to join him in starting a pack.

Accordingly the two boys, forming a joint mastership, were very soon able to muster a scratch lot, consisting of four and a half couple

of hounds, which they kept at a blacksmith's on the outskirts of Tiverton town. The worthy Vulcan must have been a kindred spirit, for he seems not only to have given up a lincay adjoining his forge for the use of the hounds, but to have run the risk of incurring Dr. Richards's displeasure, and losing his custom, solely for the love of hunting, and the sheer sake of promoting the sport.

Those were glorious days so long as they lasted; the farmers, to a man, seeing the hounds chiefly managed by Russell, giving them a hearty welcome over their land, and supporting them in various ways calculated to show their cordial interest in the welfare of the pack. One, for instance, would say, 'he'd a got a hare sitting in 'fuzzy-park bottom, and ef Maister Rissell wid on'y bring up his 'cry, he'd turn un out, and they'd have a rare crack o' hunting, 'sure enow.' Another would inform him that 'his auld blind maire 'had mit wi' a mishap, got stogged in a mire, zo he'd a knacked her 'in th' head, and Maister Rissell was kindly welcome to her vor the 'dags.'

Then there was no end to the bread-and-cheese and cider, which the hospitable and hound-loving yeomen of that county pressed upon him and his companions, whenever the chase led them within hail of their farm homesteads. Perhaps the happiness of a schoolboy was never more complete. Being a fair classical scholar, and gifted with far more than ordinary abilities, which in any profession might have carried him, but for his devotion to hounds, to the very top of the tree, he found no difficulty in satisfying Dr. Richards's class-requirements, and at the same time, whenever a half or a whole holiday occurred, in following the pastime he so keenly loved.

The feeling, too, that he was snatching a stolen pleasure must have enhanced

'. . . that theft of sweet delight'

a hundredfold, for, as Schiller truly says—

'Ah! never he has rapture known,
Who has not, where the waves are driven
Upon the fearful shores of hell,
Plucked fruits that taste of heaven.'

But dark clouds were now looming in the horizon, portending a short season and disastrous end to this enjoyable life. A shaft from some hidden enemy (and well for him was it that his name was never discovered) did the mischief. Some one, purporting to be 'a friend to good discipline,' wrote to Dr. Richards and communicated the astounding intelligence that a cry of hounds were kept by his scholars, Bovey and Russell, and that the latter, if he was not sole manager, acted at least as huntsman to the pack.

'Ringleader, in fact, of the hunting gang,' exclaimed Richards, indignantly, as an expression of grave import darkened his whole countenance. 'What! set my discipline at nought, and bring 'discredit on the honoured name of Blundell? never! that cannot 'and shall not be.'

He then sent for Bovey and expelled him on the spot. Russell came next, little doubting that he should share a similar fate; as, like a mouse tortured by a cat, he underwent a preliminary examination before the fatal blow fell.

‘You keep hounds, don’t you?’ demanded the autocrat in a stern and pitiless tone.

‘No, sir.’

‘Do you dare to tell me a lie? Bovey has just told me you do ‘keep them,’ said Richards, striking him in his wrath with great violence.

‘Tis no lie, sir,’ pleaded Russell, pathetically; ‘for Bovey stole ‘them yesterday and sent them home to his father at Pear-tree.’

‘Then that’s lucky for you,’ responded the doctor, ‘or I’d have ‘expelled you, too.’

After this narrow escape Russell, it would appear, was compelled to quench as best he could the latent flame that burned within him, and pay due deference, at least outwardly, to the more than ever strict discipline exacted by Dr. Richards. It may be inferred, too, that he was now compelled to give more attention to his studies than he had hitherto done; for, soon after his fall as a master of hounds, two prizes were offered for competition—an exhibition of 30*l.* per annum, tenable for four years, and a medal for elocution, both of which he won in a canter, regaining at the same time the favour of Dr. Richards. But, had the worthy man been able to foresee the use Jack made of the first 30*l.* he received as an exhibitor, he would certainly have denounced him as a most unworthy recipient of Blundell’s bounty: our hero expended it in buying a horse from the Rev. John Froude of Knowstone, and, as he soon found to his cost, did not get the best of the bargain.

But whatever the application to his studies might have been, still,

‘Vulnus alit venis, et cæco carpitur igni.’

The fire Diana had kindled there might be kept under for a time, but could not be extinguished; it was a living *Ætna* within him; vent it must have, and no human power could stay its eruption.

The day, however, was nigh at hand when the pent-up flame was destined to be no longer suppressed. Oxford was before him, the seat, in those days, not of learning only, but of much liberty and little restraint.

In 1814, when he had just completed his nineteenth year, he was admitted a commoner at Exeter College, his matriculation being rather a matter of form than dependent on the amount of scholarship he had acquired at Tiverton School. An easy-going head was Dr. Cole, the rector of Exeter at that period; the tutors, too, taking their cue from him, with here and there a sturdy conscientious exception, rarely interfered with the daily life of the undergraduates, so long as chapel and lectures were attended with tolerable regularity.

Consequently, men did much as they liked at all other times:

shot, fished, and hunted; boated, sparred, and drove tandem; finishing each day with heavy drinking and convivial songs. In fact, every man went, as he was allowed to go, his own way, the rule being

‘*Trahit sua quemque voluptas.*’

In this land of freedom, emancipated from the Spartan discipline of Dr. Richards, and now his own master, Russell found, to his unspeakable delight, an open and congenial field for the cultivation of that science so deeply implanted in his nature, and in the acquirement of which he had already proved himself so apt a pupil.

Cicero has said that without the divine *afflatus* no one has ever become a distinguished man; and it has been long accepted, but by whose authority I believe is unknown, that a poet must be born a poet, or he can never become one either by education or art. So the talent required by a huntsman must be inborn—the gift of Nature alone—or the very foundation on which he builds, no matter how he may labour, or what experience he may have, will be defective and unreliable to the end.

Endowed, then, by Nature with the first and most essential element required in a huntsman, Russell, as might be expected, lost no chance of improving the gift, and gaining by experience a sound practical knowledge of the infinite mysteries pertaining to the ‘noble science.’

If, however, the University, otherwise so liberal with respect to its alumni, had omitted the duty of providing instruction in that department, Russell, at least, found no lack of first-class professors in the surrounding neighbourhood. Philip Payne and Will Long were at Heythrop, huntsman and first whip to his Grace the sixth Duke of Beaufort, who, in addition to his ‘Home Country,’ hunted the Oxfordshire hills in those days with his grand badger-pies; while at Bicester, under Sir Thomas Mostyn, Stephen Goodall, and Tom Wingfield the first, possessed a knowledge of woodcraft second to none in Great Britain. Heroes, in fact, were those four men, in their line, worthy of song as the heroes of Homer.

Then there was Mr. John Codrington on the Old Berkshire side, an amateur who, in all the details of field or kennel management, knew scarcely a whit less than his professional fellow-workmen of the Oxfordshire hills and vale. Being a Master of the Meynell school and an ardent promoter of the modern foxhound, Codrington was eminently qualified to give any tyro, who had the luck to hunt with him, most instructive lessons in all that pertained to the newest style of breeding hounds and killing a fox.

No wonder, then, that at the feet of such a Gamaliel, and with such professors so near at hand, Russell should have proved himself a ready and proficient scholar; nor that, with his natural aspirations, quick perception, and decisive action, he should have gained that practical knowledge of the ‘noble science’ which few have attained to and none have surpassed.

Had he lived to hunt with him, Codrington would have been proud of his pupil; nay, he would have been the first to acknowledge him a

‘Tydeides melior patre.’

Perhaps it was fortunate for Russell that his sacrifices to Diana were limited by the tide of his exchequer, which, never overflowing, was too often reduced to the lowest ebb; for, had it permitted him to hunt his four or five days a week, it is very questionable if ever he would have passed the final examination ‘in literis humanioribus,’ and then taken his degree—an important matter to him, although in those days by no means a difficult task. He himself was wont to say, ‘it was no marvel Oxford was so learned a place, for men brought up a fair stock of school learning, but carried little away with them.’

When tempted by some hunting friend to ‘send on,’ perhaps to Bicester—Windmill or Bradwell Grove—an arrangement involving a heavy expense as to hack, hunter, and groom, Russell would point pathetically to his own broad chest and lament his inability to do so in dolorous tones: ‘Impossible, my dear fellow; I’m suffering just now from tightness of the chest; it’s the old complaint; and my doctor won’t let me hunt at any price.’

Still, the *vis venandi* would have its vent, and Jack managed to enjoy a liberal share of hunting, in spite of Plutus and every other impediment.

THE PRIDE OF OUR VILLAGE.

THERE is between the hills in a south-eastern English county one of the prettiest villages in England. On one side for a distance of several miles there is a line of well-wooded heights, and on the other side some picturesque down country. Through the valley runs a river, and on a rising knoll stands the village church just above the bridge over the stream, and near the church are the great house and deer park. It is a very little village, containing some three hundred inhabitants, and was, and probably now is, a very primitive place in its way. There was no public-house or beershop in that village; the whole place, barring the vicarage, belonged to the squire, who, when a railway first made its appearance, bargained that no station should be placed anywhere nearer than two miles and a half, and who obstinately refused to every builder who applied for a plot of land the slightest concession to erect any house upon his estate. There were no poor to speak of, and as every labourer was employed, we had no poachers, and so kept the even tenor of our way, content with one service on the Sunday morning or afternoon alternately, for our spiritual wants. We were orthodox withal, for on feasts and festivals, when the Athanasian Creed was appointed to be read, the old clerk would say

to the Vicar, 'If you please, sir, we have Hannanias' creed to-day.' The Ranters once tried to preach on the green, and had there been any stocks in the parish, no doubt they would have found themselves in them; but as there were no stocks they were simply ordered to move on, and they had the sense to do so, the villagers being conservative and the river handy.

Our village was for some twelve months one of the most celebrated in England, for the big house and the park being let by the squire to a nobleman who was sportingly inclined, we all woke up with a new excitement in the shape of racing stables in our parish. People shook their heads and prophesied the ruin of us all; but a reaction soon took place. The trainer and a swarm of nice little boys with close-cut hair and shining faces made quite a show in our village church with their smart liveries, and looked as if butter would not melt in their mouths, and the new community of grooms, rough-riders, and stable-boys settled down quite pleasantly amongst us, and people found that a good deal of money was circulated, and that we grew none the wickeder. There was no Sunday training, no four-in-hands came from the cavalry barracks on Sunday afternoons (as the Mawworms all said there would be), and the park and the racing stables were as quiet on a Sunday as any other part of the village; and our new Squire's purse was never closed to any appeal from the Vicar, and we never saw or heard anything of the evils of racing, if such there be. In the autumn our enthusiasm reached its highest pitch, for the next year's Derby favourite became one of our parishioners. High and low, rich and poor, thought and dreamt of nothing else but the coming race in the spring.

'La! miss,' said our oldest inhabitant, a venerable old woman of nearly ninety, who inhabited the almshouse—whose first husband was hung for robbing the mail, and also hung in chains afterwards, in the latter part of the last century, when George III. was king—to the parson's daughter, who went to read 'Pilgrim's Progress' to her, 'I have had a message from the Lord.' The lady, who was not unaccustomed to hear very old women say strange things, asked innocently 'What was the message?' 'Why,' answered the nonagenarian, 'the butler from the great house was here yesterday, and 'told me that the Lord' (meaning the noble owner) 'had told him 'that George, the celebrated jockey, is going to ride the favourite 'for the Derby, and I do hope he will win.' So you see the poor old woman had mixed up her theology with stable talk; and, old as she was, her mind was on the Derby as well as ours.

The fact was that the occupier of the big house—'the Lord,' as the poor people called him—was never known to say or do anything except what was kind and generous to every one about him, especially to the poor, and consequently every one's heart was in the favourite's success out of regard to the owner; and there is little doubt that, had some one suddenly suggested that prayers should be offered up for the favourite's success, the primitive people would not have seen any profanity in it; and most certainly, had any one

shouted out in the middle of the sermon, 'Ten to one against the 'favourite!' the parson—whom probably I knew better than any one else in this life, and who never bet in his life before—would have answered, 'Done, man! done, in sovereigns!' So great was the feeling in favour of the owner, that a clergyman whom I met at dinner in London the Sunday before the Derby, said to me, 'I believe a racecourse to be little better than a pandemonium, and I hate the whole system; but the owner is such a kind-hearted man, that I would go there myself if it could secure his success.'

It was a royal treat to be taken into the stable to see the horse—a treat which no well-bred gentleman would ever think of asking for, as it is a difficult thing to refuse on the owner's part, and *me judice*, you may as well ask to see a man's banking book.

The favourite was all sixteen hands; a splendid bay, with a beautiful head and a large, full eye, as soft as a gazelle's, and in temper as gentle as a lamb. He received his visitors, especially ladies, on whose shoulders he would lay his head (happy horse!), like a thoroughbred gentleman, and came up—possibly with an eye to a little bit of sugar, or apple or bread—and did the honours of his loose box with great effect. Very few strangers ever saw him; and I fancy that I grew six inches, and swelled in proportion, when I received a message one Sunday afternoon from the trainer, that he would be happy to show me the stables the next morning, and that, if the weather only held on as bad as it then was—it was blowing a December hurricane from the south-west—I might see him galloped on Monday at two o'clock in the wind and rain.

The park was a splendid place for training, with three-quarters of a mile finish, very like the Derby course. There were only two paths through the park, and all adits and exits were easily watched; and should a stranger be found out of the lawful beaten track, what was easier than for one of the keepers (who were many in number) to punch that stranger's head? No fear of a magistrate of sound religious principles convicting any one in that part of the country for thrashing a tout who was after our favourite. He would be much more likely to give a tout three months for running his head against a keeper's stick in the exercise of the keeper's duty.

Barring treachery from within, which was very unlikely, that horse was safe from the touts—though once we thought that we were done. It happened thus. The old parson was ill, and the clergy of the neighbouring cathedral town being in 'full blast,' as the manufacturers say, owing to some grand Church week, a stranger came from London for two or three Sundays. He was a curious kind of man, and not much like a parson in manners or carriage. People were civil to him, of course, and he had the natural curiosity which most of the parish had about our favourite. Coming out of church one Sunday, the wife of the noble owner was talking about some suspicious people having been seen about the woods, and a sudden idea occurred to me which nearly paralyzed her. 'Lady ——,' I said, 'I have it! that new parson is a Newmarket tout,

'as sure as we are born!' The idea was almost too horrible to think of.

A young lady who was staying at the vicarage, after having been sworn to secrecy by every oath which would be likely to stop a woman's tongue, was allowed to accompany me to see the favourite gallop; and although she was particular, as a rule, about catching cold, and damp feet, she cheerfully walked through the long wet grass to a hill-side in the park, in such a storm as I never saw except in the Witches' scene in 'Macbeth.'

The favourite had some portion of his clothing on—I do not know the technical name for it or for anything else in racing, but it covered his head and neck—I fancy it is called 'the hood'—and he carried, as I thought, but I did not inquire of course, a much heavier weight than the Derby regulation weight, and was led by a powerful mare ridden by a feather-weight boy who looked like a squirrel on an oak-tree; but despite the weather, which was tremendous, the horse came along with a magnificent stride at a pace which seemed to me quite equal to Derby speed, and pulled up after his mile and a quarter perfectly fresh.

Everything seemed to prosper: the jockey who was to ride the horse came down and tried him, and was delighted with his going, and when early spring came on and our favourite was removed to his final training quarters on the Sussex Downs and we missed the people at the big house and our trainer and jockeys, our little parish grew quite dull.

One day at luncheon the Vicar came in looking as if he had seen the Father of Evil himself.

'What is the matter, Tom?' asked his wife, quite alarmed.

'My dear, dear wife! I have just heard the most dreadful thing in the world,' answered the parson.

'What is it, my dear?'

'Why, some villains have put some broken glass in the favourite's gallop in Sussex. I would have such fellows hanged twice over, ay, and quartered, too.' This he said, forgetting that on the previous Sunday he had preached forgiveness down to any extent, and even so far possibly as forgiving a man who ran away with one's mother-in-law.

I wonder how many hundreds of persons on cricket-grounds and elsewhere asked me if I could give them any 'information,' knowing that my people lived in the parish where the favourite used to be. To one and all I gave the same answer, which was, that if they believed in anything such as honesty on the Turf, they now had the chance of backing a horse whose owner possessed that quality, and if not they had better leave it alone; and moreover that if I had any so-called 'information,' I was not going to betray the confidence of a man who had made me free of his stables on the faith of my being a gentleman and not a tout.

The Derby Day approached, and we had the latest news that the horse was safe in the neighbourhood of Epsom, and that all was

well ; and that to prevent mistakes some of the keepers—all North-countrymen, slow to speak and quick to act—had gone down with him to form a body-guard and prevent the possibility of the horse being got at.

On looking out of my window on the morning of that memorable Derby Day, the only thing visible was one perpetual stream of rain, which looked like endless small bell-ropes which were pouring down from a dark-brown ceiling which was called by courtesy a sky. Talk about a wet day, this was a concentration of all the cataracts in the world, sent by atmospheric pressure through miles of colossal cullenders. Ladies, as ladies always do, with their usual unselfishness were deploring the spoiling of a holiday which a guest of mine—a parson—and myself were going to enjoy at Epsom, and could not understand how I kept up my spirits and whistled with keen delight, as I arrayed myself in an old fishing dress, which consisted of waterproof boots which came up to my knees over my trousers, a tarpaulin coat which reached to my heels, and a very much worn waterproof wideawake, with sloping sides, like a beefsteak pudding, two sizes too large for my head ; the combined dress making me look about as big a blackguard as any who started for the Downs that day.

I was perfectly indifferent to everything during the journey down, utterly unmindful of people who offered me correct cards, or 'Punch,' or the latest sporting paper, or tracts warning me of certain perdition if I went to the Derby. Weather, and eating and drinking were things of nought. One thing only was on my mind, which was the sight which I saw in December of our favourite going like lightning through mud and slush, and against weather as bad as we could have that day, and I made up my mind he would do it again.

Once having gained Barnard's Stand, and having established myself in a good place next to a post, high up, immediately behind the judge's box, and opposite the winning post, time was no object. I did not miss the Punch-and-Judy men, or stilts, or knockemdowns, or gipsies, all of which unfortunate people never stirred out on that miserable day ; it seemed nothing extraordinary that the only things visible were thousands of square yards of umbrellas, and nothing else. Nor was anything else an object. A fight took place close to me, in which I took no interest : I saw one man pick another's pocket, and did not care to interfere ; and my feeling was one of gratitude to the hundreds of thousands who had paid our village the compliment to come down in such weather to see our race, for it was *our* Derby and nobody else's. Here were my parson friend and myself, two representatives of our parish, and ready to fight the whole crowd—one down, t'other come on—who said a word against our horse or his owner. Father Noah might have come by again in his ark, as of yore—as he might well have done—and I am quite sure that we two, the parson and myself, would have stopped outside to see the race.

I suppose there *was* some racing before the Derby, as I remember bells ringing, crowds clearing, shouting, and numbers going up, and occasionally beds of tulips flying by, which no doubt were really jockeys and horses racing; nothing roused me till I heard the real bell sounding for clearing the course for our Derby. Quite right of the Commissioners of Police to send all those constables to clear the way for our favourite. Ah, I perceive that other jockeys on horses take advantage of the open space and are galloping too. Well, I have no objection; we are not selfish. At last I saw a crowd coming down near our stand. No, there was no mistake! there was our favourite with George on his back, and the owner and trainer walking by him, and one or two helpers and some of the keepers, and I see the jockey lean down for a moment and speak to the owner. George gives him a shake of the rein, no whip or spur, and our favourite passes up towards Tattenham Corner, going possibly a little stiff. There is no mistake about it, the match is our village against the world.

'Call *that* a horse,' shouted a man close to me, who was eating some fat greasy meat out of a piece of 'Daily Telegraph' newspaper with a very doubtful knife, and holding in the palm of his left hand a dirty piece of bread, which he gnawed like a dog, and whose mouth seemed filled with equal proportions of teeth like broken rails (which had never been washed by anything but beer since he was weaned), the Litany utterly perverted, and the lowest tap-room slang, *plus* his cold meat and bread; 'I call *him*' (I omit the adjectives and substantives of the speaker) 'a cow. I'll lay a level "*quid*"' (thieves' Latin for a sovereign) 'he ain't first, second, or third.'

'Done!' I shouted in his ear, with such a roar that the man almost jumped off the stand; and in my excitement I called him by an epithet similar to one which Mr. Chucks, the boatswain in 'Peter Simple,' delighted in, which if true—as no doubt it was—would have qualified him to quarter the 'bar sinister' on his escutcheon.

'Halves!' shouted the parson who was with me; so I and the Church were partners in a sovereign bet, which was the only one we had.

Again the favourite passes us on his return gallop to the paddock, with a magnificent stride this time, utterly regardless of mud or weather. I could have shaken hands, if I had had time, with every one near me, for I felt sure that our favourite was the favourite of nine out of ten.

A kind of sulky presence of mind came over me again, and I watched with comparative indifference the horses file out through the paddock to the post.

A gentleman behind me, knowing—by instinct I suppose—how utterly absorbed I was in the race, and whom I afterwards found out to be a great West of England horse-breeder, very kindly offered to keep me 'posted up' as to the success of the favourite, as he said, though not a betting man, he knew every horse, and the names and colours of the riders, and all about them. At a quarter-past three

o'clock the lot were at the post, and after a horse called Sky-blue had bolted three or four times, for one whole hour the last horse in the rank, one called Tambourine, every time a start was attempted stuck his feet hard against the ground, and stood on his head with his heels in the air and would not move, although friendly hands with stout sticks gave him one or two which would have seriously injured an hippopotamus. All this time my informant, who was an admirable judge, told me that the favourite was as quiet as possible, and not the least flurried, and the false starts were more likely to prejudice the other horses the most. At last the starter left Tambourine at the post, and after thirty-three false starts they were off in a hurricane of wind and rain.

My friend behind me was very hopeful and encouraging. 'Now,' he said, 'he is in a good place by the bushes; they are making for the Corner; now he is well round, well through his horses, a little wide, perhaps, but out of the ruck; now he is shaking them all off. Look at him passing the stand! He must win! He must win. No, by Jove, he's broken down!' (I saw the horse go from under his jockey almost.) 'No, he's all right again!' Then, for the first time, I opened my mouth just as the horse was within a hundred yards or so of home, and I know not why, except from utter madness, I kept on shrieking out like a maniac the jockey's name, in a voice which could be heard half-way across the course, and in a moment I saw two horses locked together dash past the Judge's chair.

Then came the babel of voices. 'Favourite won!' 'No, Italian!' 'No, dead-heat!' The fact was, as I learnt afterwards, that neither jockey knew which horse had won. I waited quietly for the verdict, when—oh! horror—a stoutish elderly man in a red coat (the old clerk of the course), mounted on a very powerful chestnut horse with four white stockings, trotted into the space in front of the rubbing-house, and led out Italian first, followed by our favourite, who was beaten on the post by a very short half-head. And then—I am not the least ashamed to say so—I sat down and cried like a child.

The Judge, of course, incurred much odium, because he made a mistake about the number of the third horse, which had afterwards to be reversed, but I have no doubt that he was right, as Mr. F. Verrall, whose obituary was published in this magazine a short time since, and whom I knew very well, and who backed the favourite, was standing outside the Judge's box and could see the race as well as the Judge, and he told me that he fancied that the favourite's shoulder and the jockey were first, but the favourite's head was down and Italian threw up his head in his last stride, and Mr. Verrall agreed with the Judge about the half-head, and said that had he been Judge he would have given the same decision.

As to what followed after, is it not written in the annals of racing how our favourite was nearly beaten by a second-rate French horse on the Friday following the Derby, and got into bad odour, and was

peppered tremendously by the ring for months? How the greatest bookmaker laid 11,000*l.* to 1,000*l.* against him in one bet with the owner, and paid the bet the night of the Leger? How the horse went to Doncaster, and with a start of a hundred yards behind the other horses at the post he won the Leger easily? How our villagers and those of the neighbouring villages waited from two o'clock in the afternoon till ten o'clock at night at the railway station, near the big house, for the owner's return, a few days after the Leger? How they took the horses out of the owner's carriage and dragged him home, and illuminated the park, and burnt tar-barrels? And this was all done by those who probably amongst them all had not five pounds on the race, or any other race in the world; and it was done simply because the owner was a kind neighbour and honest sportsman.

I do not believe there is any better evidence of a '*mens sana in corpore sano*' than for people to take an almost mad interest in any honest sport or amusement. If one only compares those who do so with the Mawworms who are always holding meetings about their neighbours' doings, he will see which are of the happiest frame of mind. No doubt many of them are honest, but I have no doubt also that to many of those who attend the Exeter Hall meetings, and Moody and Sankey meetings, and the like, the excitement is the real object *bar one*,—as their wickedest (!) brethren would say,—and that *bar one* is love of vulgar notoriety and self-glory, and seeing their names in the so-called religious papers. I suppose the fact is that I hate your amateur religionist who whistles through his nose like a sand-piper, and bothers me about his ideas of my state of mind, and foretells my perdition because I like to see two noble animals have a fair struggle for victory for the struggle's sake, as much as I hate the man who would be utterly indifferent whether the competitors are horses, dogs, pigs, cows, or two drops of rain running down a glass, so long as he can rob some one. The Mawworms are like the Puritans of old, who, according to Lord Macaulay, went regularly wild about bear-baiting, not because it hurt the bear, but because it pleased the people.

There is an anecdote about our favourite which I know to be true. At Doncaster he was restless and off his feed, and great fears were entertained that he had been got at, when one of the stable-boys said to the trainer, 'He's a-looking for his kitten.'

On the chance, a telegram was sent to the training stables, two hundred and fifty miles off, for some one to come at once by first express train with the kitten; and the boy turned out to be right. Directly the kitten was out of his basket and saw the horse, he jumped on his back, ran over his head, and was on the manger in a moment, and began patting his nose, and the horse was quiet at once and fed as well as ever.

POSTSCRIPTUM.—Of course every real racing man will see that this sketch—which is true in every detail—is so ear-marked, that there can be no doubt as to the name of the owner and of the favourite; but I purposely have not put the real names because—

first, I never put people's names (except on public matters) in print without their leave; and, secondly, because I want to baulk our friend the sporting (?) penny-a-liner, who would talk about 'that 'prince of sportsmen and good fellows Lord Blank;' just as he *will*, in some hunting account of some run which he describes from the hearsay evidence of some 'beery' underwhip—having himself probably seen nothing more of hounds and huntsmen than a glimpse of them passing a tap-room window at which he and the pot-boy were sitting—take in vain the names of numbers of gentlemen to whom he never spoke in his life. But there is a moral to this. See how happily the world goes when the parson and squire pull together, and when, as in this case, the owner of the favourite went out of his way almost to avoid offending the honest prejudices of the parson.

Mitcham, July 1877.

F. G.

A GOOD RUN, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

THE CONSEQUENCES OF THE RUN.

EVERY enjoyment has its drawback, and it is no slight one to the sport of foxhunting to find yourself, after a good day, twenty miles from home on a tired horse. Disguise the fact as you may, riding that distance on a steed who catches his toe in every inequality of the ground, and threatens to roll over about once in twenty yards, is no treat, and makes a somewhat unpleasant finale to the most brilliant day. Yet such things will happen. The prudent, we know, guard against them as much as possible by sending hacks, and even carriages, to some point near which they are likely to leave off—and very pleasant it is to have a change of raiment, and make the homeward journey in all the ease and comfort of a close carriage; but foxes are wilful things, and by no means as a rule run in the direction that even the wisest have calculated on, so that the most careful forethought does not always avail. No such precaution had been taken by any of our friends, for thus early in the season they did not expect to finish many miles from home; even had they done so, it would have been useless, as no one would have calculated on a fox taking them the unusual line this day traversed, and the chance is that their carriage, had they ordered one, would have gone in quite an opposite direction.

'I hope you know the way home, Walton,' said Cecil, as they once more mounted their horses, 'for I have got quite beyond the 'range of my topographical knowledge.'

'Yes; we must take the green lane to Buckhurst, and then strike 'across the downs. I know every yard of the road, and we shall be 'right if we can only get into the turnpike beyond, by daylight.'

'Better keep the highroad round by Swallowtown,' remarked the farmer, who overheard their conversation; 'the downs are a queer

‘bit to travel in twilight, and the mist rises on them uncommon quick betimes.’

‘Why, that would make it at least five miles farther, and we must have a good sixteen already, besides losing the turf for our horses. No, no, farmer; the downs for me. Your road lies the same way as ours, Lizzie, and we will see you safe to Elmdale. Come along.’

So Richard Walton turned his horse’s head for home. The hounds were already out of sight down a lane that led more to the right, and the field had dispersed in various directions. For a time they trotted along quietly enough; as although none of them were, in the usual way, much given to silence, the bad road they were now traversing necessitated their going in a great measure singly, as it was cut up by cart-tracks, and intersected with sloughs, while their horses, beginning to stiffen after their exertions, required their undivided attention. Moreover, they were one and all tired—a state which does not exactly conduce to conversation.

Let not the reader surmise, from what is here said, that it was the custom of Cecil Denis to escort a pretty girl without talking to her; and Lizzie Askham was pretty; her clear complexion, deep-blue eyes, and golden hair would have attracted attention anywhere. Over and above the hindrances to conversation before alluded to, Cecil felt an indescribable sensation which disposed him to thoughtfulness. You will say, perchance, he was in love. If so, he certainly did not know it; for although he felt the greatest happiness while in Miss Askham’s company, the very pleasure of his thoughts kept him silent. Walton had quite enough to occupy his attention in other matters; as leader of the party, he already began to have grave apprehensions with regard to the weather. Although they were as yet not more than halfway through the vale, the sun was setting red and lurid behind a bank of clouds, and the mist began to roll up in heavy wreaths from the meadows. In fact it was getting late when they left the farm, and their progress through the deep miry lanes was much less expeditious than he had calculated on. Like other young ones, he made a mistake in selecting a short cut through such a treacherous country, instead of keeping the firm road. No greater fallacy can be indulged in than leaving a good road with a tired horse, even though following it should add to the length of the journey. They had just struggled through a bottom where the clay was nearly over the horses’ fetlocks, when Goldrop came on his knees and nose, almost turning a somersault, which he must have done had he been less active or his rider’s seat less firm. She fortunately never moved from her saddle; but rather lent him all her aid in recovering himself.

‘Thank goodness you are safe!’ said Cecil, as he sprang from his horse and was at her side in a moment. ‘What could have caused him to fall in that way?’

‘I cannot tell: he is generally so safe.’

‘If you looked for the cause in the most likely place—which is

‘certainly not Miss Askham’s face,’ replied Walton, ‘you would see that he over-reached, and has not only torn off his near-shoe, but cut his quarter badly. It’s no use picking up the shoe—there is not a smith to be found for miles, and he must even make the best of his way home without one.’

‘Poor Goldrop! I hope he’s not much hurt,’ said Lizzie, ready to cry at the accident to her favourite.

‘Move on and let us see,’ added Cecil.

There was no mistake as to his lameness, and the trio were now under the necessity of proceeding at a foot pace; meantime the sun totally disappeared behind the bank of clouds, and the mist turned to a small driving rain. In darkness they groped their way from the vale up the white chalk road that led to the downs above, before reaching the crown of which Goldrop was so helpless that Denis was fain to shift Miss Askham’s saddle to his own horse, and placing her thereon, proceed on foot himself with the unfortunate chestnut. The rain, which had been uncomfortable enough in the lowlands, drifted literally in clouds along the bleak hills, while the wind whistled keen and cutting, so that the horses could scarcely be induced to face it, and everything became so obscure that Walton was forced to dismount and lead his horse in advance to find the track. Denis, divesting himself of his coat, wrapped his fair companion in it almost by force, and kept close to her bridle, that the horse might not swerve from the storm. In this helpless manner for a time they struggled on, until at last Walton was fairly beaten, and declared he could no longer see the track.

‘Now,’ said he, ‘the only thing I can do is to mount and let my horse take his own way, you following me. There is no doubt we are lost, and I cannot think of any other means unless we are to pass the night on the downs.’

‘Is there no farm near?’ suggested Denis.

‘Our track is a lonely one, and probably there is not a house within a mile of it; even if there was, who could find it in such a night as this? I will go wherever the horse likes, calling out at times. You do the same if I get too far ahead.’ So saying, he mounted and threw the reins on his horse’s neck, at the same time giving him a hint to move on.

No sooner had he done so than the bay turned at right angles to the path they had been pursuing, and started at a pace that would soon have left his companions far in the rear had it not been checked.

‘How very dreadful, is it not, Mr. Denis,’ said Lizzie, ‘to get lost on these horrid downs in such a night? Even I am cold when wrapped so well, thanks to your kindness. But what must you feel? How can I be so selfish?’

‘Nay,’ said Cecil, ‘I can but be wet, and you would think lightly of it did you know the pleasure I have in doing you a service.’

‘I shall never be able to repay you such disinterested kindness.’

At that moment Walton shouted to them to hasten on, reproaching

the tardiness of their movements, which, sooth to say, were at this time less expeditious than even their travel-worn state warranted. Hastening in the direction of his voice, they found he had just turned the brow of a hill, and in a hollow about half a mile below them discovered a light. His horse was already on a narrow path which led towards it, and the others, as if at this distance conscious of approaching food and shelter, hastened forward. The light was soon reached, when they found themselves before a little lone public-house on the downs. Walton's knocking brought forth the hostess, a good-humoured, stout old lady, shading a flaring tallow candle with her hand, and her spouse, a crabbed-looking little man, with his pipe still in his mouth, and a fur cap hanging on one side of his head.

'What's yer will?' asked the good dame.

'Can you tell us where we are?'

'Ah! ah! where you are?' cackled the man. 'That's good; oh! oh! oh! where you are. I guess you don't know, then?'

'Certainly not, or we should not ask. Can't you give a plain answer to a plain question? Simply where are we?'

'You be a stranger in these parts, I war'nt I'

'For God's sake, man, stop your impertinence, and tell us where we are,' broke in Cecil.

'Where you be? why, at the Bustards, to be sure. Lord love ye, where dost come from not to know the Bustards? Man, woman, and child on these downs knows the Bustards.'

'Confound your tongue, and your Bustards as well; you don't expect us to know every roadside beer-house, do you? How far are we from Churchilton?'

'How far be you from Churchilton? Here, Jack, thee know'st the country better nor I do. How far be the gentleman from——?'

'From Churchilton?' echoed Jack, coming from the interior and rubbing his carrotty poll. 'Why, I should say more nor ten mile!'

'How far from Swallowton then, three or four?'

'Nigher eight.'

'Pleasant,' said Walton. 'We have regularly lost our way. At least we can dry our clothes here. Have you any place to put the horses?'

'Aye, that have I; as good boxes as ever you set eyes on, thanks to old Roberts, who trained on these downs.'

'That's well. Miss Askham, you must be worn out; let me lift you from the saddle.' So saying, Cecil took her in his arms, and never relinquished his burthen until he placed her on a settle near the fire, while the good landlady and her comely daughter stood aghest at her wet and miserable plight.

'Now, dame,' said he to the former, 'a fire at once in another room; and perhaps Polly here can lend this lady some dry things. Look alive, for she is starving with cold.' Away went the old woman to light the fire, and the young one to turn out her wardrobe, when Lizzie said:

‘ Mr. Denis, leave me to the care of these good creatures, while you and Mr. Walton see to the horses ; I fear we shall have mischief with them after such a run.’

‘ One moment ; let me see your fire lighted first.’

‘ Not an instant ; Mrs. — will take care of me ; I put Goldrop in your charge.’

‘ For his mistress’s sake he shall want nothing.’ Going to the stable Cecil found all the appliances in more profusion than he could have expected in such an out-of-the-way spot ; already Jack, with a helpmate or two, was strapping at the horses with a will. These were indeed in sorry plight ; but some gruel, scientifically made, with a dash of good old home-brewed in it, appeared wonderfully to refresh them ; and in the course of half an hour they were well bedded up, and left to pick over a handful of hay, sweet as violets and green as if it had never known sun or scythe.

‘ We can do no more for them,’ said Walton, ‘ now for ourselves. You are wet to the skin ; nothing will keep out the cold like a glass of that old ale, and then we must see if our friend the landlord cannot give us a change of clothes and something to eat.’

‘ Nothing’s easier, as regards grub,’ replied Boniface ; ‘ but mayhap your honours would not much care to get into such togs as I could rig you out in.’

‘ Clean and dry is all we want,’ said both at once.

‘ Come along then, gentlemen, follow the light ; mind that water-burt, and don’t fall over the barrow. That’s right ; here we are at last.’

‘ Better than the downs, at any rate,’ cried Cecil, as the bright wood fire blazed and crackled before him, and a pot hanging above the same sent forth a most savoury odour.

A short time served to induct Denis and Walton into some habiliments belonging to their host, which, if not built exactly *à la* Poole or the style that would content them for a stroll up Bond Street, were at least dry and warm. Walton figured in a black coat, with skirts of extraordinary dimensions ; a blue waistcoat, much opened in front, and ornamented with scarlet flowers ; and unmentionables of a pale fawn-colour, considerably too wide, and so short that the bottoms reached just halfway between his knees and ankles. To add to the grotesqueness of his appearance, the shirt possessed a collar of marvellous dimensions, which of necessity either placed half his head in a species of blinkers starched to an awful degree of stiffness, or compelled him to wear them turned down, as in the pictures of Lord Byron ; the latter mode he selected as being least objectionable. Cecil was ornamented with corduroy trousers, made apparently for Goliath of Gath ; a white waistcoat, figured with blue, much too short ; a carpenter’s jacket of flannel, scarcely reaching the middle of his back ; and a blue bird’s-eye wrapper completed his attire. This unique turn-out, it is only fair to state, belonged partly to the host and partly to his apprentice, the honest Boniface combining the trades of publican and carpenter.

'Shall I lay the table for you in the parlour, gentlemen?' asked the buxom dame; 'the fire will burn up in a minute, and you will be quiet there.'

'By no means, Mrs. —; this broad hearth is too snug to leave, and with your permission we will seat ourselves and try the contents of that stew-pan which smells so savoury. By-the-way, how is the lady?'

'Bonny, sir, bonny. Martha and I made a fire in her room at once, and persuaded her to lie down between the blankets while I mulled a glass of elder wine; and now she is just dressed in Martha's things and waiting for her dinner.'

'Ask her if she will take it in her room; this is scarcely the place for a lady to dine, I think.'

As the good wife trotted off with her message, he cast his eyes round the homely apartment. It was a small low room, furnished with a round oak table, a huge settle, a few chairs, rows of shelves ornamented with the cleanest and nicest of delf. Ancient Scripture prints held possession of the walls, in company with the portrait of Priam, winner of the Derby, 1830, ridden by 'The Evergreen,' as old Sam Day was called; Tom Cribb in attitude, and the celebrated fighting dog Billy. Over the huge oak mantelpiece, which was blackened by age, and to judge from its fine carved work had done duty in some more pretentious situation than the one now occupied, was a trooper's cavalry sword, a flint gun, and three spits, with a toasting-fork and a silver-mounted riding-whip placed crosswise by way of lighter ornaments. From the ceiling huge sides of bacon were suspended, and behind the settle, over the back of which its face glared at the intruders as if wishing to stare them out of countenance, stood an eight-day clock, whose loud ticking seemed to chirrup forth a welcome in defiance of its stern looks.

'The lady's compliments, and she would not for a moment allow you to languish here alone, sir. She will be down directly to take the head of the table.'

'No less than I expected. Lizzie never will do anything like other girls,' muttered Walton. 'Well, my good woman, I suppose for once in the way you can put any other guests into the parlour, and allow us to have the kitchen to ourselves? That's right, draw the curtain and make it snug.'

The next moment Miss Askham tripped into the room.

'I trust you have taken no harm from the wet,' said Cecil, rising, Walton at the same time handing a chair.

The only answer was a peal of the most ringing laughter that ever charmed the ear of mortal. Again and again did the fair Lizzie attempt in vain to moderate her mirth; one glance at the grotesque figures of her companions sent her into a perfect shout. 'Pray excuse me, Mr. Denis; don't be angry, Richard, pray don't; but—but you both look so exceedingly captivating. Oh, what would I give if Evelyn could but see us now! Dick, Dick, if I could but sketch you I should be happy.'

‘Another time, fair coz. With your permission we will examine the contents of this stew first. And, good dame, bring us a glass of beer; that’s right. No, neither wine or spirits, thanks. Lizzie, what will you take? Oh, Martha is making you a cup of tea, that’s capital; now for the stew. As I live, worthy of old Meg Merriles herself; unless I misjudge, here is both hare and pheasant, or at least good imitations of them, though it is not fair to inquire minutely into the good things that come so opportunely in our way. Who says we have not the flesh-pots of Egypt in the wilderness? By Jove! Lizzie, how brilliant you look; let me give you this wing. Do you keep a wardrobe at every wayside inn? More gravy, that’s right. You are really the prettiest little peasant I ever saw.’

‘Thanks for the stew and compliments, though the latter are due to my little handmaid here, who has, it appears, succeeded better in making me presentable than the valet who took Richard Walton in hand.’

To say truth, Pattie —, who was a bit of rustic coquette, had bestowed her wardrobe with good effect, and not only furnished Miss Askham with one of the neatest and plainest of white muslin dresses, but so contrived to arrange her dripping hair and bind it up with blue ribbon, that those golden ringlets had never shown to much greater advantage. It was a glimpse of the latter which Miss Askham caught in an old cracked chimney-glass which decided her on dining with the gentlemen instead of, as she originally intended, in her own room. She had capital taste, and knew that the simple style of a country girl became her fair face, perhaps better than any other; moreover, she was a romp, and where many girls would have felt alarm in her situation, she thoroughly enjoyed the whole thing, and considered it a capital joke.

‘Quite an adventure,’ said Lizzie; ‘I could fancy myself some forlorn damsel fallen by chance into the hands of a wicked enchanter—though, by-the-way, I fear they seldom fared as well as we are doing. I hope the good things with which we are unexpectedly regaled will not turn out a delusion after all, and prove to be nothing more than common fare. By-the-way, Richard, how do you propose to rescue me from this dreadful castle? Are we doomed to pass the night here, or has your wisdom discovered some hippogriff or winged steed amongst the magicians’ stores by whose aid we can reach our homes in safety?’

‘Nay, my endeavours have at present been confined to making the most of our sojourn here, without thought of escape; but now it is time we called the lord of the castle himself to council, and treated for our ransom and your safe deliverance at Elm-dale, where I really begin to fear they will be uneasy on your account.’

‘So do I, Dickon, or for that matter I could be well content to rest in Mrs. —’s snug quarters, and with pretty Martha here as my good fairy, I am sure I should lack nothing. In truth, I do

‘not much care to turn out; hear how the rain rattles against the casement and the wind howls through the trees.’

‘It is a fearful night; but we will see what can be managed in the shape of a conveyance, for Sir Alfred must not be made uneasy, and I know you are not to be frightened by a little wind and rain.’

‘Right, good cousin, so even now go seek that same winged horse.’

Walton went to confer with the landlord on their chance of reaching home that night, leaving Cecil Denis in company with the fair Lizzie. We know of no more dangerous situation in which a young couple could be thrown than theirs; the very circumstance of being so unexpectedly placed in this strange dilemma served to make them at once seem more like old friends than the acquaintances of a few hours. They were both young, both good-looking, the gentleman inclined to be agreeable, the lady inclined to be pleased; and to give them credit, although the time was not long during which Walton was absent, and occasional interruptions on the part of the hostess or Martha occurred to mar their *tête-à-tête*, they continued to advance considerably in each other’s good graces.

‘Really, Mr. Denis, the journey across the downs will be dreadful such a night as this. I quite shudder to think of it,’ said Lizzie, her whole features expressive of just so much alarm as is calculated to raise an interest in the heart of the sterner sex.

‘Pray don’t be nervous,’ said Cecil; ‘I will walk to Churchilton and despatch a carriage for you ere you should be inconvenienced, if nothing can be procured here.’

Walton presently returned, saying he had found a conveyance which they must make the best of; and all was now bustle and confusion to get our friends into something like travelling condition. As to their own clothes, they were so saturated that any attempt to make them of service was at once abandoned; but some head-gear of Martha’s, and a warm shawl of her mother’s, were voted available for Miss Askham, while an antique overcoat, and the cloak that mine host used when he was in ‘the troop,’ enveloped the manly forms of Walton and his friend. Then the van used in the conveyance of goods between Churchilton and the neighbouring villages was brought out; the bottom well littered with straw, and every crevice through which the wind could find an entrance securely stopped with sacks and other like material by the hand of Cecil himself. Into this a large arm-chair was placed for Lizzie’s accommodation; and there, amidst much laughter, she was safely enthroned, while Cecil occupied one of the ordinary seats, and Walton, just behind the driver, took on himself the task of keeping the curtains in front as securely closed as possible. To crown all, a lantern was hung from the roof of the vehicle, and another placed in front, in a fruitless endeavour to enable the driver to discern his road through the rain and darkness. All being safely ensconced, and a hearty farewell taken of the host and hostess—by no means forgetting Martha,

to whom Lizzie had taken a great liking—Joe, the man-of-all-work, took the reins, and starting the old white horse—who fairly gave a groan of surprise and wonderment at being called on for exertion at this unusual hour—they at length got under weigh, and in this primitive conveyance started for Elmdale. Luckily the rain set behind them, so that even Joe, the driver, progressed with tolerable comfort; and as the latter was something of a character, Walton endeavoured to draw him out for their amusement.

A most jovial ride of a couple of hours brought them to Elmdale, the seat of Sir Alfred Askham, who was already beginning to get most uneasy about his daughter. Of course Walton and his friend Denis could not do less than call the next day, to inquire how she felt after her adventures; and the consequence of it all was that Cecil Denis's father, a money-grubbing old miser, as rich as Croesus, who would have turned up his nose at a poor girl, had no occasion to select an heiress for his son, as the only daughter of Sir Alfred Askham was a prize beyond even his expectations. I never heard that either Lizzie or Cecil regretted the good run they saw together, or being lost on the downs afterwards.

N.

ON THE BREEDING AND FEEDING OF HORSES AND CATTLE.

A VERY interesting discussion on the above subject took place at the Croydon Farmers' Club on the Thursday before the Derby. The Club is one of the most influential in the kingdom, and has on its roll nearly 400 members, many of whom are well known as members of the various Surrey hunts. The subject was introduced in an elaborate paper by Dr. Shorthouse, and the discussion was carried on by the Reverend Mr. Randolph, a grandson of the famous 'Kit' Wilson, better known as the 'Father of the Turf,' Mr. Hooker, Mr. Marmaduke Walker, Mr. William Taylor, Mr. Robert Fuller, and other famous sportsmen and mighty hunters. The opinion seemed to be all but unanimous that horses and stall-fed cattle were overfed, or rather fed too often. Dr. Shorthouse reprobated the practice of giving more than four meals a day, and he thought three meals preferable to four, for however rapidly the process of digestion might be carried on, sufficient time ought to be allowed for one meal to digest before the stomach be called upon to deal with a fresh meal. Six meals a day was by no means uncommon, and he knew one gentleman who had his hunters fed no less than eight times a day; the result was that they were little better than scarecrows, and did not thrive on their good living and overfeeding, but, on the contrary, were weak and emaciated. A young veterinary surgeon who was present strongly advocated the 'little and often' system, and said that because a horse's stomach

was small he ought to have his food by a little at a time and as often as possible; but the members of longer and larger experience agreed with the introducer of the subject that three good meals a day were abundantly sufficient. Dr. Shorthouse said that overfeeding gave rise to unhealthy secretions, and brought about a gouty state of the blood, and that gouty deposits or gouty inflammation around and about the joints resulted, and that he was certain many horses were prematurely lame or otherwise disabled by reason of being pampered or overfed in early life. Another evil, and one of no little magnitude, was the prevalent 'craze' for early foals. The aim of modern breeders appeared to be to deviate from Nature as far as possible, instead of watching her teachings and following as far as possible in her footsteps; consequently they bred foals at an unseasonable period of the year, when it was impossible to procure for the young things suitable food. There was an old adage that 'a May foal 'never looked behind itself,' and he believed the adage had much truth in it, and that it was based upon a solid foundation; yet, instead of waiting for the May foal, breeders were especially anxious that their youngsters should make their appearance on the 1st of January, or as near to that date as possible. This was, he was certain, a great mistake; and he was speaking from a very long and probably unexampled experience. West Australian, Faugh-a-Ballagh, and Victorious, three of the very best horses ever known on the English Turf, were very late foals. Faugh-a-Ballagh, instead of being a January foal, did not, he believed, see the light until late in July. Gladiateur, again, was a very late foal, and so far from being an 'old un,' as the scandal-mongers of the day asserted after he had won our Derby and St. Leger, he was, on the contrary, an unusually young horse, and when five years old his mouth would have passed for that of a four-year-old. Mr. Clark, the racing judge, who was a very acute observer and a man of large experience, some time ago wrote a letter to one of the sporting papers, in which he expressed his opinion that the infirmity of roaring, now sadly too prevalent, was due to the fact that the majority of horses were foaled too early in the year, and, as he said, out of season. He (Dr. Shorthouse) thought that there was not only much plausibility but also much truth in that notion, for there was no denying the fact that roaring and other infirmities of the breathing apparatus were much more frequent now than formerly, and seemed to go *pari passu* with unseasonable and unnatural birth.

A great fuss had been made about warm climates, and the excellence of the French-bred horses was, by those shallow enthusiasts who can see no farther than their noses, attributed to the mildness of the climate of France. This, he took it, was a great delusion, for some of the best of English-bred horses were brought up in very bleak situations. It would hardly be possible to find a colder or more bleak situation in England than the wolds of Yorkshire; yet Blink Bonny and her son Blair Athol and his half-sister and second cousin Caller Ou were foaled under the slopes of Lang-

ton Wold. Mr. Bowes's four Derby winners were bred at Streatlam, a very bleak and cold part of Yorkshire. He could, if necessary, adduce many more such instances. On the other hand, horses reared in warm climates, though precocious, were tender and delicate. He readily conceded the point that a warm climate was very advantageous in keeping off diseases of the respiratory organs or in the restoration to health when those organs were already delicate or diseased. In the village (Carshalton) in which he had lived for upwards of a quarter of a century, the climate was unusually mild and warm, warmer by many degrees than the average temperature of England, so much so that it had not inaptly been called 'an English Madeira.' The unusual warmth was due to the fact that the river Wandle, which meandered all over the village in rivulets or larger streams, arose in the parish from numerous sources, and at so high a temperature that in cold weather it diffused heat around it. The water of the Wandle never froze even in the severest frosts. The temperature was so high that he had never found it lower than 48 degrees even in hard or long continued frosty weather. The streams were warm and smoking when the Thames was frozen over. The consequence of this was that the place was unusually healthy and the death rate very low, for in an experience of twenty-six years he had never seen a single case of consumption, or of typhoid fever, or of ague in any *resident* of the village. These diseases had sometimes been imported into the place by dwellers in other parts, but they were unknown amongst the regular inhabitants. Rheumatism also was very rare. In fact the place was so deplorably healthy that if he wanted to cultivate a very extensive medical practice he should migrate elsewhere. But he doubted very much whether such a climate would be suitable for a breeding farm, or whether the locality was such a one that a discreet man would establish a Stud Farm there. A bracing atmosphere, such as is found on Banstead and other South Downs, on the Moors of Derbyshire, or the Wolds of Yorkshire, was, in his opinion, much more desirable than a mild and humid atmosphere.

Dr. Shorthouse said there was a matter connected with the rearing of the French horses which was, in his opinion, of far more importance than climate. He alluded to the vast extent of the pastures in which the young stock were allowed to gambol and to stretch their legs. These fields were seldom of less extent than 70 acres, and frequently they exceeded 100 acres. The consequence was that the foals had well-formed and expanded feet and sound well-developed legs, as well as good free action. This was in striking contrast to the small cramped paddocks we are accustomed to see in this country. He thought the jealousy which manifested itself last autumn in some quarters because the French two-year-olds had displayed such wonderful form and carried off all our rich prizes was unreasonable and unnatural. They had not won a disproportionate number of races, considering the number of foals bred in France. The French Stud Book, which dated only as far back as

the year 1830, numbered seven large volumes, whilst the English Stud Book, which traced backwards for more than a century, only numbered twelve volumes. These facts ought to be taken into consideration, and then perhaps the feeling of jealousy or of envy would be modified.

A diagram or coloured tabular plan, issued by the Agricultural and Horticultural Association, showing the fat and flesh forming materials of the various feeding stuffs, and also the manurial value of the refuse or non-assimilated matter, was laid upon the table, and was regarded with much interest by the numerous assembly present at the Club on that evening.

Q. E. D.

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF MR. THOMAS COLEMAN.

(Continued.)

‘ In our last conversation I told you about Mr. James Theobald and ‘ Tunbridge Wells, how he helped to start the row there ; but he ‘ was such a man for a joke. He was a good deal at my house in his ‘ younger days, and once drove me down to Canterbury to the races, ‘ or at any rate we went down together—I think I found the con- ‘ veyance, and he drove. We stopped at Gravesend, where they ‘ (the Theobalds) had a lot of property, and called at a tenant’s of ‘ his, a greengrocer, whose name was Lunt. Mr. Theobald said, ‘ “ Jump up, Lunt, and ride a bit with us,” and, he did, just in his ‘ ordinary clothes, as he was every day, and we took him all the way ‘ down to Bridge, where, as I told you, my horses often stood at ‘ Hawkins’s for some little time when the meetings in Kent were ‘ on, to avoid the trouble and expense of travelling, and there ‘ he kept him until the races were over, and I think I told you that ‘ I won every race but one. On the morning of the first race-day I ‘ was riding on to Barham Downs (the racecourse) with old Tom ‘ Brown, and saw a horseshoe lying in the road, so I got off and picked ‘ it up, and said, “ This is luck, I shall sweep the board to-day.” ‘ And so I did. When the races were over Mr. Theobald said to ‘ me, “ Let us run up to Rochester and have an hour amongst the ‘ “ officers at the Globe.” So I told Hankinson to pay the stakes ‘ into the Bank, and have them forwarded to the St. Albans Bank, ‘ and away we went. Poor Lunt was left there with only a few ‘ shillings in his pocket, and Mr. Theobald trotted off without him, ‘ and told Hawkins “ to look after him, and mind he did not slip off ‘ “ without paying his bill.” We drove up to Gravesend, and called ‘ on Mrs. Lunt, when she said, “ Where is my husband, Mr. Theo- ‘ bald ? ”

‘ “ Oh, the blackguard ! don’t ask me about him ; he has a lady at ‘ “ Canterbury, and has been to the play two nights with her.”

‘ “ The wretch ! he shan’t come into this house again. I’ll ‘ “ shut the door in his face ; he shan’t come here.”

‘ Poor fellow, there he was, as innocent as a child, and away from home without any money. Then we went on to the Globe at Rochester, where there were a lot of officers in the room; and he regularly set himself out to cram them, in more ways than one. First of all they got pretty merry; and then he asked if they knew Mr. James Theobald, who owned Shamrock. “Oh, yes!” said they, “we knew him very well.”

“Do you know Tommy Coleman, who owns racehorses?”

“Yes, we know him, too. He always wins at our races.”

“Have you heard about the row at Tunbridge Wells?”

“Yes.”

“Well, it was that blackguard that did it: you should have seen him put himself into fighting attitude before Lord George Lennox, and say to him, ‘Now where will you have it, my lord, in your bread-basket or your domino-box?’”

“Why, we always thought he was a very quiet, steady fellow—he always was here. We considered him a respectable man,” said they.

‘ When they were all happy, and he had crammed them to his heart’s content, he said, “Now, gentlemen, I am Mr. James Theobald, and this is Thomas Coleman.” Then you should have seen their faces—it was as good as a play.

‘ I have had great fun also at Ipswich. Joe Rogers, the trainer, father of Sam, was generally there, and full of fun and antics. The political feeling ran very high in the place at that time between the Whigs and Tories, or Buifs and Blues, as they were called, and whichever party was in power at the time their colour was exhibited, and one of them chosen to act as clerk of the course. The entries for the King’s Plate took place at the hotel where most of the racehorses stood, and they were all led out, as it was then the custom to show all the horses when entered to run for the Royal Plates, and a large tree in front of the hotel was decorated with ribbons of the party then in power. The mayor and corporation came in their robes of office to the ceremony, with a good deal of pomp, and it was one of the grand days in Ipswich; they had the beadle before them, and were smothered with bows of their own colours. Then there was a grand lunch or dinner before the races each day, and some of them never got to the course at all, I can tell you. At one race meeting, when the Blues were in, they had chosen a shoemaker as clerk of the course, but he took so much care of himself at the lunch that he never went farther than the hotel, for we left him asleep under the table, and there he passed his afternoon. I remember one year Colonel Wilson had Oscar to run there for the King’s Plate. He (Colonel Wilson) was afterwards Lord Berners, and Rowe was his trainer at this time. He won the Derby with Phosphorus in 1837 when he had been put by for lameness, another proof that a little rest does not hurt some horses, as I have said before. In fact, he was another Hermit, as far as the public were concerned. Dr. Pengrave, a physician in those parts, had entered a horse

‘ called Tristram for the King’s Plate, and lunching at the Ship
‘ was a friend of his, a gentleman farmer. A horse-dealer who
‘ was there commenced to chaff and twit the farmer about
‘ Tristram’s chance; they did not think much of him, as he was
‘ only a cocktail; so the farmer went out and a friend soon followed
‘ him and said, “You take 100*l.* to 10*l.* Tristram runs in first for
‘ “ the first heat, and stake the money, and then refer to me to get
‘ “ the bet written down, and both of you sign it.” When he went
‘ back the dealer commenced again, and said Tristram would not be
‘ in sight of them when they passed the post. The doctor’s friend
‘ said, “I will take you 100*l.* to 10*l.* that Tristram does run in
‘ “ first, the first heat for the King’s Plate, and stake the money as
‘ “ you offer.”

‘ The dealer snapped at it at once, and the money was staked and
‘ the bet written down, signed, and witnessed. It was written down,
‘ but never specified that Tristram was to win the heat, only run in
‘ first for it.

‘ You know they carried heavy weights in those days for King’s
‘ Plates, so they got a light lad, about seven or eight stone, with a
‘ great heavy truss of weights in the saddle, and another on him to
‘ make up the weight; then went into the field, where the horse
‘ was being led about, and saddled and mounted him, without
‘ the dead weight, and came on the course just as they were
‘ going to start. Being a cocktail no one took any notice.
‘ Conolly was on Nigel, my horse, and Tom Gooddison on Oscar,
‘ whose joints were bad, and I thought, as the ground was hard, if we
‘ came to run three heats we might break him down, that was our
‘ only chance to beat him. I twigg’d the game, and told Conolly
‘ that Tristram was only running as a dead letter in the race, and
‘ his orders were to dodge Gooddison past the post and get the heat.
‘ When they started, the boy jumped away with Tristram as hard as
‘ he could go, and slipped them. After they had gone about a mile
‘ Gooddison said to Conolly, “We had better lay up a little closer to
‘ “ that beggar.” “Oh, he will come back to us presently; he is
‘ “ bound to stand still. That must pump all the wind out of him.”
‘ So they did not go after him until it was too late, and, of course,
‘ could never catch him, and he went by the post many lengths first.
‘ Then the doctor’s friend holloed out to the stewards, “Who is the
‘ “ winner?”

‘ “Oh, Tristram’s first.”

‘ “Thank ye, gentlemen.” And he took off his hat to them.

‘ “Where is your horse, is he coming back to weigh?”

‘ “No.”

‘ “But you will not win the heat.”

‘ “I don’t want to; I shan’t run any more; I have won my
‘ “hundred;” and he walked away into the saddling-field.

‘ Gooddison never tried to beat Conolly, who, of course, had the
‘ heat, which caused three to be run, but Oscar beat us after
‘ all. No one but the parties knew Tristram did not carry

' the right weight, as the jockey pulled up some distance beyond
' the winning-post and at once sent the horse to his stable, and
' Tristram became a greater favourite than ever of the doctor's,
' and he declared he would have won the Plate. In the even-
' ing came the tug of war. The dealer said Tristram had not won
' the first heat, and wanted the stakeholder to give him the money,
' and, of course, the other also claimed it, on the conditions of the
' bet, as he ran in first. The dealer said he meant to win the heat ;
' while the other said, " I did not want to win the heat, or the King's
' " Plate either, so that I won your 100*l.* ; and the horse would have
' " won the heat if he had weighed in ; and he has won the bet
' " according to the paper which you signed." Of course, they both
' gave the stakeholder notice not to give up the money, and it ended
' in a twelvemonth's lawsuit, and the dealer had to pay the piper at
' last, if I remember rightly, and the doctor's friend got the stake.
' This was about the earliest bet as to being first past the post. I
' knew I had no chance to beat Oscar if he did not break him
' down, or get so sore from his joints that he could not act on
' the hard ground.

' Either the year before or the year before that, I did Tom Webb,
' Mr. Gully's trainer, of Hare Park, who had brought a brown horse
' of Mr. Ridsdales to Ipswich to run for the Town Plate, which
' like most races was run in heats. I had a horse named Dr. Sewell,
' which I afterwards called The Vet. Webb's horse won the first
' heat in a canter ; so I told Jem Messer and my jockey and another
' or two to be mounted and at the post directly it was time to start
' for the second. Then I walked up the course and found Tom
' Webb, and said to him, " Tommy, you understand these things better
' " than I do ; can you tell me which is the best booth to go to
' " to get a drop of brandy-and-water ?"

' " Oh yes ; come along ; I'll take you to the right shop." And
' he turned into a booth and sat down on my left hand, where I got
' him in deep conversation, and we had a second glass each brought
' in before he knew where he was. Just as it came in, the people
' shouted, " They are off !" Webb jumped up on a form and peeped
' out ; so I said to him, " Are they really off ?"

' " Yes, they are off !"

' " Is mine there ?" I asked.

' " Oh, hang yours ; I don't see anything of mine !—I don't see
' " mine there !" So down he jumped from the stool, and ran out
' cursing and swearing at the poor boy who was innocently walking
' the horse about in the shade in the saddling-field, as he had been
' told to do until he came to him. I kept holloaing to him, " Do
' " you see mine, Tom ?" He went up to the Stand, where Mr.
' Val. Kingston, Jem Messer's master, was standing amongst the
' gentlemen, and shouted out at him, " So you are come down here
' " with your confounded South Country tricks, are you ?" " What
' " does that fellow mean ?" said Mr. Kingston to Mr. Monro ;
' " I'll go down and lay the whip over his shoulders !" Of course he

' was as innocent of what had been going on as possible ; so was
' Jem Messer, who did not know why I wanted them all to be at the
' post in good time. When we were at the Ship afterwards, he was
' so mad, he went and gave Jem Messer a slap in the face, but
' Jem soon put him on his back, and he was glad to trot off to
' Hare Park. He never said a word to me, first or last. This
' was always a great joke against him, and the Newmarket people
' used to shout after him, "Where is the best place to get a glass
' "of brandy-and-water, Tommy?" till they said it broke his heart
' at last.

' I won a Town Plate at Ipswich which they never paid, and
' I did not like to sue the stewards as they were friendly to me ;
' and they owed Colonel Wilson several plates that were never paid.
' You were hindered the best part of the next day waiting for the
' cash : they used to say the money had not been collected and
' paid into the bank. When I won the Town Plate, as I could not
' stay to get it, I wrote to them, but it was no use, and the last
' letter I did not seal, but left open for any one to read. Mr. Hector
' Monro was steward one year ; and being there the next, I got him
' to write me an order for the money, and the clerk at the bank was
' very near paying it, but another happened to say that Mr. Monro
' was not steward that year. "Never mind ; he says you are to
' "pay me what I won last year, and let this year's winner wait ;"
' but he said he could not do that. He showed me the money in a
' leather bag, but would not let me get hold of it. If he had I
' should have stuck to it.

' Now let us leave these racing stories for a bit, and turn to the pad-
' docks and breeding. Those at Hampton Court were the principal
' ones for public sale before Mr. Blenkiron started his at Eltham, and
' George IV. took as much interest in them as he did in Ascot
' and the staghound kennels. They were started to breed stout and
' sound thoroughbreds, but things are very different now. Mr.
' Warley and Mr. Ransome managed the place well, and the stables
' and everything in connection with it were kept in splendid con-
' dition. It was a pleasure to visit the place then ; and they turned
' out some good yearlings in blooming condition, which made
' from 500 guineas to 1,500 guineas. They don't make that now ;
' and I told a friend of mine before the last sale I did not think one
' of the yearlings would reach 500 guineas, and do not think they
' did ; and if they go on with the paddocks in the same condition as
' they are, the prices will dwindle still more. The pastures look
' cold and hungry, and there is not the same degree of comfort
' about them as formerly. It is more like looking over some
' poor farmer's place, who is just on the point of bankruptcy.
' The place is exhausted of all herbage fit for mares and young
' stock ; the grass is washy and sour, and if there is a small patch of
' sweet herbage it is eaten down to the bare earth. Then it has become
' so tainted by being continually fed with horse stock for so many
' years, and this will breed worms in the colts, so that they get pot-

' bellied and ewe-necked, and have no muscle. It is impossible they
' can have any stamina. The place wants to be free from horses
' for a time; the pastures pared and burnt, one or two at a time,
' and then seeded down again with some good herbs, or ploughed up,
' and a few crops taken and fed off with sheep or horned cattle, to
' give the land a change; after which it would come fresh for
' horses; and they might make some more paddocks where horses
' have not been, in the meantime. These while ploughed would be
' useful to grow vetches—which is the best food you can cut up for
' horses—or carrots, and other things for winter use, so that they would
' pay very well. You may feed any kind of stock on land until it
' will starve them, unless there is a change. You see Mr. Blenkiron
' had some good horses at Middle Park. He did a great deal of good
' in keeping up the stout Venison blood through Kingston, and I
' wish it had been followed with more success in his son Carac-
' tacus, which it would have been had he not got messed about.
' He was well-bred on both sides, both for speed and stoutness,
' and a short-legged, powerful, trussy horse. In my opinion, it is a
' great pity the English breeders have lost him, as I was quite pre-
' pared to see a clinker of his get. He came out big and above him-
' self when he won the Derby, and had not been overdone by gallop-
' ing; and Parsons, the lad who rode him, told me some time after-
' wards that the horse was so full of running at Tattenham Corner
' that he could have gone clean away from them there, but he was
' ordered not to until he got inside the distance, and he could have
' won by twenty lengths. I had a horse called Surrey that ran against
' him in the Derby which I put in the Cesarewitch, and I asked
' Mr. Snewing, some time afterwards, if he would mind my trying
' with his horse, as I knew he was in strong work for the St. Leger,
' and told him that he could break his journey to Doncaster by
' stopping at Lilly Hoo for a week, when he could have a sweat
' as well as try my horse. He kindly agreed to do so, and sent
' two of his other horses to my place at once to put in the trial,
' and Parsons came with them. Mr. Snewing also came, as did
' his brother William, and liked the place so much that he offered
' to build half-a-dozen boxes and a cottage adjoining my stables,
' if I would give him a lease for three years, after which he would
' give them up to me. I thought this a liberal offer; but the
' arrangement was all upset, for when Mr. Snewing went to fetch
' the horse to my place, they took him on to the downs for the finish-
' ing gallop, and had the van to meet him there; but he pulled up
' lame, and the finishing gallop was a finish to him in every sense of
' the word, and he was finished as many others have been before
' him. He travelled in the van as far as Mr. Snewing's farm at
' Watford, where Mr. Spooner came to see him, and said he should
' be sent up to the Veterinary College.

' Some time after that I called on Mr. Snewing at his town house in
' Euston Square, one morning when he was just having breakfast, and
' he asked me to join him, but I had mine long before.

‘ He said, “ Never mind ; stop, and walk up to the College with
‘ “ me, and see the horse,” to which I consented.

‘ Arrived there, we saw the horse standing in a box with his head
‘ tied up, and a strong blister on his leg—in my opinion about the
‘ very worst thing that could have been done to him. Mr. Snewing
‘ asked Mr. Spooner to dine with him that day, and he said, “ Yes,
‘ “ at five o’clock.” Then turning to me he said, “ Come too,
‘ “ Coleman ;” and he also asked Mr. Joseph Daile, the solicitor.
‘ Of course we had a good dinner, and good wine, as Snewing was a
‘ first-rate fellow and very liberal in his house. After we had taken
‘ a glass or two of wine we began to talk about the Derby and
‘ St. Leger ; and Mr. Snewing said the only bet he had about the
‘ horse for the Leger was 5,000*l.* to 1,000*l.*, and that he should run
‘ down to Doncaster on the first day and pay his 1,000*l.* and back
‘ without waiting to see the big race run for.

‘ Mr. Spooner then said what a pity it was Caractacus had broken
‘ down. I told him he had not broken down, as his back sinew was
‘ as straight as ever it was, but it was the side tendon that had got
‘ relaxed, and added, “ It is you, Mr. Spooner, that settled the horse,
‘ “ putting that strong blister on his leg while the sinews were
‘ “ inflamed.”

‘ He turned his head about and rolled his eyes ; but I said, “ Don’t
‘ “ twist ; you are a clever man, as all the country knows, but you
‘ “ have not had so much experience of these cases as I have had for
‘ “ fifty years ; and that horse has not broken down. If you had
‘ “ cooled him down and given him a mild dose of physic, taken
‘ “ his shoes off, and cut those high heels down so as to allow a
‘ “ bearing upon the frog, and rubbed a little liquid blister up the
‘ “ sides of his legs, and led him about every day, and where the blister
‘ “ did not take hold, the next day diluted the blister and dabbed it
‘ “ with a piece of tow, you would have got him right again. Now
‘ “ with that strong blister you will not get the inflammation out,
‘ “ and it will become callous.

‘ He replied, “ I believe you are right, Mr. Coleman ; I quite
‘ “ agree with all you say ; but we so seldom have such cases come
‘ “ under our eye ; you must have had so many of the kind in your
‘ “ long experience with racehorses.”

‘ The horse could not be got fit again, though his back sinew
‘ never bulged as is generally the case ; his was quite straight, and I
‘ have patched up worse than he was, and won races with them,
‘ as I told you I did with Mr. Heathcote’s horse Syntax, whose
‘ sinew was bulged. If Caractacus had not had that strong blister
‘ put on, he would have been got right and won Queen’s Plates
‘ all over the country, and cups also. In the next box was another
‘ three-year-old, called Elcho, that had beaten Caractacus by a head
‘ at the Epsom Spring Meeting for the City and Suburban, with a
‘ bad hock, and he died at the College, I believe.

CRICKET.

FOR once June has not belied its reputation of being the merry month, and cricketers have been revelling in the enjoyment of the game, interrupted by nothing more disagreeable than by a few brief showers. The end of May usually gives the finishing touch to the practice of the University elevens on their own grounds, and this year, according to precedent, Mr. I. D. Walker took a team, under the title of 'The Gentlemen of England,' to give both Oxford and Cambridge the final rough-up, preparatory to their appearance in metropolitan inclosures. At Oxford the match lasted into the third day, though it was only the heavy rain which prevented the delivery of more than a few balls on the first day that stood in the way of the completion of the contest well within the compass of two days. It was a little unfortunate that such should have been the case, as Messrs. G. F. Grace and A. N. Hornby were unable, we suppose, to resist the attractions of the Derby, to judge by the ominous appendage of 'absent,' to each of their names in the second innings of the Gentlemen. What would have been the result of the match on a good wicket must be mere surmise; but, under the disadvantage of a difficult ground made still less easy by rain, high scoring was out of the question; and while the University only scored 88 and 91, the Gentlemen had to be content with 130 and 77, Messrs. Hornby and G. F. Grace being absent in the latter innings. The Gentlemen of England had a fairly strong batting eleven, including Messrs. I. D. Walker, G. F. Grace, Hornby, and Turner; but the bowling was not particularly formidable, being chiefly confined to Messrs. Henderson and Buchanan. The brothers Webbe—who are certainly the two best batsmen in the Oxford—were both comparatively unsuccessful; and Mr. Heath, who obtained 30 in the first innings, was the only one to exceed a score in either attempt. The chief share of the batting for the Gentlemen of England was done by two old Oxonians, Messrs. Dury, who hit well for 43, and Pearson, who carried his bat out for a very well played 45 in the second innings; and it was principally due to the latter gentleman that the University was beaten by 28 runs. Mr. Henderson, the Middlesex bowler, with a wicket to help him, proved destructive to the Oxford batsmen, as in the two innings he got fifteen wickets, at a cost of only 98 runs—a great performance. On the side of the University, Mr. Heath—dangerous as a bowler when he is on the spot—nearly pulled Oxford through at the finish; and his analysis of six wickets (five bowled) for 11 runs will bear comparison with some of the best achievements of the year.

At Cambridge the Gentlemen were represented by a formidable eleven including Messrs. I. D. Walker, Forbes, the Eton Captain of 1876, Turner, Ridley, Pearson, and Fryer. Their bowling too was fairly strong with Messrs. Buchanan, Henderson, Forbes, C. J. Lucas, and Ridley, all of more or less value, but they were unable to

make the slightest impression on the University either with bat or ball, and this last match of Cambridge on their own ground was quite sufficient to establish for them a very high reputation. Most of the leading batsmen of the University scored largely in the one innings they had, with the exception of Mr. Steel, who was well got rid of for four runs. The Hon. A. Lyttelton (77) and Mr. Lucas (90) were not separated until they had reached 142 runs for the first wicket, and Messrs. Patterson (57), Jarvis (28), Mellor (23), and the Hon. E. Lyttelton (22), all contributed respectably to the very large total of 331. With the amount of batting on the side of the Gentlemen, and on an easy wicket, even such a score as this would not have been considered as out of their reach, but the two old Uppinghamians, Messrs. Patterson and Schultz, bowled with such effect that with the exception of Mr. R. H. Hargreaves, one of the Hampshire eleven, who carried out his bat for 38, the highest contribution was 14, and the whole eleven were dismissed for a very poor total of 110. Nor was this altogether a fluke, to judge by the result of the follow-on. The second time Mr. Schultz came off badly with the ball, but Messrs. Patterson, Morton, and Bury were successful in about equal proportions, and the Gentlemen were again got out under their full value. Mr. I. D. Walker (50) and Mr. C. I. Thornton (31) contributed more than one-half of the runs from the bat, and to get rid of such an eleven for 110 and 165 was an exploit of which Cambridge had good reason to be proud. The result of the last match of the Light Blues on their own ground was a decisive victory over a strong eleven by an innings and 56 runs, and as a natural consequence their first appearance in London on the 14th of the month was awaited with considerable interest. Their first metropolitan match was, as usual, against Surrey at the Oval, and considering that the County had nothing like its best eleven in the absence of Messrs. Strachan, Game, Read, Lucas, and Akroyd, the victory of the University by five wickets was not a great achievement. Surrey allowed Mr. Steel, a very dangerous batsman and a brilliant hitter when he does get set, several lives in the attainment of his score of 158, but otherwise the batting of the University, and especially to the bowling of Barratt and Soulberton, was in no way up to its best standard, although the first innings reached 297, with the large proportion of 30 for extras. Of the University bowling less could be said in the way of praise; and there was a slackness in the field, in addition, which did not impress their friends, though it suggested the idea of staleness rather than lack of ability. A weak-batting eleven of Surrey was able to make two long scores of 198 and 221: in itself sufficient proof that the bowling of the University could not have been very dangerous. Mr. Patterson got six wickets for 115 runs, and Mr. Schultz the same number, at a cost of 12 runs less; but Mr. Luddington, the fast round-arm bowler of 1876, Messrs. Bury and Lucas could make little impression, and the lobs of Mr. Jarvis, who was the Harrow slow under-hand bowler of last year, were of no great account—though one of

them did manage to get Richard Humphrey in the second innings. Jupp each time scored well from the University bowling, with useful innings of 52 and 38, and Mr. Lindsay (50 and 20) and Humphrey (51 and 19) ran a dead heat for the second place. The University lost five wickets in the task of securing 123 runs wanted to win; and, altogether, the result of the match was to discredit to a great extent the belief in their form produced by their successes on their own ground. At the same time Oxford had been battling against Middlesex at Lord's, and with a greater amount of success. The eleven that represented Middlesex in this match was a gross misrepresentation of the strength of the county, as, with the exception of Messrs. I. D. Walker and C. E. Green, there was not one batsman who would have been placed in the first eleven of Middlesex; and the only bowler of any pretensions on the side was Flanagan, who can hardly be described as very dangerous to amateurs on a good wicket. There was really nothing to prevent the Oxonians repeating their huge innings of 612, made in the same match at Prince's last year; but though Messrs. Buckland (104), and Greene (93) did as they liked with the Middlesex bowling, the University generally profited little by the opportunity afforded them of scoring from what could hardly be described as the more than mere practice bowling to which they were opposed.

As a test of the University batting the match was completely useless, inasmuch as scoring was, under the circumstances, a certainty; but it served in some measure to show that the bowling was not quite so weak as had at first been expected, although there were few batsmen at all to be relied upon in the County eleven. Mr. Buckland, who played a good steady first innings in the Inter-University match of 1876, showed really good cricket for 104; but the 93, not out, of Mr. Greene was a very uneven performance. The University had not on this occasion the services of Mr. H. R. Webbe, who was obliged to beat Oxford; but as the match was played with twelve a side, it gave Mr. A. J. Webbe, the Oxford Captain, another chance of trying Mr. Hirst, who, as the Captain of the Rugby eleven of 1876, gave promise which he had altogether failed to sustain at Oxford. There was no high scoring on the Middlesex side, as Messrs. I. D. Walker (22 and 51) and C. I. Thornton (34 and 37) alone made runs each time, and Middlesex only just saved defeat in an innings, scoring 143 and 185 against 308. Mr. Buckland, who has developed into perhaps the best all-round player in the two elevens at the end of his University career, bowled well, and in all had 10 wickets for 70 runs; but otherwise there was nothing in the Oxford bowling at all noteworthy, although Mr. Tylecote, who is more successful as a medium-pace bowler after the model of Mr. Patterson, and not unlike Mr. T. W. Long in delivery, than he was as a fast round-arm bowler, in the first innings of Middlesex was able to show three wickets at a cost of only 12 runs.

The matches against the Marylebone Club and Ground at Lord's during the following week threw new light on the chances of

the two elevens, though, in spite of their inglorious exhibition in bowling, there was still the same overweening confidence in Cambridge as a batting team. A comparison of the two elevens from the cricket shown against M.C.C. was all in favour of Oxford, but still the confidence in their opponents was, strangely enough, in no way shaken. Cambridge were, as usual, the first to oppose M.C.C., and though Alfred Shaw was too ill to play, the Club was fairly represented with Morley, Rylott, Clayton, and Mr. Powys to bowl, and Messrs. Booth, Longman, T. S. Pearson, Hadow, and Wild to make the runs, though a more formidable eleven might have been secured without great difficulty. The first innings of Cambridge was a great disappointment to those who swore by their batting, as Mr. Patterson, the Captain (50), and Mr. H. Pigg (34, not out) were the only two batsmen who could play Morley at all, as Mr. Lucas had the misfortune to be run out early in the innings. After the long scores made by the Light Blues at Cambridge, a total of 130 even against Morley, Rylott, Clayton, and Mr. Pearson, was not promising, and the match certainly tended to throw doubts on the collective batting strength of the team, even admitting the undeniable excellence of a few of the older members. How Marylebone were got out for 178 in the first innings was almost incomprehensible, for the bowling was simple in the extreme, and Mr. Lucas, who has improved considerably as a slow round-arm bowler, was the only one who could get any length at all. Messrs. Booth (38) and Pearson (58) punished Mr. Patterson and the fast bowlers as they richly deserved, but somehow or other the remaining batsmen were dismissed for small sums, and Mr. W. H. Hadow's 43, not out, was the only other score of any account.

In the second innings, the stolid defence of Mr. Lucas enabled Cambridge to make a better show; and his 95—which was, as usual, a very painstaking display of batting—gave the hitters a chance of scoring when the edge of the bowling had been taken off. Mr. Patterson—who had just previously been a little unfortunate with the bat—played a good second innings of 45; and Mr. Jarvis, who had consistently maintained his Harrow reputation at Cambridge by his vigorous hitting, was the second string of the University, with a useful score of 47. The second innings (303) was satisfactory enough, but it was completely discounted by the severe punishment the University bowlers received at the hands of Marylebone at the finish. Mr. Patterson did keep up one end creditably, but the others were flogged without mercy; and Mr. Bury's analysis of seven overs for 25 runs was not an unfair sample of the average of the bowling, that of Messrs. Patterson, Lucas, and Luddington alone excepted. The fact that Marylebone had to make 256 runs to win, and got this number with the loss of only four of its wickets, one would have thought would have opened the eyes of the public to the fallibility of the Cambridge eleven. Nor did even the excellent show of Oxford against M.C.C. and Ground, on the two following days, at Lord's, seriously shake the faith of the public in the Light Blues. Mary-

lebone brought against Oxford a team very similar in calibre to that previously arrayed against Cambridge, but, instead of a decisive defeat, the University was this time able to boast a very creditable victory by 50 runs. In singular contrast to the preceding match, the bowling of Oxford was its strong point; and throughout the innings of the Club the average was respectable. The scoring at the outset was level enough, as Messrs. A. J. Webbe (40), Mr. Heath (24), and Buckland (25), the three oldest choices in the eleven, set a worthy example to the rest of the University team, and the last wickets all contributed moderately to the total of 176. Marylebone had a far from despicable batting eleven, with Messrs. I. D. Walker, Ridley, J. Turner, Booth, Jeffreys, and Wild; and it was certainly a meritorious achievement for Oxford that they should not have been able to exceed 176 runs. In the second innings the batting of Oxford was more uneven, and they were sorely troubled with Mr. Ridley's lobs. Messrs. A. J. (43) and H. R. Webbe (47) made an excellent commencement with 102 runs for the first wicket; but they derived little assistance from the later members of the team, and the total of 161 was somewhat of a failure. Wild had injured his hand, and was unable to bat for Marylebone in the second innings, and the medium-paced bowling of Messrs. Tylecote and Jellicoe proved too much for the ten remaining, who were dismissed for 113, of which number three batsmen, Messrs. Booth (38, not out), I. D. Walker (32), and C. I. Thornton (24) had contributed 94. Mr. Tylecote's bowling was especially good for the University, as his nine wickets were secured at a cost of only 75 runs, but all arguments were powerless to influence the sceptics in favour of Oxford, and until the last Cambridge were warm favourites, more on the strength of their victory of the previous year and a few performances at home than by reason of any superiority of form in London.

ROWING.

HENLEY Regatta again attracted a large contingent both of competitors and spectators, and though the entries for the principal race were somewhat meagre, compared with some previous occasions, and notably with last year, the rivalry exhibited in the Diamond Sculls and other contests amply atoned for the deficiency, and the Pairs were especially looked forward to with interest, which the result fully justified. The weather on the first day began most temptingly, and ladies might well be excused for donning their most attractive raiment, but about lunch time the rain fell heavily, and continued, off and on, during the afternoon and evening, so that parties who had elected to go home by water, instead of availing themselves of the steady-going but impervious family omnibus or covered waggonette, got thoroughly drenched on the return voyage. However, all had apparently recovered by the next day, and appeared in increased gorgeousness, reinforced by large numbers from London, some of whom grumbled a good deal at the unpunctuality of

the railway arrangements. On the first day there was a fair wind up the reach until lunch time, when a drenching storm commenced; but on the second day a strong breeze slanting down off the Bucks shore made that station, contrary to the usual state of things, a manifest advantage, as on the towing-path (Berks) side the wind was so strong as to make the water quite lumpy, besides testing the watermanship of the non-coxswain crews to the utmost. The meadows in front of Fawley Court were more occupied than ever, and some of the neighbouring residents had availed themselves of the opportunity to have tents erected, where cool and comfortable refectory was going on *ad libitum*, while others had apparently gone mad on bunting, and displayed several sets of signals and numerous banners, suitable and the reverse, to the astonishment of beholders. The duffing betting men who have occasionally posted themselves by the rails of the Lion lawn were not on view, doubtless remembering the watery reception bestowed on a predecessor a few years back, but we had a fine view of a three-card party, who were established by Remenham Farm, though to no purpose, as after working industriously among themselves for the benefit of a succession of lookers-on, most of whom kidded them on beautifully, they gave it up, indulged in bad language, and walked off. The nuisance caused by badly-managed boats and unmanageable houseboats seemed as offensive as ever, and though, owing to the exertions of Mr. Lord and his merry men, they were kept in good order, they stuck too far out along the Bucks bushes, and were an impediment to several of the crews, notably to Long and Gulston in the pair-oared race. Rowing commenced at midday with the Grand Challenge, in which the Thames men, last year's winners, met a crew of officers of the 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards, whose *début* at Henley we believe it was. The Service was assuredly well represented, and the crew, which had a good deal of the Eton style about them, looked very well and were much applauded as they paddled to stations; but they were soon outpaced by the Thames men, who won easily. The next heat was reckoned a certainty for London; but Kingston, from the Berks station, held them gallantly, to the surprise of most people, who, from the practice, had not given the Surbiton men credit for being so fast. The merit of the performance was shown by the time being the best on record, and as at the Corner, where Kingston had the benefit of the turn, the boats were nearly level, the race kept up its interest to the finish, London winning by less than a length. In the Diamond Sculls, Edwards-Moss, who had a great reputation, won the first heat from two London men, Grove and Bainbridge, the former of whom led up to Remenham, and pressed him close for some distance; in the second, Ross of the West Scotland Club led to close on the horse barrier (about two-thirds of the course), when he suddenly collapsed, allowing Payne of Molesey, who had been industriously whipping in, to go by and win by a couple of lengths. Slater of the Thames Club landed the next, though, owing to his catching a crab, Bucknell of the Royal Engineers headed him for some distance, and Frere of Kingston beat White of the London Club pretty easily. In the second round, as they call it at coursing, Edwards-Moss disposed of Payne, and Frere was too fast for Slater. The first heat of the Ladies' Plate proved a good race between Eton and Jesus for half distance, the boys getting the shelter of the bushes, while Jesus were in the middle, the Cheltenham boys, who were outpaced, having the tow-path side. Towards the point, however, the Cantabs drew well ahead, and won easily. In the next Caius had Dublin and Radley against them, and won far more easily than their rivals Jesus, Radley being astern all the way.

The Thames Challenge Cup also had half-a-dozen entries, West London, London, and Reading coming together in the first heat. The provincials were soon out of it, and the Putney men showed the way, West London nevertheless keeping close enough to make their friends hope that the station would bring them up level at Poplar Point. London, however, were good enough to take their water before that, and washing them liberally, won by two lengths. In the next, between Ino, Grove Park, and Thames, the latter led all the way, though Ino pressed them hard, and favoured by the station, were within half a length of them at the finish. The Wyfold produced some good racing; of the Kingston and London crews, the former within ten days of the regatta were going just anyhow, and their most inveterate partisans could not honestly say much in their favour; as the time approached, however, they improved remarkably, and as they paddled to stations were a very taking lot. The London men, on the contrary, had gained the golden opinions of their friends throughout, and with A. Trower, ex-captain of the Kingston Club, at the stroke oar, looked dangerous as well afloat as on paper. In the race, however, the Surbiton men had them—"on toast," as the tongue of the vulgar hath it—leading from the start, improving slowly until they drew clear at the horse barrier, and won by a couple of lengths. The next heat, between the Waldegrave of Twickenham and Thames was a clinker, as the former, on the tow-path side, led half a length for the first part of the distance, but could not improve their position, Thames sticking to them in spite of very erratic steering. The Twickenham crew were apparently no better watermen, but having the Berks station, there was the bank to guide them, besides being more likely to hear the advice of their friends. Anyhow there they were, neck and neck to near the Point, where Thames drew up, but the turn favouring Twickenham, the boats were level again. In the straight run-in Thames looked dangerous, but there being more zeal than discretion on the part of the wire-puller, they were all over the course, and though they spurted most pluckily, were beaten by a few feet, the official verdict being a quarter of a length. This was exciting enough for anybody, and the larybones who had sat at the Point and seen the boats go by, contenting themselves with an, in most cases, inaccurate prophecy—for the Thames Club, without going into further particulars, undoubtedly sounds more dangerous than anything hailing from Twickenham—subsequently regretted their not having energy enough to trot to the finish. The Pairs, which are always interesting, and generally additionally so as an exhibition of most finished oarsmanship, produced five boats. In the first heat, Eyre and Hastie by the bank, Chillingworth and Herbert in the middle, and the veteran victors Long and Gulston by the bushes on the Bucks shore, made up a good trio, and opinions were much divided as to the result, for Chillingworth, though not likely to win in this company, is usually very fast at starting, and might, quite innocently, hamper either pair so considerably as to spoil their chance. Apart from these considerations Gulston and Long were hot favourites, and justifiably so, reckoning the number of times both have won this, perhaps the greatest prize of combined rowing and watermanship. Anyhow, contrary to their traditions, Chillingworth and partner were out-paced from the first, Gulston showing in front, Eyre next, and the Thames pair, making the most of a clear course, showed in front after half a mile, Gulston, who had gone under the bushes, being more than once thrown out of his course by sundry skiffs and pleasure boats. This, however, scarcely affected the result, as the Thames men won all the way by two or three

lengths. In the next heat Smith and Playford made a good race with Hockin and Gurdon of Cambridge, the Londoners having for the most part rather the best of it, until the Cantabs fouled them, and would no doubt have been disqualified. After this London drew away, and the Cambridge men reserved themselves for their next day's exertions, but nearing the finish they put on a few spurts and drew on Smith, who was taking matters easily, so that those on the banks at the upper end fancied they were looking at a veritable and exciting race, and screamed according.

On the second day the weather, though less attractive, was consistently dry throughout the day, no rain falling until the races were over. The wind veering from east to south-west made the water rough, and took away all advantage from the Berks station, where there was a heavy sea, and the full force of the breeze was most felt. Proceedings commenced with the final of the Grand, London on the towing-path side leading Thames, until the latter, getting the shelter of the Bucks shore, drew ahead, and at one time led by more than a length. Before crossing over, however, they came back to the blue and white, who past the Poplars drew right away and won by nearly two lengths. The next event was a match between the 'boys,' Cheltenham and Radley, each of whom had rowed last in their heats for the Ladies' Plate, having agreed to meet in a race for which the Regatta Committee offered medals to the winning boat. The merits of the rowers were most evenly balanced; but Radley had the sheltered station, and Cheltenham were very badly steered in full force of the wind, so the former had no difficulty in winning. A good deal has been said from time to time about establishing a race for schools, but in the present state of youthful rowing this would be no practical use, as Eton would farm it, unless each previous year's winners were barred, or some such arrangement made. Following the juvenile exhibition came the Ladies' Plate, between Caius and Jesus, and this was looked upon by many as the race of the day, especially by the Cantabs, as Jesus is head boat, while Caius showed most unusual form in the College races, having made a bump every night. Here, however, the head boat had all the best of it after Remenham, and led well to the Poplars, but catching the wind in crossing over did not win by more than a length, amidst the most intense enthusiasm of Varsity men, who had another opportunity for shouting in the next race, when Edwards-Moss landed the Diamonds, rowing right away from Frere of Kingston. The winner is a powerful sculler, but at present appears scarcely equal to some of the cracks who have, within the last decade or so, landed this coveted prize. However, he has plenty of time for improvement, and may in time rank with his predecessors at Oxford—Woodgate, Parker, and Michell, who in their day proved themselves fully equal to meeting all comers. The Thames Cup, between Thames and London, was a good race, though the honours belong to the latter, as Thames after gaining, owing to the shelter of the bushes, a lead of half a length clear opposite Fawley Court were gradually collared and beaten by about a length and a half. In the Stewards' Cup the London four again showed the superiority which they have displayed in this race for several years, chopping the Thames men right at the start, and after establishing a healthy lead of a clear length at Remenham, winning as they liked; but the tables were turned with a vengeance in the Pairs, the last event on the card, in which Smith and Playford, London Rowing Club, had to meet Eyre and Hastie of the Thames Club; the former having the tow-path side. The London men have been recently practically invincible in pairs, so everybody's eyes were opened wide when Eyre took a

decided lead, and instead of making for the shelter of the Bucks shore, kept on and took the Londoner's water by Remenham. Neither pair were steering well, and both suffered from a plethora of unauthorised advisers, so that Hastie fouled the rushes with his oar just enough to stop him for half-a-dozen strokes. The Londoners, now making an extra effort, drew up, but their rudder being too hard against stroke, they ran into the rushes just short of the leaders, and were stuck far worse than they had been. The Thames men were by this time clear, and got well away, winning as they liked. As far as the race lasted the winners were clearly the faster pair, and there is no reason for doubting that they would have remained so to the finish, but equally clearly both lacked watermanship, which the use of rudders on pairs and sculling boats may perhaps have a tendency to bring into disuse. At present all the pairs and scullers rely upon a skilled friend shouting to them, instead of knowing the course backwards, as was formerly the case.

The final heat of the Wyfold produced another *fiasco*, though of quite a different character. The Twickenham and Kingston crews had to contest the final, and as the time arrived a trio of the former were getting more and more uncomfortable owing to the absence of the fourth man, who had, it appeared, gone to town the previous evening after winning the trial heat, and had not returned. In fact he did not return, and Kingston in due time rowed over for a bloodless victory, though as they pulled in their scarlet coats, the adjective is a most unsuitable one. It appears that causes beyond his control occasioned the non-presence of the Waldegrave man, but the occurrence must be most disappointing to a young club making their *début* at Henley. However their friends can console themselves by insisting that they would certainly have won, and until the same crews meet, there is no chance of contradicting them. Altogether the regatta was highly successful; in the division of spoil the London club had the lion's share, and surpassed any previous performances, as they won both the Eights open to them, and the principal four-oared race. Kingston, another regular entry, secured the Wyfold, and we may hope this is the commencement of a new era to the Surbiton club, which, since the days of Woodgate and Risley, when they carried all before them, has been sadly out of form. The Thames men scored only in the Pairs, but that is an achievement of which the whole club may be proud; and considering how they swept the board last year, they can afford to stand down a little. Ino and Dublin are constant attendants, and therefore we should like to see them win, especially the latter, who have such a way to come. The West London did so well last year that their turn must come again soon, and we hope that more of the locals will emulate the example of the Reading men and put on an eight for the Thames Cup, instead of confining their attention to the local fours, which they cannot all win.

Just as last month's 'Bailly' was going to press we managed to put in a few lines as to the championship match between Boyd and Higgins, in which, owing to the lumpy water, Higgins was out of it right through, after giving away the start in a most remarkable manner. The subsequent race between Higgins and Blackman has proved an equally memorable one, though in a manner more agreeable to the supporters of Higgins, who, judged by his best form, was a tough customer for any one, while according to his recent affair with Boyd he had lost all form. There was a good muster to see the match, and when Blackman had won the toss, 2 to 1 was laid on him more eagerly than ever. Ralph of Wandsworth showed him up, while Drewitt was looking

after the old one Higgins. Blackman had a little the best of the start, but thus early began to bore Higgins, who gave way a trifle, and the men went pretty straight to the London Boat-house, where Blackman again sheered out of his course, his opponent again yielding a little, and losing ground, until rounding the Point the inside man was nearly clear, though, owing to his boring Higgins, both were much too far out. Passing the Grass Wharf, Higgins, who had throughout been rowing the faster stroke without gaining a lead, held his own decisively and began to close up a little, but Blackman worked away again and bored Higgins, who continued to give way close to the Surrey shore, and then giving him his wash led by a distance, decreasing from half a clear length to a foot or so clear to Hammersmith Bridge, being, of course, all this time in Higgins's water. Just through the bridge the latter put on a great spurt and was on to Blackman opposite Biffen's. The men remained locked together, and floated upwards some distance, until Higgins's boat, which had been damaged by the collision, began to sink, and he was taken on board his cutter. Some amateurs on the spot kindly lent him a skiff to paddle over the course in, while Blackman was receiving the attentions of sundry floating cargoes of roughs, whose views, judging from their outspoken sentiments, were somewhat inconsistent with his health and happiness. Getting rid of these, he also rowed over, and being in the lighter boat, of course arrived before Higgins, to whom the umpire, on being appealed to, at once awarded the race. What on earth Blackman meant by such conduct no one seemed to know, and the most charitable solution is to ascribe it to his youth and inexperience, as on the surface there seemed no reason why he should not win on his merits, without trying any sharp practice—which, with such a general as Drewitt for the opposition, was not likely to result in much good. According to the new rules, under which nearly all boat-races are now rowed, nothing is more foolish than taking one's opponent's water in a hurry, as, however superior the leader may be, the other requires only vigour enough for one timely spurt, and a touch gives him the victory. Blackman of course knows all this, but forgot it in the excitement of the race. He will probably remember it better next time; and as he is not of age yet, he has plenty of chance to fulfil his most sanguine expectations.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—Ascot Amenities—Horses and Horsemanship—By Road and River.

'SUMMER at last!' was the thankful exclamation of many piously disposed people who kept the first hot Sunday (which it was the 3rd of June, if you please) on lawn and by river side—under stately elms in Richmond Park, in the deep shades of Kew Gardens, beloved of cockneydom, but the beauty of which cockneydom cannot mar; at hot, dusty, and not sweet-smelling Greenwich; farther down at Gravesend, where one does get a sniff of fresh air; farther still, at quiet Purfleet, where not only the air, but the liquor is pure and good;—from all conceivable spots frequented by Londoners of all degrees went up the little hymn of praise. We sang ours on the lawn of Orleans House in company with a very pleasant congregation, who keenly appreciated the luxury of both in and out-door life, characteristic of the place. It was an indolent preparation for a very busy week—the week *par excellence*

of the country cousin ; the week of the rampant steed who paws the sawdust of the Agricultural Hall ; the week also of some heart-burnings and jealousies consequent on the merits or demerits of the rampant steed ; the week of regrets over the Derby, and fond anticipations for Ascot ; the week, in fact, of perpetual hurrysings to and fro, from picture galleries to Islington, and from Islington to Hurlingham, thence to dinners, operas, theatres, balls — ye gods, what a week it is ! Londoners with country cousins, more especially country clergymen on hand, often succumb ; but the c.c., cleric or layman, returns to his, or it may be her place, at the end of the visit and the money, with undiminished ardour, only regretting, like another Alexander, that there are no more Derbys, Horse Shows, or Hurlinghams to conquer and enjoy.

Islington was, we think, the great attraction of the opening week, and the attendance, good on every day, was on the occasion of the Prince and Princess of Wales's visit, on the Thursday, enormous. Mr. Robert Leeds and Mr. Sidney, the courteous Chairman and the Secretary of the Agricultural Hall Company, were almost at their wits' end where to put all their friends on that day, and the reserved seats might have been sold over and over again. Such a densely packed hall, such a roar of applause as greeted the first public appearance of the Princess of Wales with her husband (she had only returned to England that morning after her visit to Greece), we never remember seeing or hearing at Islington. Everything went off well on that day, save and except that some horses who had jumped well on Monday refused to perform when royalty came to see them (was it that they were a little overdone ?), and that the competition for the Ladies' Prize was over before they came. But to give some account of the Show.

The horsey world appeared to be very much out of sorts, on the Saturday morning of Epsom week, when they met together at the Horse Show at Islington. Whether they had dropped their money on the Derby, or the champagne had been unusually poisonous, or the weather had put their livers out of order, certain it was that the three Irish lords, Waterford, Shannon and Valentia, who had kindly undertaken the thankless office of judging, could do nothing to please them. Scarcely had they commenced to look carefully through the lot of weight-carriers brought before them, when grumbling began at the time wasted over a tall ewe-necked horse, 'that no 'one would look at the other day at Lincoln fair.' No sooner had they selected, as the winner of the first prize, a useful-looking chestnut horse with a plain head, Golden Drop by name, than our critical friends called him 'a 'common brute,' one of them adding, 'I thought Garner had done very well 'at Lincoln Fair to get ninety pound for him.' As for The Colonel, who was placed second, they found great fault with his hind action, and perhaps justly so. We take it for granted that Rossington was passed over by their lordships as being considered to be barely up to the weight of fifteen stone. It would be difficult to say what weight a horse with so much quality could carry, but he ought either to have had the first prize or none at all. However, having been given the third prize in the weight-carrying class, he was thereby disqualified from competing in the class without any condition as to weight, which was decidedly hard lines for Mr. Harvey Bayly. In the class without any restriction as to weight, previous prize-winners were all left out in the cold. Glengyle, much thickened since last year, was one of the first to be turned out of the ring : the light-actioned Valdarno also failed to fascinate the judges, who awarded the prize to Wild Wind by Artillery, the property of Mr. Henry Pole. 'Did you ever see such a decision as that ?'

said one of the disappointed; 'With such a back, and hind legs put on as those 'are, no horse could go through dirt.' 'It went well enough, last season,' through the steam-ploughed land in our country,' replied a farmer from the Vale of White Horse. Luncheon worked a wondrous change in our captious critics, who viewed the four-year-old class in a much more contented frame of mind. Yorkshire was to the fore with Sir George, the winner at Manchester mentioned in 'Our Van' last month, a most taking animal and a good mover. A noble lord, acknowledged to be one of the best judges out, said that 'this was the best four-year-old he had ever seen in his life,' and it was stated round the ring that the Duke of Hamilton had offered four hundred guineas for him. There were several remarkably fine animals in this class, but those with much the largest bone were two colts by Mr. Henry Chaplin's Snowstorm, one out of a mare nearly thoroughbred, by Croton Oil, and the other out of a mare by Orion, the winner of many prizes. It requires no great spirit of prophecy to foretell that Snowstorm is the coming sire for getting weight-carriers.

In the remaining hunter class, that for horses not exceeding fifteen hands and a half high, fine action secured the prize for Mr. Hornsby's Hidalgo.

When the four winners in the hunter classes were brought together to compete for the Agricultural Hall Cup it was a guinea to a gooseberry upon Sir George: he looked like a peacock amongst a lot of rooks. Of hacks and small riding horses, Mr. George Cox's Borealis and Mr. John Robinson's Charles II. were about as good specimens, in their respective classes, as could possibly be seen.

It was good hearing when we were told that the Alexandra Palace, with all its amusements, was to be re-opened to the public. There is no place where we enjoy a horse show half as much as in the pretty grounds of Muswell Hill. There was not a cloud in the sky, and scarce a breath of wind, on the morning of the 19th of June, when we alighted at the station at Wood Green, and we quickly availed ourselves of the shade of the Grand Stand, in front of which the ring for the hunters was formed. The judging of hacks, roadsters, and harness horses, which we were informed were much above the average in quality, went on in a second ring.

Eighteen thoroughbred stallions made a grand show, such as has not been seen for years; and the judge's decision in favour of the American-bred horse Preakness, by Lexington, was generally approved. He would make a rare horse for getting hunters, but, as his fee has been fixed at 25 guineas, the only half-bred mares that are likely to be put to him will be a few belonging to his owner, the Duke of Hamilton. Mr. Freeman's Claudius, by Caractacus, took the second prize in this class, and also the special prize given for stallions that have served mares this season at a fee not exceeding ten pounds. This is a step in the right direction, and we should have liked it all the better if the stallion's fee had been fixed at a still lower amount, say three guineas, so as to be within the reach of every tenant farmer that owns a mare.

If the managers of the Alexandra Park Horse Show made a mistake in not having a sufficiently wide margin between their two classes for hunters of five years old and upwards—the one being for horses up to twelve stone, and the other for those up to fourteen stone,—the Judges made no mistake in giving the first prizes in both classes to Mr. Harvey Bayly's Rossington, and the two second prizes to Mr. Booth's Baldersby—a horse that had been hunted in the Bedale country. The Duke of Hamilton's powerful black horse, Winder, was placed third in the fourteen stone lot; and Glengyle, who

galloped famously, third in the lighter division, neither of them having been considered worthy of a place at the Islington show. Amongst the unsuccessful candidates upon this occasion—for all cannot be winners—there were many clever animals. Those that took our fancy the most were Mr. Battam's chestnut gelding Pytchley, by Dalesman; Mr. Trist's brown gelding Carew, by Paul Clifford; Mr. Whitehead's chestnut gelding Chief Baron, by The Baron, and Mr. Powell's bay gelding Shakespeare, by Picador. The handsome Sir George, as a matter of course, was awarded the first prize in the four-year-old class. Next to him was placed Mr. Whitehead's Sportsman, the best mover of the lot, and Sir Talbot Constable's Merryman, by Wild Oats, passed over at Islington, was third. To show how great difference of opinion there may be about horseflesh, none of the horses that took prizes in the hunting classes at Islington, with the exception of Sir George and Rossington, were even commended at Alexandra Park. Sir George continued his victorious career by carrying off the Cup as the best hunter in the show. There were not wanting persons who found fault with his back, and his want of bone, and his action in his slow paces; we examined him attentively, both in the stable and in the ring, and whilst we admit that there is some truth in these objections, we must say that Sir George is a grand specimen of the well-bred horse up to weight.

How all classes of society—the great world and the little—turn to that pleasant break in the London season, which under the name of Ascot means so much, no need to mention here. A very grand reality is Ascot. It embraces and comprehends not only the very best racing that can be seen in the country, but it is a charming fête which lasts a whole week, and during which many delightful things happen in the way of a little love-making and a little play—agreeable society—sets made to order where every one is *sympathica*—lovely faces, lovely costumes, lovely weather. Given all these accessories—and this year they were all there—Ascot is simply perfect. People whose sole notion of the meeting is going down on the Cup Day with a tremendous crowd and a great deal of dust, who fight their way into a carriage, and struggle through the press on the lawn, who swallow hot or cold lamb and doubtful lobster salad in the Grand Stand (fortunate even if they get that), who see the horses' heads and perhaps their tails as they come up the New Mile, and go through unheard-of difficulties in trying to get a look at the Royal Enclosure—perhaps do enjoy Ascot after a fashion, the chief enjoyment being that they should be able to say they had been there, but of the real pleasures of Ascot they know little or nothing. These are reserved for, first, the blessed ones of the earth who can afford a house within reasonable distance of the course, or, which is better still, who have friends who can; secondly, for those who go down well guarded by rail each day, and find their coach drawn up in a good position, virtualised as for a siege, and who, repairing there instantly, are immediately free from the pushing and striving that form the pleasures of the majority. These are the people who enjoy Ascot, that royal meeting to which there is certainly a royal road not given to all of us to travel. The 'Van' driver had a quiet little cottage close to the New Mile, and his road was not altogether bad, fraught as it was with memories of great horses who have carried their burdens bravely up that trying hill, of the faint-hearted ones who have succumbed when the pinch came. It was a quiet little retreat, where at breakfast or dinner time you might listen to the voice of the cuckoo and think with indifference of the S. W. R. and all its works; of how poor Jones was at that moment either struggling to get into or out of a carriage; how Brown was limp, dusty, and

probably disagreeable; and Robinson, dwelling on Rosebery's defeat, was doubting if the game was worth the candle. Such are some of the amenities of Ascot.

The racing on the first day, as is always the case, was the cream of the meeting. The Gold Vase, which was to decide the question whether Rosebery was a great horse or no, was given against him. Skylark, who looked better than we had ever seen him, beat Rosebery so easily, and others in the race might have beaten him too, that we must perforce believe that Mr. Masque has only got a good handicap horse, and has been such an extremely lucky man in carrying off the two most important handicaps we have, that we are now somewhat puzzled to tell how it was done. Skylark, good horse as he is, no one pretends to be a first-class one. He went down before Petrarch in the Cup like chaff before the wind; and yet in the Vase he shook off Rosebery without an effort. The latter was very well, we believe—at least, we heard no excuse offered for him, and it is more than probable we shall not see him reverse this running. We have no wish to detract from his merits. He is a good handicap horse, or rather was, and his day was last autumn. Very fortunate were his owner and his stable. They reaped a good reward for their patience and judgment, which no one grudged them; and we only hope they did not scatter much of their harvest on the finish of the New Mile.

Then there was the Prince of Wales Stakes, which was to settle another question, if the Derby was a true run race as far as the second in it was concerned. So many bad horses have got placed for the Derby, that we were quite justified in asking Glen Arthur to do something more before we gave him his degree. We had not on this Tuesday seen Rob Roy cut up so badly as he subsequently did, and there was an impression abroad that he might have won the Derby. We all know better now; but then that idea was familiar to many of us—an utterly absurd one, as subsequent events showed. But, however, Glen Arthur was on his trial in the Prince of Wales Stakes, and he acquitted himself, we must say, well. To be sure he had the maiden allowance, and Belphebe, the only animal who, on public running, appeared capable of beating him, had to give him 7 lb. So there was some plunging on Glen Arthur, for those who liked taking 7 to 4 with the proverbial Ascot bad luck staring them in the face. But Ascot had changed all that this year, and for plungers and men with a command of money it turned out a good meeting. Not a poor men's meeting, for poor men do not as a rule care about putting down fivers or tenners to take them up again; but for golden youth, Stock Exchange swells, and the money world in general, there were real good goods to buy. Glen Arthur won not very cleverly, it is true, but he beat the Thane colt, subsequently named Strathmore, by half a length, and Belphebe was one of the first in trouble. We confess we had no great fancy for Chypre in the Ascot Stakes, as he had run so badly at Manchester, and we certainly had none for Getroffen, who became a very strong favourite before the start. It looked like a race good enough to leave alone, although there was money on Finis, First Spring, Harriet Laws, Peeping Tom, &c. The latter had been in retirement for more than a year, and evidently had not improved in his temper and appearance. Chypre won, but his jockey was very glad to get home on him, and Finis, who beat him in the Leamington Stakes at a pound, here had to play second fiddle, though he made a good race of it, giving his conqueror 4 lbs. Sir George Chetwynd, who has certainly not been favoured with fortune's smiles lately, was warmly congratulated on pulling off something at last. Chypre has been a disappointing horse to his stable; but we hope this coup made some amends. We doubt if the two-year-

olds we saw at Ascot are anything very grand; but perhaps Mr. Houldsworth's Attalus, the colt by Lacydes out of Blanchette, who won the Two Year Old Plate in the Second Spring, is about the best. He only, however, beat Gaberlunzie by a head, and as the Chester form we had always believed moderate, this is no very great win. However, Gaberlunzie was allowed to run loose at 100 to 6, so his stable could not have much fancied him. Mr. Houldsworth wound up the afternoon by his third win—Correggio beating Morning Star in the Triennial, another case of turning the tables, as in the race last year Morning Star beat Correggio. This was the race when Petrarch cut up so badly, and noble plungers who had laid 6 to 4 on him caught it remarkably hot. This year the son of Lord Clifden appeared in his truer colours, and proved himself a horse of which we may be proud.

On Wednesday there was 'a row,' an unusual ruffling of the pleasant waters of Ascot, that is worth recording. Captain Bulkeley, it is well known, has long been the ruling spirit of the meeting, as far as the business arrangements are concerned. How and by whom appointed we know not. We have heard, indeed, that it was by a process of self-election, but cannot vouch for that fact. However, as a trustee of the Grand Stand he has been supreme, and has no doubt managed the property to the satisfaction at least of his co-trustees. He has looked well into every department, and, not actuated by any foolish notions of liberality, has tried to extract that thirteen pence out of every shilling, a principle so dear to the commercial mind. In this we believe he has succeeded, but he has hardly succeeded in making himself popular. Perhaps Captain Bulkeley scorns popularity; *odi profanum vulgus et arceo* was probably his motto, and if so, he acted up to it. Brusque in manner and dictatorial in disposition, his will has been Ascot law. He was a bold man who asked Captain Bulkeley a favour, because, in the first place, he was sure not to get it, and was pretty sure to get something else instead. Captain Bulkeley's one object has been the benefit of the property, a most praiseworthy idea, but in the carrying out of which there are various ways and methods, wrong and right ones, and we cannot help thinking that Captain Bulkeley chose the former. A niggardly dole of free admissions to those whose professional duties took them to the meeting, a total ignoring of many legitimate claims on those admissions, have been some of the characteristics of his administration. But he this year committed a very grievous error, of which he probably now sees the full extent. The state of the so-called 'Tattersall Enclosure' at many of our leading race-meetings has long been disgraceful. Anybody got in by paying; there was, except at some places, Shrewsbury for instance, no supervision; and at Ascot and Goodwood especially, the aristocratic meetings of the year, the welshing element has long been rampant. As Captain Bulkeley would do nothing at Ascot beyond taking the welshers' money, Lord Hardwicke determined to exercise his authority, not as Master of the Buckhounds, but as a steward of the meeting, and therefore secured the services of William Elliott as the gatekeeper of the Tattersall Ring. But upon Elliott taking his place on Tuesday morning, he was peremptorily ordered out of the ring by Captain Bulkeley, who gave him to understand that no one could place him there without his permission. But Captain Bulkeley was wrong, and forgot—perhaps he never read the 5th Rule of Racing, which most clearly gives to the stewards of a race-meeting the fullest powers to make what arrangements for its conduct they think fit. Captain Bulkeley, in fact, was not in it, as we say on the Turf, and a pity it was that he had not been cognisant of that fact before he did what he did. Lord Hardwicke, acting with calmness and forethought, did not

make any disturbance on the Tuesday for obvious reasons ; but on Wednesday, after the first race, and with the full support of Sir John Astley, Mr. Chaplin acting for Admiral Rous, he sent Elliott into the Tattersall Enclosure with two men of the A Division to support him, and with strict orders to clear the place of the thieving element. The thing was done of course, and done quietly, and Captain Bulkeley might have saved himself and his fellow-trustees many unpleasant remarks if he had had the good sense to acquiesce in Lord Hardwicke's first arrangement. To that complexion he had to come at last.

And while on the subject of Ascot, with its princely revenues and its aristocratic surroundings, let us call the attention of the powers that be to Ascot's greatest (we almost said only) discomfort. Who does not hate Ascot *dust*? And why is that *dust* tolerated? Would it be tolerated in the neighbourhood of Paris? But they do things very differently there. Report says that the trustees have over 50,000*l.* of unappropriated funds. If so, we say 'Down with the dust.' If the weekly ticket were raised from 1*l.* to 1*l.* 1*s.*, an ample fund would be raised for watering the roads round the course, and even up to the entrance into the park, where the principal traffic exists. It behoves the Trustees to look to this. Rightly or wrongly, their popularity is at present at a low ebb, and what with the insufficient accommodation provided for the holders of weekly tickets, the welshing element so observable in the Ring, above alluded to, and more than all, the dust, the Trustees must bestir themselves if they mean to show that they are worthy of their positions. Again, why is the 'cantering past' done away with? Who would not gladly miss one of the daily eight races from the card for the pleasure of being able to take stock of the intending competitors? We are quite sure that the ladies will be on our side in making this suggestion.

But we must, having got over our little 'row,' return to the Wednesday's racing. It is, as we all know, the most enjoyable day of the few, but on this occasion it was rather dull. Our capricious climate had taken a sudden turn, and during the forenoon quite a cool wind swept over the heath. The sky was cloudy too, and there was an absence of what on the previous day had been so apparent—colour. The racing was interesting, for, putting aside the Hunt Cup, the three-year-old events, especially the Ascot Derby, were important. The Fern Hill Stakes brought out Placida, and among her opponents were Tribute, Lady Ronald, Bel Ange, and Chevron, the latter now a rogue as well as a roarer. The Oaks winner, however, had no harder task set her than to wait in front and come away when Jeffery let her go. What the dark Jannette had done did not precisely appear, but she belonged to Lord Falmouth, Archer rode her, and the talent went for her, so if she could not win with all these circumstances it was a pity. Marie Seton was the best-looking of the lot opposed to her, and also the first beaten, and Jannette won easily enough. There had been, as usual, great strivings to find out the winner of the Hunt Cup, and the running of the Thane colt in the Prince of Wales Stakes on Tuesday seemed to point to him as the horse to do it. People forgot, however, that in that race Strathmore had a man on his back in John Osborne, and that in the Hunt Cup he would have a 5 st. 10 lb. John Jones, quite another pair of shoes. Backers had better have stuck to the original pick of the handicap—or the blot of the handicap, indeed, we may call it—Cradle, who looked as if, with the most moderate luck, he could not lose. However, everybody at the finish was mad about Strathmore, except those who were bitten by a Whitebait mania. Even with Archer on his back we could not exactly see the great chance that Captain Stirling could

have possessed, but 5 to 1 was eagerly taken about him, and Cradle, a four-year-old with 6 st. 4 lbs. on him, went back to 7 to 1. The Russley Helena was in good demand, and so was last year's winner, and perhaps the horse that in the canters gained most friends was Rosbach, so well did he look and move. He ran well too, and those who made a note of that circumstance profited by it on the Friday. The race is soon told. Strathmore was seen to be going all abroad long before they reached the distance, and when Cradle came out there palpably full of running, the issue was no longer in doubt. The surprise of the race was Sutton, who disposed of Whitebait, and went on in pursuit of Lord Wilton's horse, but could never catch him, the latter winning very easily. Lady Golightly again showed us that she was not the mare of last season, by being the first beaten in the Coronation Stakes, and Belphebe very cleverly carried her penalty to the front. It was said at the time that Rob Roy beat Touchet with the greatest ease in the Biennial, but we demurred to that statement, and think the subsequent running of Mr. Mackenzie's horse proved we were right. It appeared to us that Archer had to rouse him up to get him to quit Touchet, and the most that could be said was that he won. Then, as a *bonne bouche*, came the Ascot Derby, in which Silvio was, with his 10 lbs. penalty, to show us if he really was a Derby horse indeed, and Morier was to justify, if he could, his Two Thousand pretensions. The Duke of Westminster's horse had his maiden allowance, so Silvio was giving him 17 lbs., a weight at which, if Morier was the horse he was said to be, ought to have seen him the winner. But we do not think he was greatly fancied, though some clever people said it was a good thing, and no doubt Robert Peck was sanguine, yet the public were rather afraid of him. 'A burnt child,' &c., and so 5 to 2 could have been had up to the last about him, and 7 to 4 was with difficulty got about Silvio. Glen Arthur had also a 10 lbs. penalty, and was bound to be beaten again by Lord Falmouth's horse, so nothing was much backed but the two favourites Collingbourne made the running to the turn, where Morier took it up, and so well did he look coming up the straight, that 'Morier wins for a monkey!' burst from his trainer's lips. We do not think anybody shot him, but almost immediately afterwards, at the beginning of the Enclosure, Morier was beaten, and Silvio, coming away, won easily by a couple of lengths. So the Derby was a true run race after all, and we shall hear nothing more of what 'ought to have won,' and did not.

The Cup Day was glorious to behold. Never had the Royal Enclosure blossomed into such flowers as on this occasion, so much that was beautiful, and so much that was in correct taste. There were combinations of colour that would have taken a high degree at South Kensington, costumes that might have roused emulation in the breast and brain of Worth, or whoever now is the great Parisian man-milliner. Beauty too, of course, and the two ladies who have been the talk of the town this season were, one a *vouée au blanc*, the other in some exquisite colour to which we dare not give a name. Again did the coaches muster in great numbers, the Four-in-Hand having about twenty, the Coaching Club thirty-two, and again was their hospitality taxed to the utmost, but the supply seemed equal to any demand. As regards the racing, we cannot say very much. Though the stakes were nearly 3000*l.* in value, only thirty-three horses ran for the seven events, which was rather more like Newmarket form than Ascot. But, as we have often had occasion to remark, the first two days here sees the cream, and were it not for a sort of false *prestige* attaching to the Cup Day, and its being a great fete, there would not be very much to record. Whether Petrarch was the stayer his friends declared he

was, was really the only interesting problem for solution, and he looked so well, and was known to be in such good form, that there was really very little doubt about it, though Skylark carried the confidence of a great many good judges, from the way in which he won the Vase. Petrarch never had got two miles and a half, and it was the general belief that he found the mile and three-quarters in the Leger quite enough for him. So there was plenty of speculation on the race, as some of the bookmakers announced their intention of 'never leaving Petrarch,' they were accommodated to the utmost, and there was a tremendous deal of plunging, chiefly among the young generation of backers and the members of the Stock Exchange, the latter going in strong for Turf gambling at Ascot, about the only meeting they patronise, and when things go right for backers, as they did this time, they generally leave the bookmakers some disagreeable *souvenirs*. There was really very little else besides the Cup, for the New Stakes brought out a moderate field of youngsters, and Bellicent, a daughter of Cremorne, whom Lord Rosebery allowed to run loose, won rather cleverly, the Russley favourite, Strathfleet, being nowhere. From the way in which Rob Roy ran with Springfield in the New Biennial, we think Mr. Mackenzie's horse is an overrated one. He did not seem able to struggle when Archer called upon him, and Springfield shook him off with the greatest ease. The Gold Cup, and it was really gold on this occasion, value 1000 sovereigns, ought to have brought out a larger field than it did, larger and better. We should like to have seen Kisber, fit and well, also Chamant, also that good horse, as we believe him to be, Umpire, all meet in the Cup, and try conclusions with Petrarch; but this could not be. Rosebery's pretensions were, of course, disposed of on Tuesday in the Vase, and so, though his stable supported Coomassie, we do not think the public did, and the race was considered a match between Petrarch and Skylark. Briefly to summarise the running, we may say that, gallantly as Skylark stuck to the favourite, he never really made him gallop, and Petrarch won, hard held, by a length. Every one likes to see a good horse rehabilitate himself as it were, and Petrarch's performances last year on this course were so inglorious, that his Leger win scarcely effaced the impression they made. Indeed, as we have before said, many people looked upon his Doncaster performance with some suspicion, and declared that in another stride or two Wild Tommy would have won. But, however, we are not called on to discuss that question now. Petrarch is no doubt a delicate horse, and not an every-day one, like so many of the descendants of Newminster, and this must account for much of his running. That, fit and well, he is a Cup horse second to none, his easy defeat of Skylark proved, and large sum as Lord Lonsdale may have given for him, it is clear he has got his money's worth. Friday's racing the calls on our space prevent us referring to, beyond remarking that, as Petrarch was judiciously struck out, the victory of Coltness over what is only a good handicap horse—Bersagliere—was secure. It was a perfect Ascot in every way, and one more enjoyable has rarely been experienced.

Some good stories were afloat on the course. A *Liberal* friend of ours tells one concerning a certain young M.P., who once won the Derby. In his anxiety to watch the horses canter down, he was deaf to the repeated requests of a *Peeler* to leave the course. At last poor 'Bobby,' driven to his wits' end in the execution of his duty, cried out, 'Here, somebody fetch Mr. 'Gladstone.' The result was instantaneous, and completely successful.

We saw it stated somewhere that during the meeting a gentleman was requested to leave the Royal Enclosure by Lord Hardwicke, a very unpleasant

circumstance no doubt; but from the audible remarks of one or two of the bookmakers, the noble Master of the Buckhounds ought to have meted out equal justice to some ladies in the same privileged spot. Let us explain that there is no imputation on the ladies' character in one sense. They were, for aught we know to the contrary, cold as ice and chaste as snow. They simply had not 'settled,' and, judging from the bookmakers' remarks, had no intention of so doing.

Last year Lambourne races, which according to Baily's Racing Register is the oldest fixture in the Royal County, bar Maidenhead, were revived, and the revival being successful it will be continued this year. Good horses in their day have run on Lambourne Downs; and a hundred years ago or more we find the Lord Craven of the day winning with Nincompoop and Pastime in four-mile heats; while at the commencement of the present century (1802) the Prince of Wales won a 50*l.* Plate there. Now, as then, the dweller at Ashdown largely patronised the meeting; and we need scarcely say the neighbouring county gentlemen, racing men, trainers, &c., do so too, and the meeting, fixed this year for the 19th of July, promises well. As by the new law the added money must be 500*l.*, it is to be hoped—the nature of the ground precluding the idea of gate money—liberal donations may enable the Committee to make up the sum, and we trust they will not be disappointed.

That excellent institution the Hunt Servants' Benefit Society held its annual meeting during the Derby week, and a very good report the Executive Committee were able to make, while at the same time they had to submit to the members a prepared statutory revision of the Society's affairs. We find the capital invested at the end of last year was 10,500*l.*, about 2,000*l.* accruing from the subscriptions of benefit members, and about 8,500*l.* from the contributions of honorary members. Again the Committee have had to acknowledge the exertions of ladies and gentlemen honorary members who have been indefatigable in collecting subscriptions in their different hunts—the ladies especially so, the Marchioness of Drogheda and the Countess of Yarborough setting most excellent examples in this respect. The number of benefit members is now 276, and that of honorary members, in round numbers, 1,750, or about five per cent. of those who hunt regularly. Much is required of hunting men still; they do not subscribe as they should, nor does young England tip at Christmas as his father did before him. It should be remembered that all wages have been raised of late years except those of hunt servants, and their perquisites have in many instances been taken away. We feel convinced that it is only want of thought that prevents the muster roll of the Society being much larger, say double, what it is. Those for whose benefit the promoters worked so hard have eagerly seized the hand held out to them, and it remains for hunting men, who owe so much of their enjoyment to the hard work of hunt servants, to pay something of what they owe. The revision of the Society's rules will require quite 20,000*l.* to carry out; and it is to be hoped that from the thousands who hunt, next year a larger number than five per cent. will be members of this most deserving charity.

The Yorkshire hound show will take place on the 2nd of August, and while we have no doubt it will be fully up to its usual high standard of excellence, there will be a feature about it that will mark an era in its history, which is that it will be the last occasion on which Mr. Parrington will officiate as Secretary. It is now twelve years since that gentleman founded the Yorkshire Hound Show, and it is not saying too much that during this period he has been the backbone of the undertaking, and that its success owes all to him. Mr. Parrington feels, however, that in justice to his other duties he must give

up those pertaining to the show, which he undertook in the first instance from an earnest desire to promote foxhunting, and a belief that the show was a means to that end. Mr. Parrington wishes to mark his retirement by offering a Farewell Cup, value 10*l.*, for the best couple of unentered hounds, and we can only hope that the entry will be a good one. He will, we feel sure, carry with him the sincere regrets and good wishes of his many friends, and of all who have been brought in contact with him in connection with the sport he loves so well.

John Hollidge, late first whip to the Badsworth, is desirous of a situation as huntsman or first whip. He can be strongly recommended in first-rate quarters.

We have not had the time at our disposal we could wish to enjoy much coaching this season. The heavy work of sport, pastime, and pleasure in general gets heavier each year, and though we try to go everywhere and do everything, the flesh has to succumb to the spirit. Nevertheless, we had a very pleasant drive to Alexandra, on the 21st ult., on the occasion of the second meet of the C. C. It was a luncheon meet—that most popular of fixtures—and as each coach drove up to the Magazine well freighted with ladies, the prospects of an enjoyable afternoon were very encouraging. The Duke of Beaufort was, we are sorry to say, an absentee, but Lord Carington put in a first appearance this season, and he was supported by the German Ambassador, with Lord Granville on the box by his side, Lord Bective, Sir Bache Cunard, Colonel Poulet Somerset, Major Le Gendre Starkie, Colonel Aichman, V.C., Sir Talbot Constable, Major Carlyon, Captain Trotter, Mr. Coupland, Captain Corry, Sir Henry Tufton, Sir H. Meysey Thompson, Mr. Albert Brassey, Mr. Sandeman, &c. &c., thirty-three coaches in all. A goodly number, of which only thirteen fell out at various parts of the route; and twenty drove down, led by Lord Carington, a rather devious road to the Palace. We think the noble Vice-President and Colonel Armytage must have marked out the line for the special benefit of beginners, as there was a deal of collar work, some sharpish turns, and a small precipice to go down as a finale. But the twenty were equal to the occasion, and entered the Park in good order, to the (doubtless) great admiration of the many beholders. The different teams are now so familiar to our readers that to mention them is only so much reiteration. There were most of the good coachmen present; and in addition to the Vice-President, there were Major Starkie, Sir Henry Tufton, Mr. Coupland, Captain Corry—but we must not go on, or the list would look, perhaps, an invidious one. The luncheon claimed our chief attention, and every one agreed that it was an excellent one, and the Pommery-Greno left nothing to be desired. We were a merry party, and our particular set was most fortunate in a self-constituted president who kept the table in a roar. It was the last meet—that was the only regret; and to hear people around us discussing Goodwood plans was a reminder that the season was nearly over before it had well begun.

And yet another drive on the Saturday following, when the Windsor coach claimed us. A charming route through Kew, Bushey, Hampton Wick, and Staines, entering the Royal Borough by Datchet. Mr. Bailey, who with Colonel Greenhall and Captain Spicer form the proprietary, drove us,—Major Dixon, the coachman of the Royals, when he served in that gallant corps, taking the ribbons one stage. Mr. Bailey's team out of Piccadilly was as perfect a one as we could wish to sit behind—powerful roans at wheel and grey and brown leaders. They drove themselves, as the saying is, a

good even pace, and faster than it appeared. From Kew, where we changed, the road lies through Richmond, Twickenham, past the gates of the Orleans, and through Bushey to Hampton Wick. Here we got a big team, very clever, only the off wheeler had been rather upset by something and would canter; but Mr. Bailey talked to him like a father, and before we got to Staines had soothed his injured feelings. The team into Windsor reminded us, particularly in the cut of the leaders, more of old coaching days than some we have sat behind. They were emphatically coach horses, the same as we were accustomed to in the days of our youth, when the Bath York House, the Cheltenham Berkeley Hunt, and the Oxford Royal Defiance saw a good deal of us. We had a couple of hours at Windsor, which may be employed in the needful work of lunching and lounging, or sight-seeing, according to the bent of the traveller's mind. The bent of *our* mind led us to Eton, then returning by the coach, we bade adieu to it at Staines, refreshed ourselves by a row on the river, and finished by a nicely dressed little dinner at the Angel—a programme which, 'subject to alteration,' as the music halls announce, we offer with confidence to the world at large (meaning the readers of the 'Van'), feeling sure that if they try it they will wish to offer a testimonial to the Driver. Mr. Bailly knows his address.

Our last month's peep at the Academy was a hurried one; a second enables us to notice a few of those subjects that appeal more particularly to sportsmen. And while few, we wish we could say fit as well, but in sooth the sporting canvas does not make a very brilliant show this year. 'An Awkward Predicament' (44) is a rather hard painting, a horse in a Devonshire bog—at least we presume so, from the surroundings; and the next to catch our eye, 'Foxhounds on the Benches' (109), are not the foxhounds that we have been accustomed to see. But in 'The Huntsman's Courtship' (304), a very prettily told tale, there are some real hounds, wonderfully well painted, by Mr. Charlton. A good deal of quiet humour, too, in the picture. How conveyed we cannot quite explain, but we see that the hounds have been there before, and know all about the state of affairs. 'Burns's "Auld "Mare Maggie"' (403) is in Mr. Ansdell's best style, and we suppose 'The Duke of Rutland on his Shooting Pony, with two of his Keepers' (416), by the President, ought to please us, and yet it does not; for his grace's pony is rather a wooden beast, though a perfectly shaped one we admit. 'The Ancient Sport of Kings' (446) shows us Mr. Carter in scenes with which he is familiar, on Exmoor, where—

' For miles he's led the headlong chase,
O'er moor and fell has run his race,'

and now must die. A well-painted picture, though we have seen others from Mr. Carter's practised hand that we much prefer. And while we are on Exmoor let us look on the counterfeit presentment of one who knows the noble moor as well as he does the boundaries of his parish, a name that 'Bailly' readers will know more about anon, one loved and respected not only in the sweet shire of Devon, but far and wide wherever good sportsmen congregate, that of the Rev. John Russell (500), painted by Mr. J. E. Williams, who has succeeded in catching very happily the shrewd yet kindly-hearted expression of one of whom Devonshire is justly proud. 'Coming South: Perth Station' (922), deserves more commendation than it has, we think, received. The dogs are particularly good, and the scene of bustle and confusion is well given. 'Grouse-driving on the Yorkshire Moors' (932) is good and truthful, and 'He's Cast a Shoe' (957) is clever; and with this

our second brief run through the rooms of Burlington House must end. There is nothing that particularly impresses itself on our mind or memory; to be sure, there is 'The Egyptian Feast,' but then that, though in a certain degree sportive (very much so indeed in parts), is not sporting, and we had better hold our hand and pen.

We have had much pleasure in inspecting a coloured autotype print, after the picture exhibited in the Academy, 1876, of Her Majesty's Buckhounds. It will be remembered that the original was painted for Lord Hardwicke, the arrangement and composition of the picture, and the horses, hounds, and landscape, being by W. H. Hopkins, and the figures by E. Havell. The scene is in Windsor Park, near Cranbourne Tower; the party have just exchanged their hacks for hunters, and the hounds playing round Goodall's horse evidently know that business is intended. The portraits are especially happy, and there is no mistaking the figure of the Master or his good horse Loose Lot; Goodall is on Roslyn, Dick Edrupt on Lady Grey, Harry Hewson on Chester, and William Bartlett on Czarewitch. Prominent among the hounds, and represented as jumping on Goodall's horse, is the handsome Romeo, a Fitzwilliam hound; and the likenesses of Bardolph, Roderick, Royalist, Barmecide, and old Richmond are equally happy. The autotype is well worth the consideration of hunting men requiring copies of presentation pictures, &c.; the uncoloured prints are better than any engraving, and can be produced much cheaper and in one-sixth of the time; besides which, as no engraver comes between the picture and the print, and all is done by the artist, likenesses are better preserved, and a greater amount of correctness is guaranteed. We shall hope to see others of our excellent packs of hounds with Masters and servants, and possibly 'fields,' portrayed by the pencils of Mr. Hopkins and his able collaborateur, Mr. Havell.

It would not do to pack our present 'Van' without drawing the attention of Masters of Hounds, and others, to the very capital portrait of the Hon. Francis Scott, painted by Mr. Charles Lutyens, of 16 Onslow Square, which was exhibited at the Annual General Meeting of the Hunt Servants' Society at Tattersall's, where all who saw it pronounced it the best picture of the class they had ever seen. It is to be engraved by Graves, and we believe from Mr. Scott's popularity few who know him will be without a copy. We have also had the pleasure of seeing another big picture by the same artist of Mr. Hargreaves and his hounds, as well as one representing Mr. Burton Persse with the Galway Blazers, both of which ought also to be engraved. In that of the South Berks, the likeness of Dick Roake the huntsman is simply marvellous.

We have received a copy of the third edition of Box's 'English Game of Cricket,' published at 'The Field' office. The book is well and carefully got up, and contains besides excellent illustrations a mass of valuable and interesting information for cricketers. At this season of the year its appearance should be particularly appreciated.

We suppose our readers will be anxious to hear a little about the elevens from Eton and Harrow, who will doubtless draw the usual crowd at Lord's on the occasion of their annual contest. Eton will be represented by seven or eight of last year's team; and though they will miss Mr. Forbes, they have got some really good bats to take his place, notably Mr. Bligh and Mr. Whitfield; while it is expected that a 'complete set of studs' will appear to play for their school. In bowling we think Mr. Forbes will be also missed, and they will have to depend mainly on Messrs. Portal, Smith, and Ridley in this department. Harrow's batting is extremely creditable; their style being good.

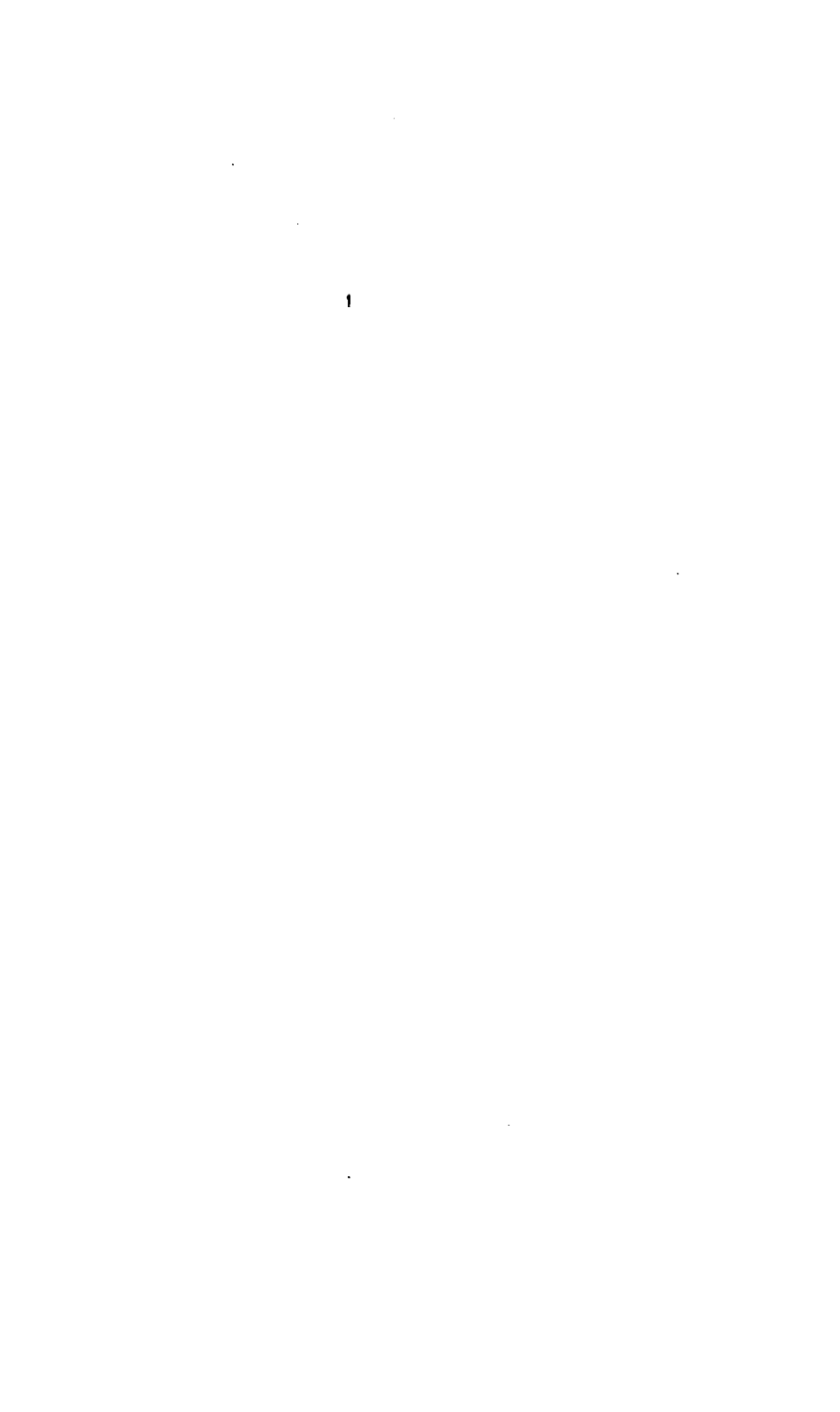
and some of them hit freely and well, especially their Captain, Mr. Meek. In the matter of bowling we cannot give a decided opinion, as at the time of writing it is not decided on whom the choice for this department of the game may fall; but as 'Baily' is a very old Boy, who has watched the matches between these schools for many years, he may be permitted to remark, in all humility, that Harrow's greatest triumphs have been effected by the aid of good slow round-arm bowling, and that he hopes to recognise some of the 'old sort' at Lord's this year.

While on the subject of Harrow cricket, we are reminded of the loss which all old Harrovians, many brother officers, and a large circle of true friends have to deplore in the recent death of Captain W. C. Clayton, which occurred while playing polo in India. Those who remember the character of the boy, not only in the cricket-field and racquet-court, but in the relations of every day life, will not be surprised to hear of the popularity he enjoyed, first in the Guards and afterwards among the Lancers. His success in every kind of sport at which he tried his hand reminds us of the '*Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit*,' a higher eulogy than which cannot be written. We are glad to hear that it is proposed to raise a fund of 1,000*l.* for the formation of a 'Clayton Scholarship' at Harrow, to which Dr. Butler, with his accustomed liberality, has contributed 100*l.* And should these lines meet the eye of any old Harrovian who remembers and loves the name of the old school wicket-keeper, let us suggest to him the contribution of a sum, however small, to assist in the perpetuation of an honoured name. The fund in question has already reached 600*l.*, and subscriptions will be received by the Hon. F. Ponsonby, Brooks's Club, St. James's Street.

We have to record the death from consumption of Alfred Hedges, so well known as the able and highly respected huntsman of the Puckeridge. After having been first whip he succeeded Joe Orbell in 1859, and continued with that pack until last year, when he went to the Vine, but, owing to weakness and illness, was obliged to strike work in the middle of the season. In point of generosity and kindliness of heart Hedges was quite one of Nature's noblemen, for to his great credit it must be recorded how, after he had been robbed of the sum of 1,243*l.* by some rascally stockbrokers, and his loss was made good to him by subscriptions collected by Mr. Odams and others, he did not take one single halfpenny beyond, but sent the surplus to different charities, amongst others 10*l.* to the Hunt Servants' Society, a donation double that of many of the great dukes and lords and other rich men who are honorary members. Brotherly love and the relief of his poorer brethren in distress ever actuated him, and it is evident from his conduct that he was always guided by the idea that we were all sent into this world for the mutual aid, support, and protection of each other.

And now our last words must be those of a sad *in memoriam*. A man, the representative of two generations of sportsmen, one so well known and familiar that we had come to look upon him as a permanent institution, and to regard the expression of his judgment and opinion as something without which the body politic of the Turf would be incomplete, has passed away, and it is not too much to say that we do not yet, nor shall we for some time, realise his loss, nor its effect on the sport with which his name is so identified. It is not so many years ago that in the pages of this magazine a sketch—often since referred to eulogistically by contemporary writers—from the practised pen of 'Argus' gave the leading incidents in the life of Admiral Rous. To these we do not propose now to refer. Everybody is so well acquainted with them from the early days of that plucky navigation of the rudderless

'Pique' downwards that our telling would be a ten times told tale. We prefer to dwell upon the man and his character, as known to all who cared to read them. For if any one more than another carried his heart on his sleeve, that man was Admiral Rous. There was much simple-mindedness about the old sailor; as he knew no evil, he thought none of others; the soul of honour himself, he was loth to believe in the dishonour of other people. We are not sure that, looking back on his long association with the Turf, and its highways and byways clean and dirty, we could wish it had been otherwise. A shrewd, sharp man of the world with the worst possible opinion of his fellow-creatures would it is very probable have made a better handicap now and then, but his would not have been such a noble figure to think upon as that of him who is gone. An unsuspecting nature, one on which, as was somewhere said of him, 'if rogues *did* play they were welcome to their dirty tune;' it is now a matter of history that advantage was taken of it by those who look upon the game of racing as one in which every move is fair. That the gallant old man felt this double-dealing keenly there is no doubt, and the racing world, with a proneness to admire the sharpness that succeeds, added by its comments and criticisms to his chagrin. That he was warm-tempered and sometimes hasty in judgment, impatient of contradiction, and dictatorial in his opinions, is only mentioning errors that from their very nature are easily forgiven. Somewhat too conservative in his ideas, too apt to think that while the outer world was moving on the racing world might stand still; he has been called an obstructive, and with some reason. More fond of short cuts than long races, prone to be hard on good horses, and ready to listen to suggestions opposed to his own better judgment—these were the weak points of his character. Against them there is a tower of strength in his downright straightforward nature, in his zeal for the Turf's welfare, which if it sometimes outran discretion was yet zeal, and its very mistakes therefore pardonable in his simplicity of mind and singleness of heart. Now that the grave has closed over him, and men, even those who were opposed to him in his views, are asking who is to be his successor, it is that we know what we have lost. There was a portrait of him accompanying poor 'Argus' biography—there still is, in fact—on which we shall like to look when time has healed the little differences of opinion, and the trifling outbreaks of a too warm temper are forgotten. It is a speaking likeness of a man such as we probably shall not see again, and as we gaze on the well-known features and consider the man in all the relations of life, we feel that one has passed away who has every right and title to the name of an English Worthy.





S. W. Griffith photo

Joseph C. Brown, Jr.

Demaria M. Brown

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BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

MR. LEONARD MORROGH.

THE subject of our memoir was not educated at Eton, nor did he graduate either in the arts of peace at Christ Church, Oxon, or those of war, in Chelsea or Knightsbridge Barracks, as have so many Masters of Hounds.

Mr. Leonard Morrogh comes of an old Celtic family, well known in the Co. Cork, that 'Magna parens frugum, magna verum,' and at an early age evinced an inborn capacity for riding, which he has since carried to such perfection. His lines for many years have been cast in Dublin, where his practice as a lawyer and estate-agent is extensive, but seldom so engrossing as to prevent his presiding at the Ward Union meets three times each week, and on a fourth day pursuing the more legitimate game. Since 1864, when the late Master, Mr. Peter Alley died, this pack has been virtually under his sole management, and all who have hunted with the 'Wards' can well appreciate his efficiency for the post. The fame of the Ward Union Staghounds is too widely spread to enlarge on here; but the economical though liberal system of management carried out at Ashburne, under the superintendence of 'Charlie,' might well be studied with advantage by candidates for the honours of M.F.H. or M.S.H.

It is probably owing to Mr. Morrogh's personal popularity that the 'Wards' are so well liked by the occupiers of the land, and that even the non-hunting members of that community give them 'free warren' over their comparatively limited district; for he possesses, in a marked degree, that grace and geniality of manner which wins upon all with whom he comes in contact, be they gentle or simple, and few besides himself could so effectually check the unruly fields often to be seen with the Wards. Always foremost (or thereabouts) when hounds are going, he rides with consummate judgment as well as boldness; few fences seem impracticable to him, and all horses suit him; he has the rare gift of perfect 'hands,' and the knowledge of *how* to make a horse gallop: one singular feature in his riding helps

to bring him to the end of many a long and trying run, and that is, he brings his horse almost to a stand at each fence, but so quickly does he put him on his stride again that he seems thus to gain instead of losing ground. His riding is probably seen to greatest advantage on an indifferent mount, which he will 'carry' over a bad country to the end of a trying gallop; or when in a strange country he has to trust solely to his quick eye and unhesitating decision in taking the right line.

Mr. Morrogh married in 1858, at Quebec, an Irish Canadian lady, who shares his ardour for the chase, and when she appears in the hunting field is seldom far from him.

Whyte Melville's graceful tribute of poetry to Mr. and Mrs. Morrogh appeared some years since in 'Baily,' and we cannot terminate this notice more appropriately than with his concluding lines :—

'Then success to the Master! more power! and long life!
 Success to his horses, his hounds, and his men!
 And the brightest of days to his fair lady-wife!
 May she lead us and beat us again and again!
 Thus from sorrow to borrow all fate can afford;
 With Morrogh, to-morrow, we'll hunt with the Ward.'

BLACK SHEEP IN THE FOLD.

No one who travels the racing circuit, even after the most irregular and desultory fashion, can fail to have his attention directed to a grievance and scandal which has been too long allowed to rear its noxious head in places where we should the least have expected to find it. Until comparatively lately in the history of racing, we have been accustomed to recognise the blatant welsher, and the ruffian crew comprising his body-guard, outside the pale of respectability as represented by reserved lawns and select enclosures, at the gates of which the spirit of the departed 'Thomas' might be imagined still to take post, closing the iron portals against all save the elect of Tattersall's and the Clubs. The bare idea of a member of the great De Faulter family being admitted within the sacred *temenos* under his guardianship would have driven that worthy but surly janitor to despair; and the thought of welshers systematically daring to invade the exclusive privacy of 'Tattersall's Enclosure' had been almost enough to make the old man burst his cerements, and raise his bony finger against unwelcome intruders upon the privileged faithful. Formerly the right of entry into the Betting Ring, as represented by men of standing and reputation, was a sure passport to confidence on the part of the outside public, all black sheep being carefully excluded from the fold, and a strict watch being kept upon adventurers ever on the alert to elude the vigilance of Cerberus, and to trade upon the good reputations of substantial members of the flock. But lately private enclosures, while bearing the honoured title of 'Tattersall's,' or similarly specious appellations,

have sadly belied their name, and even at meetings formerly bearing the highest character for good management, sharks of the most destructive species have not proffered the extra entrance money in vain, and may be seen disporting themselves with the utmost effrontery in presumably 'safe' company, and rubbing shoulders with Steel, Smith, Howett, and Nicholls, just as if they were members of the same *grand compagnie* of speculators. There can exist no manner of doubt as to the reality of the grievance, which has now reached such a pitch as to demand immediate abatement; and there seems to be some chance at last of authoritative interference, if we may judge from action recently taken upon the subject, to which we shall presently refer. The Jockey Club, while showing every desire to set their house in order, and to promulgate a digest of racing law worthy of their high position as Turf administrators, have hitherto persistently ignored the claims of betting to be admitted within the limits of their scheme of reform; albeit it must be reckoned as inseparable from racing, in legislating on behalf of which so much pains have been taken by those having the direction of affairs. There can be no doubt that this refusal to interfere with betting has been the cause of a multitude of evils; and so it has come to pass, that what is everybody's concern is nobody's business, and things have been rapidly sliding from bad to worse. There are many persons and parties deeply interested in the regulation and control of betting and its professors, but as yet none of these have considered it their duty to interfere. What with the Jockey Club ignoring altogether the subject of speculation; with Clerks of Courses declining to exercise their power of exclusion over places for the privilege of entering which they are ready enough to exact an additional fee; with the Ring apathetic enough, and sufficiently blind to their own interests to let matters take their course; with all these drawbacks the public stands a very fair chance of going to the wall, since nobody seemingly feels inclined to help them, and they are effectually restrained from helping themselves, owing to the power being vested in hands beyond their immediate influence. Each of these bodies as aforesaid had, or at least should have had, the strongest motives for preserving better order in places whither the public resorted upon the understanding that everything was to be done for their protection. If the ruling powers still decided to stand aloof, substantial obstruction in the way of welshers and swindlers might have been placed by Clerks of Courses for the protection of their clients, the racing public, and by the Ring for the protection of their own fair fame, which was most undoubtedly compromised by the action of scoundrels perpetrating all manner of impudent robberies in their very midst. Mr. Frail has shown conclusively that, so far as the managerial department is concerned, where there is a will there is a way; and inasmuch as there is no reason to suppose that the Shrewsbury C.C. is specially favoured by circumstances at the gatherings over which he presides, we are forced to the conclusion that his brother *entrepreneurs* are not so laudably anxious for the welfare of their patrons, and that they are either unwilling to 'turn away

good money,' or are too scrupulously chary of interposing between the public and the depredators who systematically prey upon them. These last are well-known characters to the police, and the Ring could speedily be cleared of them at a word from those in authority; but when these hold their hand, there is nothing for their victims but to grin and bear the inconvenience and annoyance as best they may. As to betting men themselves, they are too careless and easy-going, and too much taken up with the exciting business of their calling to look around them, and single out the black sheep; and so long as their books are not interfered with it is unlikely in the extreme that they will trouble themselves about matters which do not intimately concern either themselves or their clients. In short, external remedial measures and internal reforms are in most cases alike neglected, and so things go from bad to worse, without a voice or a finger being uplifted against the evil-doers, who thus grow bolder from impunity, and threaten in time to swamp the genuine element, who cannot be brought to see that their very existence is threatened, unless timely measures of self-protection be adopted. It was only late in the day that the Committee of Tattersall's appear to have taken a step in the right direction by calling attention to the abuses permitted to exist in so-called 'Tattersall's Enclosures,' and by threatening to induce stewards-elect of meetings to withhold their support from such gatherings where the entrance of black sheep into the fold was not resisted. Even the ukase of so influential a body could not avail much beyond a mere threat, and though sufficient time may not have elapsed to show the effects of the manifesto, it is much to be feared that the outcome will be disappointing to all concerned in the purification of 'select' enclosures. Under these circumstances, and having regard to the absolute refusal of the Jockey Club to mix themselves up with the regulation of betting, the neglect of Clerks of Courses to take proper measures for the protection of their *clientèle*, the selfish supineness of the genii of the Ring themselves, and the consequent helplessness of the public, it was obvious that some more drastic remedy was needed, and that 'men and not measures' must be the cry of those who had hitherto appealed in vain to those in authority to rescue them from the hand of the enemy. Fortunately a champion has presented himself apparently equal to the self-imposed task, and one by position and authority excellently well qualified for the Herculean labour of cleaning the Augean stable of the Ring. Lord Hardwicke's name has been known for some time in connection with the Turf, but not until lately has he shone forth in the character of a reformer, which *rôle* he may possibly have assumed along with the cherry jacket and black cap of the late Sir Joseph Hawley. In his capacity as Master of the Buckhounds, the 'glossy Earl' (as some have delighted to call him) was brought into contact with the heads of affairs at Ascot, and it is now matter of notoriety that Lord Hardwicke, in his endeavour to remedy an intolerable abuse, met with most unexpected opposition at the hands of a gentleman who should

have shown himself as jealous for the fair fame of the Royal Meeting as the noble lord himself. It could only have been the grossest error of judgment which set Captain Bulkeley in opposition to Lord Hardwicke's scheme for clearing the Ring of welschers; but it was gratifying to find that strong good sense and quiet determination prevailed in the end, and that the exclusion of the objectionable element from 'Tattersall's Enclosure' was proceeded with and effected with all despatch. It was openly demonstrated, too, that the step taken was one involving neither difficulty nor danger, a small but determined detachment of 'blues' quickly removing from the Ring its reproach of having become a den of thieves, and driving before them to their wonted resorts in holes and corners of the race-course discomfited members of the 'long firm' and their ruffianly escort. Nor was it only in his official capacity at Ascot that Lord Hardwicke undertook the disagreeable but highly necessary task of clearing the betting ring of its most objectionable element; for again we hear of him following up the policy of extermination against thieves and evil-doers in the Ring at Southampton, where the dangerous classes had congregated in force, deeming perchance that their little game would not be interfered with by the stewards of a small country meeting. They reckoned, however, without their host; for the authorities were down upon them like hawks, nor did they leave their work half done, for a thorough clear-out was insisted upon, and this under the immediate supervision of the stewards. It only remains for us to hope that Lord Hardwicke will continue to exert his good offices on behalf of the public at all places of racing resort which may have the good fortune to be under his stewardship, and that, as a member of the Jockey Club, he will in the end, by example and persuasion, bring even stronger forces than his own determined will to bear against abuses which have too long rampantly defied the mild suppressive measures of temporising reformers. More than this, we trust that his example will not be thrown away upon those individuals of title, influence, and character whose names are constantly appearing as stewards of meetings held in all parts of the country. Let them recollect that something more is expected of them than to lend their names to, and grace with their presence, the ventures of caterers for the racing tastes of the public; and that benefits of which we have hitherto not dared even to dream may result from their assuming the reins of authority with a strong hand, and repressing the horde of audacious pretenders and *chevaliers d'industrie* who find their prey upon the racecourse. Authorities at present reluctant to take precautionary measures for the well-being of those who find the real sinews of war, will speedily be frightened into action, when they find the stewards in earnest and determined to put down with summary severity the abuses which result from the presence of black sheep in the fold. Lord Hardwicke has shown conclusively enough that under a shining exterior are capable of being concealed qualities eminently useful in such rough work as that which he has set himself to accomplish; and as it is said that

the Duke's dandy regiments fought the best, so it may be that beneath the curly tile, well-cut coat, superlative breeches, and dainty tops of the present Master of the Buckhounds we shall recognise the David-like spirit of determination which sent forth their owner to do battle against giants indeed, in the shape of wrong and robbery, who have long stalked through the land defying law and order, and bringing into disrepute the noble sport which is sullied by contact with them. To Lord Hardwicke also thanks are due for heading the van in opposition to feather-weight fatuists who rallied round the Alexandrine banner, and we trust that the lead he has begun to take in racing affairs may not speedily be relinquished, but as the mantle of 'Sir Joseph' may be said to have fallen upon him, so the sagacity and foresight of its former owner may continue to direct Lord Hardwicke's policy. The welsher, like the poor, we shall inevitably have always with us, but we should use all endeavours to stamp him out, like the cholera and the Colorado beetle, and we must commence our labours in the fields wherein such pests do mostly congregate. Both by hook and crook let us strive to clear the fold of black sheep, and the stream of sport will be found to flow brighter, clearer, and not less strong than before.

AMPHION.

MEMOIR OF THE REV. JOHN RUSSELL.*

CHAPTER II.

'Macte novâ virtute, puer.'—VIRG.

OF the many hunting days enjoyed by Russell in early life, no one stands out in such strong relief as the 30th of September, 1814, for on it he saw his first stag found and killed under somewhat memorable circumstances. The tedium of a long vacation at home, with little or no sport to satisfy the cravings of his nature, was beginning to tell heavily upon him, when one day as he sat pondering over the beauties of Somerville's Chase, scarcely knowing how else to amuse himself, his father appeared, and with a few magic words dispelled his *ennui* to the winds.

'Come, Jack,' he said, 'here's a treat for you, my boy. The hounds are going to meet at Baron's Down, and I should like to show you a stag. Tiverton Fair will take place to-morrow; so you shall go there early and buy a horse for yourself; but mind, he must be a well-bred one and up to your weight.'

Jack felt as if he should require a strait-waistcoat—almost beside himself—on hearing such joyous news; for of all things on earth a day with the staghounds, and that, too, on his own horse, was then, in the heyday of his youth, the climax of his ambition.

Accordingly, the next morning, long before daylight, he was off for Tiverton Fair, at that time considered the Howden of the West,

* The full-length Portrait of The Rev. John Russell will be ready this month.

as for as a goodly show of Exmoor ponies, Devonshire pack-horses, and half-bred hunters could justify such a comparison. Nor did he waste much time in making a selection; a brown mare with big limbs and a lean head, belonging to a dealer named Rookes, caught his eye, and as she proved to be a good mover, and was said to be a five-year-old, he bought her after a few words for 30/.

Alas! 'Caveat emptor' had not then been published; nor had Jack's head been long enough on his shoulders to give him the qualification needed by every man whose object it is to buy a horse, whether from friend or dealer. The mare proved to be only a two-year-old; but, although Russell was unmercifully quizzed as a second Moses of green spectacle celebrity, she turned out to be as honest a beast as ever looked through a bridle.

A saddle and bridle having been readily lent him by a friendly farmer, Jack, unconscious of the tender age of the mare, and relying confidently on his father's promise that 'he would send-on a fresh horse for him to the meet,' rode her along at a hand canter, and without drawing rein from Tiverton town-end to Baron's Down, a distance, by the old road, of at least fifteen miles.

'Never before, and never after,' records the son, 'do I remember my father failing to fulfil a promise he had made me; but there, at Baron's Down, for some reason which I cannot now remember, the fresh horse did not appear.'

The young mare was of course blown, but, happily for the rider, not yet beaten. The harbourer had reported a 'warrantable deer;' but the woodland was a deep one in which he had made his lair, and many a change took place before the two couple of tufters could rouse and force the right animal away. By that time the mare, under the freshening influence of gentle exercise and the breezy moor, had fairly recovered herself, and as Jack avowed, was then 'fit as a fiddle to go for her life.'

But now an awkward accident occurred that suddenly checked, and might have terminated our hero's career before he had gone ten strides with the hounds. Mr. Stucley Lucas of Baron's Down, who at a later period became Master of the Staghounds, was riding a racehorse called Erebus, and, as that gentleman was known to be an authority on all matters relating to the moor and the running of the deer, Russell very naturally looked to him as his pilot for the day. The racer, however, appears to have had but little fancy for Jack's company, for, on approaching incautiously within reach of his heels, he was kicked under the stirrup-iron with such force that he was thrown headlong to the ground.

But as the stirrup had acted as a shield to his foot, so the friendly heather, breaking the violence of his fall, saved his bones and enabled him promptly to remount his steed and follow the chase, if not a sadder, certainly a wiser man for the rest of his life.

Jack, now taking his own line, made the best of his way to Hawkridge, from the high ground of which he could view the hounds driving hard, and the field following at a long distance from

him ; and just as he had determined to start in pursuit, a gentleman trotted up from an opposite direction and counselled him to remain where he was, 'for,' said he, 'they'll be sure to come this way, 'and you can see the sport better from this point than if you were 'with them.'

Comprehending intuitively that his Mentor spoke with authority, Russell without hesitation adopted this kind advice, and again easing his mare led her to and fro along the ridge, as he feasted his eyes on the wild and stirring scene taking place on the opposite moor.

But who was the man who had thus tendered this timely counsel ?

He was no other than Mr. Charles Palk Collyns of Dulverton ; a veritable Actæon in his love and knowledge of stag-hunting, and of all men alive the most capable of giving the youngster a useful hint on such a subject. In the preface to his admirable work on the 'Chase of the Wild Red Deer,' he says, 'I have myself hunted 'with the staghounds for forty-six years, and have regularly noted 'the chases which have occurred from 1816 down to the present 'time (1862).'

Had Jupiter despatched Mercury to help him, Russell could scarcely have fallen into better hands ; nor was his patience as a quiet looker-on long tried ; for even now the heads of the leading hounds were turning towards him, and he could distinctly hear the deep chop of their musical tongues, as, sinking the valley near Tarrsteps, they crossed the Barle and pointed directly for Hawkridge Moor.

Jack was now in his glory, alongside them on a willing steed, and they tearing ahead over the purple heather, as if on the very haunches of their game. It would be tedious to enter minutely into the details of the run, which at best would only be interesting to those acquainted with the locality ; suffice it to say that, with a trimming scent and never a check, it lasted for three long hours, when the deer, to baffle the pack, took soil under Slade Bridge, sinking himself in a deep pool and allowing little more than his nostrils to appear above the wave.

But the stratagem availed him not a rush ; some five or six couple of old hounds dashed into the stream, and swimming in full cry, passed over him at first for a hundred or more yards ; when James Tout, the huntsman, turned the pack, and then casting them steadily back, they winded him at once in his retreat. Every hound was at him in an instant, and a gambol of porpoises in that moorland stream could scarcely have created a greater commotion. 'There stood the 'stag, beneath them in the stream,' writes Charles Kingsley, who must have witnessed a similar turmoil, 'his back against the black 'rock, with its green cushions of dripping velvet, knee-deep in the 'clear amber water, the hounds around him, some struggling in the 'deep pool, some rolling and tossing and splashing in a mad, half-terrified ring, as he reared in the air on his great haunches, with 'the sparkling beads running off his red mane and, dropping on his 'knees, plunged his antlers among them with blows which would

'have brought certain death with it if the yielding water had not broken the shock.'

With such a scene enacted before his eyes, Jack Russell must have been chained down to remain a passive spectator for a single moment; nor, had Dr. Richards and all the Dons of Oxford been present, could they have restrained the wild impulse he felt to take part in the fray! A struggle it was for life and liberty; the last effort of the noble beast to escape from his foes; naturally, however, the young hunter's sympathy being wholly with the hounds, in he plunged waist-deep into the flood, eager at once to encourage and help them in the somewhat dangerous work of capturing and killing the deer.

That event speedily followed; and Jack, being duly 'blooded' according to the usage of the period, received an impression of stag-hunting, deep-cut, enduring, and only to be effaced when the stream of life shall cease to flow in his veins.

If Collyns, like Hamilcar of old, had called upon the neophyte, there and then, to take a solemn oath never to abandon the legitimate 'Chase of the wild red deer,' the old hunter in after years would have been gratified to know that Russell, in his sylvan war, had observed his oath with no less fidelity than Hannibal himself in the glorious and protracted struggles of the second Punic campaign.

In ancient times, as Nimrod informs us, 'The head of the deer, after a good run, was produced in the evening with a silver cup in his mouth, out of which the favourite toast (Success to stag-hunting) was drunk. The custom is still kept up by the huntsman, whippers-in, farmers, and others, and the operation is performed in the following manner:—

'The cup is placed in the stag's mouth, secured with a cord to prevent its falling out. When it is filled to the brim, the person who is to drink it holds a horn in each hand, and brings it to his mouth, when he must finish it at one draught, and then turn the head downwards, bringing the top of it in contact with his breast, to convince his companions that he has drunk it to the dregs, otherwise he is subject to a fine.' He adds: 'In days still more gone by, a fine was imposed on a man who left the field before the deer was killed.'

The late Earl Fortescue, Lord-Lieutenant of the county, was at that time, from 1812 to 1818, Master of the Staghounds; and 'those,' Mr. Collyns tells us, 'were glorious days; ninety deer, forty-two stags, and forty-eight hinds having fallen in fair chase during the six years of his Mastership.* The halls of Castle Hill rang merrily with the wassail of the hunters, and many a pink issued from the hospitable seats of the neighbouring squires, on the bright autumn mornings, to participate in the pleasures of the chase. When a good stag had been killed, the custom was for James Tout, the huntsman,

* The Devon and Somerset Staghounds, under the able Mastership of Mr. Fenwick Bisset, killed fifty deer (stags and hinds) last season; that is, from August to December, 1876.

‘ to enter the dining-room at Castle Hill after dinner in full costume,
 ‘ with his horn in his hand, and after he had sounded a Mort, “ Suc-
 ‘ cess to stag-hunting ” was solemnly drunk by the assembled com-
 ‘ pany in port-wine,

“ . . . whose father grape grew fat
 On Lusitanian summers ; ”

‘ after which Tout again retired “ to his own place,” and rested him-
 ‘ self after the labours of the day in company with one or two
 ‘ favourites whose escape from the kennel had been connived at.
 ‘ There, before the ample fire, the huntsman dozed away his evening,
 ‘ and killed his deer again ; while

;
 “ The staghound, weary with the chase,
 Lay stretched upon the rushy floor,
 And waged in dreams the forest race
 From *Castle Hill* to wild *Exmoor*. ” ’

The eyes of the noble master, being himself an enthusiastic stag-hunter, must have sparkled with delight on witnessing the daring ardour of the young Oxonian, as he struggled through the deep water to collar the deer, and finally emerged red-handed from the fight. Russell, on that occasion, was not invited to enjoy the princely hospitality of Castle Hill, and to celebrate in due form the death of his first deer ; but, if such honour had been done him, certain it is that he would have been the first of the company to forswear the wassail bowl, and to bid one and all an early ‘ good-night.’ For has not his old friend, the late accomplished and much-beloved Devonshire squire, George Templer of Stover, chronicled his unvarying habit in this respect ? In poetic strain he writes thus of him :

‘ Another Prime Minister rode from the North,
 Of his talents Southmolton can best tell the worth ;
 So prone to the chase that he followed each scent,
 From the stag in the forest to “ bubble-a-vent ; ”
 More attached to his bed than a lover of wine,
 He was sure to be sound on his pillow at nine.’

‘ Bubble-a-vent ’ is a term used in otter hunting ; when the quarry, bolting in a hurry or becoming distressed by the chase, is compelled to vent ; and thus, by a chain of silver bubbles rising to the surface, unconsciously reveals his course beneath the turbid wave. But more of that anon ; when Russell himself, a few years afterwards, started a pack of otter-hounds, and, as he says, ‘ did ‘ little more than disturb the sleeping echoes of the North Devon ‘ coombs.’

It was but a short time since, namely in 1876, when he was dining with the present Lord Fortescue at Castle Hill, that the remembrance of his first entry with staghounds in 1814 was brought back to his mind with vivid effect after the lapse of so many years. He had said ‘ good-night ’ to his hospitable and kind host and, homeward bound, was making his way towards the hall-door,

accompanied by some of the junior members of the family holding on to his skirt, when Lord Ebrington begged him to relate when and where he had seen his first stag killed.

‘With your grandfather,’ was the ready reply; ‘we found him in Padwells and killed him on the Barle, under Slade Bridge, on the 30th of September, 1814; and there he is,’ added Russell, catching sight at that instant of the head and antlers of the very animal, under the frontlet of which appeared a tablet indicating the above particulars.

Those who have once heard Russell tell a story, especially if hunting were the theme, will never forget the charm of his graphic touches, the intensity of his tone, and the point he has the power of imparting to the minutest detail. They will remember it as a picture painted by a master-hand, with its light and shade strong as one of Rembrandt’s; a picture true to life as was ever transferred to canvas.

It may well be imagined, then, how effectually those poetic touches must have inspired his youthful hearers with a longing to traverse the same wild moors, to witness the same exciting scenes, and to play their part as their forefathers and he had done, with like energy and like love for the manly game. With hunting blood already running richly in their veins, he must have stirred it to the very depths of their hearts; and, beyond all doubt, the poetry of the scene, the music of the hounds, and the odour of the heather will cling to their memories for many a future day; for, as Horace says,

‘Quo semel est imbuta recens, servabit odorem
Testa diu.’

His return to Oxford about the 20th of October brought his stag-hunting to a close for the remainder of that season; but he must have been a gourmand indeed if the bountiful bill of fare provided by *Alma Mater* did not fully satisfy his physical as well as mental requirements. He had only been a short time in residence at Exeter when a Kentish man, called Denne of Llydd, a gentleman-commoner of the same college, introduced him to a professor of pugilism, one Rowlands, who, having graduated in the school founded by John Broughton and the Duke of Cumberland, had come down from Westminster to instruct the youth of Oxford in the then popular art of self-defence.

Jack, now standing just six feet in his shoes, furnished with big limbs, a long reach, and withal a stalwart frame, required little persuasion from his friend Denne to attend and take part in the course of muscular lectures delivered by Rowlands in that gentleman’s rooms. Nor was it long ere the Professor was able to pronounce him one of his most promising pupils—a compliment duly appreciated by Russell, who, although far from being either a quarrelsome or a pugnacious character, possessed the ambition of a Cæsar, if attacked, to prove himself a man to the backbone.

In those days Exeter College teemed with gentlemen-commoners, who, as a rule, were either the eldest sons of large landed proprietors

in the West of England, or men already in possession of their paternal acres, to whom the payment of double fees was a matter of less consideration than the distinction conferred by the silk gown and velvet cap, which the University permitted them to wear. They dined, too, at a separate table from the commoners, namely, at the first below the *daïs*, and, exalted by these and other privileges, here and there a fool would give himself airs and affect to consider the latter simply as *οἱ πολλοί*—beings of an inferior caste, companionship with whom it was his bounden duty to eschew.

Such was Gordon, a North-countryman and a gentleman-commoner of Exeter at that time; a conceited young spark, whose chief ambition it was to associate with out-college men, especially those of Christ Church, to quote their sayings and doings at every turn, and, in reference thereto, to institute comparisons far from complimentary to the members of his own college. In fact, he was a tuft-hunter; and doubtless suffered as much contempt from the men whom he courted as from those whose society he would fain have ignored.

Denne, on the other hand, was as fine a specimen of manhood as ever stepped in shoe-leather; independent as Achilles himself, lithe, long-limbed, and of rare muscular development; he might have taken rank among the *Promachi* of old, so skilled was he in the use of the *cæstus*, and so powerful was his blow. At Eton he had been cotemporary with Ball Hughes, the noted dandy of the 7th Hussars; with Harris of Hayne, the ally and strenuous supporter of Russell in after days; and with that far-famed sportsman, Sir Harry Goodricke. Denne was there distinguished as a great foot-ball player; but especially as the avenger of the lower boys, who never failed to find shelter under his ægis, when oppressed by the bullies of the upper school. At Oxford, in a town-and-gown row he had knocked down the ringleader of the mob—a prize-fighting butcher, the terror of the slums—with such force that his comrades who lifted him up carried him to the rear in a state of insensibility, shouting as they did so that a coroner's inquest would sit upon the corpse and hang him for the murder.

The butcher, however, lived to fight at many a town-and-gown row after that day, but never again could be induced to confront Denne in single combat, either by the jeers of the gownsmen or the encouragement of his friends.

It was only at rare intervals that Gordon favoured the hall at Exeter with his company at dinner, for as a general rule he preferred taking that meal with his Christ Church friends, either at Saddler's, the Mitre, or at the Maidenhead Hotel. But dropping in on one occasion, he had scarcely been seated five minutes at table when the 'art of sparring' became the subject of conversation, and the insolent tone in which he vaunted the prowess of the Christ Church men, and disparaged that of his own college, so disturbed the usually placid current of Denne's temper, that he challenged him forthwith to arrange a meeting and prove his words.

'Bring your three best men,' he said, 'from Christ Church to

'my rooms, and if they can only stand up in a fair set-to against three of Exeter, we'll give your heroes full credit for all you say of them, but not till then.'

'Thank you, Denne, for your most courteous insinuation,' replied Gordon, curling his upper lip, and speaking in a tone of the bitterest irony; 'there will be no difficulty whatever in finding three good men and true to accept your challenge; indeed, a score, if necessary, would be forthcoming, so name your day, and they shall be ready.'

It was not usual for the commoners, before the high table had risen, to move from their seats and hold conversation with those at another table, much less with the gentlemen-commoners; but Russell, who was seated at a short distance below the latter, and had overheard all that had passed, could restrain himself no longer: 'Don't forget me, Denne,' he said, jumping on his legs and stalking up to his friend's side; 'I'll be one of the three, mind that, and the sooner we meet the better.'

The Fiery Cross of Clan-Alpine was never carried with such speed through the Trosachs as Gordon's message to the Christ Church men; nor did the interest excited by it flag for an instant, till three of them had been chosen, who, in the opinion of all, were best qualified to accept the challenge and carry to the front the colours of the College.

On a fixed day, then, soon afterwards, the party on both sides having assembled in Denne's rooms, with Gordon alone to witness the match, Russell was deputed to open the ball, the antagonist selected to meet him being the second best man of the Christ Church lot. It was a brisk set-to while it lasted, but, evidently, a one-sided affair from beginning to end; for Russell's long reach, and quick, straight blows, which fell with tremendous thuds on his adversary's visage, brought the trial to a close in little more than ten minutes.

The latter, admitting himself overmatched, then declined the unequal contest; while Russell, self-reliant and still 'fresh as paint,' refused to take off his gloves, calling stoutly for the next man to come on. Denne, however, interposed and would have his turn; going in first with No. 1, then with No. 3, and finally polishing them both off with as much ease as if they had been two old women.

'Now,' said Russell, addressing Gordon aside, 'I think you had better take your three fellows home; and don't make such fools of them again.'

But the meeting did not end there. Denne, willing to show the Christ Church men what a real set-to meant, invited Russell to put on the gloves with him and give them a lesson. Now Denne, being a master-hand at the work, it was no joke setting-to with him, for, Rowlands himself had acknowledged that he could teach him nothing. Nevertheless Russell, regardless of the punishment he knew must follow, responded readily to the summons. He stood up, and stopped and countered with the coolness of a professional, but, as he soon found, to little purpose. Denne forced him into a corner, paused a

moment, and thus warned him: 'Now, Jack, you are going to 'catch it!'

'Perhaps I am,' said the other; 'but don't make too sure of 'that.'

The words had scarcely escaped the enclosure of his teeth, ere a tremendous left-hander, coming straight from the shoulder, caught him on the lower jaw with such violence that it sent him reeling against a table, bringing him and it to the ground with a fearful crash. 'I really thought,' said Russell, relating the story to a friend long afterwards, 'that my chin had been knocked away; nor could 'I masticate a bit of roast beef for many a subsequent day.'

On the table that fell with him had stood a brass-bound writing-desk, which, besides the usual materials of such an article, contained a number of letters and notes, curiously folded, and written on coloured and gold-edged paper, while not a few other souvenirs, more or less valuable, were scattered broadcast on the floor. Shocked apparently by this untoward exposure, Denne, amid an outburst of laughter from the Christ Church men, dropped on his knees as if he was shot, and, gathering the precious favours together, crammed them again into the treacherous receptacle, denouncing as he did so, in no measured terms, the ill-luck that had revealed them to view.

Denne, like a good fellow, did his best to solace the wounded pride of his visitors by giving them a sumptuous champagne breakfast; but, 'nothing could a charm impart' to Gordon's spirits, who, according to Russell, 'carried his tail between his legs like a cur-dog that had been worrying sheep, and from that day never cocked 'it again.'

Prize-fighting was then the order of the day; and a set-to between two professionals of celebrity would bring together men of all ranks, patricians and proletarians, from the most remote parts of England, to witness what it would then have been heresy to call, the barbarous exhibition. The vale of Bicester, being on the borders of two counties, was consequently a convenient rendezvous for such encounters; and thither, on the occasion of a grand fight, the University would pour forth its legion of gownsmen; some betting heavily on the event, and some, chiefly amateurs in boxing, going there for the sole purpose of taking a first-class lesson in the 'noble art of self-defence.'

For such ruffianism, however, Russell had no taste; nor, skilled though he was in sparring, could he ever be induced to ride even so far as Bicester to witness a prize-fight.

'No!' he would say to Denne and others pressing him to accompany them, 'if I do get on a horse, it shall be to see a hound with 'his natural enemy, a fox, before him—a cross-country fight, not one 'in a ring.'

Still, the Greeks of Homer's song never enjoyed the display of athletic skill more emphatically than John Russell; for, when a 'turn 'at wrestling' was about to be played between Cann and Polkinghorn—the Ajax Telamon and Ulysses of modern history, and the Champions respectively of Devon and Cornwall—he has ridden a

hundred miles in a day to see the manly game come off. Then, if Cann, his compatriot, proved successful in giving his adversary a fair back-fall, i.e., in bringing three points of his torso to the earth without touching it with his limbs, every star in the sky would have cheered him on his long ride home; ay, and he would not have failed to describe every feature of the 'play' for months afterwards with sparkling comment and unflagging zest.

Prize-fighting, indeed, popular as it was during the first quarter of the present century, never appears to have taken the same hold of the public mind in Devon and Cornwall as it did in other parts of the United Kingdom. The Worthies of those counties adhered with better taste to their ancient and manly game of wrestling, which they rightly regarded as testing to the utmost the strength, skill, and courage of the combatants; but, at the same time, exhibiting none of the brutality that invariably characterised every pugilistic encounter.

During the summer season, but especially at that period of it between the hay and corn harvest, when the cereals were assuming a golden hue, and the orchards bending under their burden of fruit, there was scarcely a large village in the West which did not offer its prizes and enjoy annually the time-honoured spectacle of a game at wrestling, the players coming from all parts to contend for the mastery.

I have heard Russell relate that, on a certain Sunday while at church in Cornwall, he saw a man posted just outside the church-yard gate; six silver spoons were stuck into the band of his hat, and there he stood, shouting at the top of his voice, 'Plaize to tak' 'notiss. Thaise zix zilver spunes to be wrastled vor next Thursday, 'at Poughill, and all gen'lemen wrastlers will receive fair play.' The man, with the spoons in his hat, then entered the church, went up into the 'singing gallery' and hung it on a peg, from which it was perfectly visible to the parson and the greater part of his congregation.

On another occasion in the same locality, but not in the same church, snow lying deep on the ground, the clergyman was reading the second lesson, when a man opened the church door and, with a loud voice, proclaimed: 'I've a got un!' and immediately withdrew. But he had sounded the well-known note; every farmer and labourer who possessed a gun soon followed him, and, within a couple of hours, brought to the village inn a fine old fox, dug out and murdered in cold blood.

As in Cornwall, so formerly in the forest of Dartmoor: Tom French, the once notorious vulpecide, was wont to say of a fox, 'Tis a nasty varmint, I tell 'ee, and aught to be killed on a Sunday, so well as on a week-day;" a doctrine which he was not slow to practise, especially when a fall of snow gave

' While faithless snaw
Whar he has bee

FISH MURDER.—No. II.

SOME few months since I expended some ink and a little temper on an article in this Magazine, called 'Fish Murder,' which was an indictment against country gentlemen and keepers for uselessly dragging rivers and destroying coarse fish of all kinds, either under an insane idea that they could make trout live in water which was never intended for them, or because the rivers were theirs, and they had a right to do as they pleased with their own. This system of destroying fish for no one's good I call fish murder proper.

My friend A., who belongs to several fishing clubs, and rents a piece of water for his own enjoyment, and who, moreover, is a keen sportsman in every sense, and dead against wholesale ground-baiting, said to me the other day, 'I wish you would have a go at the "pot-hunters."' 'Pot-hunters' was his expression, not mine.

Falling into discourse, as Mr. Pepys used to say, I had the benefit of my friend A.'s opinion about 'pot-hunters,' the greatest sinners amongst whom he described as the greatest-weight prize-seekers in piscatorial clubs. A week or two afterwards I met another friend, B., who is very well known in the fishing world, and a great authority on the gentle art, and for whose opinion I also have a great respect, who stood up manfully for wholesale ground-baiting and greatest-weight prizes to any extent, and who lustily cries out against the idea that the fact of attracting fish wholesale into a swim and pulling them out is 'fish murder' in any sense.

I know both my friends represent a large party, so the subject must be of interest to both sides.

Every one knows that as a rule the London men, who used to be called the 'Cockney Sportsmen,' and who were food for Seymour, the great caricaturist, years ago, are the keenest anglers in the world, and amongst them are the very best of the craft. Locomotion being easy now, those who have plenty of money and leisure can get the best of fishing on the Thames and in subscription waters by paying for it. The man who fairly catches the large Thames trout, or a monster pike, by spinning, is one to whom any honest angler ought to take off his hat; and although the victory is doubly valuable if the captor finds and kills his fish without any external aid beyond a boy or man with a landing net, yet, if I had the time and the money, I should not be above telling a Thames fisherman that I would give him a sovereign if he would telegraph to me when a monster of the deep was on the feed, provided that he would keep himself disengaged for me, and let me have first go at the fish. I think we should take off our hats, too, to the bank anglers, who walk their dozen or fifteen miles, starting at midnight and reaching the river by daybreak, in time for 'the fishes' breakfast-time,' as they express it, and who, with tackle of their own manufacture frequently, and

with no artificial aid beyond a few bran and bread balls for ground-bait, fill their basket with fine roach out of a much-fished river.

There is, however, great diversity of opinion as to its being sportsmanlike to bait a swim to excess and seeing how many fish can be caught for the purpose of making up a weight. The question arose in one of the law courts a short time since, and the Piscatorial Society—an excellent institution, to which I had the pleasure of belonging when living in London, and at whose annual dinner I once had the honour of presiding, when there was abundance of ground-bait, and all were on the feed—voted with the ‘ayes’ in favour of the system; whereas my friend A., who incited me to write this article, votes with the ‘noes,’ his opinion—which is well worth having, as I said before—being that prizes should only be given for specimen fish fairly angled for, and that catching fish wholesale out of a baited swim is ‘fish murder.’ The principle of ground-baiting arose out of a law case, as most of our readers must know, in an action for libel. The facts that a member of the Piscatorial Society was fishing for a prize, and had expended 3*l.* on worms brought from Nottingham, the Nottingham worms being supposed to be of a peculiarly ‘spicy flavour,’ as one of the counsel expressed it; which worms had, I suppose, been cut up and thrown into a swim to attract barbel, previously to a contest for the heaviest weight prize. I don’t envy the worm-cutter his art: it would give me the creeps. The charge of the piscatorial world against the plaintiff, who brought his action for libel on the ground that his name and address had been maliciously published in the ‘Field,’ was that he had fished the defendant’s preserved swim early in the morning, and had spoilt the defendant’s sport. The plaintiff, who is a very respectable man in social position, as is the defendant, got nominal damages of 20*s.*, and, as I am informed, the Piscatorial Society have sympathised with the defendant by helping towards the costs. *Ergo* the Piscatorial Society are in favour of the ‘spicy-flavoured’ Nottingham worm and wholesale ground-baiting.

Now comes the question whether there is any real sport in catching a quantity of fish which are huddled together in an unnatural manner. My friend B., who has caught every fish which swims, is strong with the ‘ayes’ as regards baiting a swim being sport. My friend A.’s opinion is diametrically opposite. Who is to decide between two good fellows such as A. and B. are?

The bulk of my fishing friends, I think, vote with A., but then I am not a Thames fisherman, and prefer self-help, and a day by a river, and to find my own fish, my humble opinion being that the real pleasure of all sport is its uncertainty.

Take cricket, for instance. What is more disappointing, after we have, at great trouble and expense, got a fine eleven together, with a real good fight in prospect, than to find that our opponents have brought a very weak team? What is the use of a man’s score of fifty runs (except to ‘pot-hunting’ cricketers who talk about their average) against bad bowling, compared with double figures,

which take an hour to get perhaps, against first-rate bowling and fielding, every run being hard earned? Again, any real sportsman will tell you that he would sooner go out and kill two or three couple of snipe, and a few wild ducks, when they are paying a flying visit, than shoot any amount of tame pheasants.

Does it not, then, occur to the Piscatorial and other Societies, that for encouraging dear old Izaak Walton's pastime, their best prizes should be given for the best specimen fish caught by any member, under difficulties, and without artificial aid? Of course you must trust to the honour of the competitors, and you must strictly define the meaning of 'artificial aid.' If I had the time now, which I have not, I would never leave off until I had studied the Thames all the way from Richmond to the farthest place where barbel are to be found, and had caught a big barbel or two '*on my own hook*,' working early and late, and unaided in any way. The very fact of being laughed at for my pains would make me all the keener, because, according to the recorded experience of barbel fishermen, your chance of getting barbel without baiting is small.

I remember on two occasions giving up fishing in utter indifference, and on two other occasions marking my day's sport with the biggest red letter A in the alphabet, or by a white stone—as you please. In a river which flowed through a private park, and in which I had the exclusive privilege of fishing, there were any amount of jack, perch, and roach, which ran to a good size—many of the roach running from one to two pounds—a flood was clearing, and I really believe I might have caught roach by the hundred: it was simply a case of putting in your line and pulling the fish out. On ordinary days it required a good deal of care and skill to get the big fish with a little dough and honey, and a morsel of white wool, with the aid of a very small hook, a single hair line, and a phantom float—and very good sport they gave. Had I been fishing for the heaviest weight of roach in one day, I am certain I could have won the prize—as they positively were taking a lob worm, on a gymp eel-hook, and hooking themselves; and had I done so, I should not have cared a straw for the prize, because any fool might have caught the fish wholesale with the proper tackle. On another day, in Hampshire, when a flood was commencing, without moving from the same spot, I caught six jack with a gorge hook, of from four to eight pounds, in three-quarters of an hour. I did not care about going on, for it was no sport, as it was simply throwing in and catching fish. Had I been fishing with a snap hook I might have caught twice the number probably. It was clear that all the fish were on the move and ravenously hungry. I was not the least surprised to hear that a gentleman in another river in the neighbourhood had caught over a hundredweight and a half of jack in that day, as the fish were simply 'mad with glory,' as the Irish say.

I saw a working man in the year 1859 do the same thing on the Wey Navigation, on the towing path near Henwood's Mill, when a

flood was rising. He was fishing with a snap hook, and pulling out jack of from two to three pounds in an incredibly short time. It was clear that all the fish were on the move, and no art was required. Moreover he had very coarse tackle, and it simply amounted to hauling fish out, some of which might have lived long enough to attain a good weight. It was in vain that I appealed to him to discontinue such fish murder.

As regards my first red-letter day, I was with a friend at Ringwood at the end of November—the very day on which the wild fowl first came up,—as bad a day as I ever saw: north-east wind and sleet, and bitterly cold, and we had had a blank, after working all day over four miles of water, from 9 o'clock A.M. until just upon sunset, when we went to a bay called ‘The Hut.’ At this point the river was rushing by the outside of the bay, making a broad eddy over a hole twelve feet deep. We were using very fine tackle, made specially by Holroyd, on the *pater-noster* principle, with one hook only whipped on, eighteen inches above the bullet, and we were using a large gudgeon for bait. I know that some people call this poaching; I don’t.

We had to throw a long way out, but we dropped in amongst the perch, and caught thirteen in about half an hour, which scaled twenty-one pounds and a half at the butcher’s two hours after they were out of the water. Of course we were in luck, but the fish were not got together by artificial means, and it is very seldom that one drops in amongst a number of fine perch such as these were.

My second red-letter day was in Kent. It was the first day of my long vacation, and the weather was similar to that at Ringwood. I had no bait, and fished from 8 o'clock A.M. till 4 P.M. before I could get a roach for bait, as they would not be tempted. At last I got two roach. I saw, on my arrival by the bank of the river in the morning, a big jack move in a large pool at a bend in the stream. Just before sunset I had a go for him. Owing to trees, it was a case of live-baiting—to which I prefer spinning with a dead bait for sport—and I very fortunately had him first throw, and being alone, with only a small trout landing net, which I had for the purpose of landing roach, to take him out with; besides which the water was very deep and heavy, and my tackle light, and, moreover, the bank of the river was precipitous and three feet above the water. I had to wear him out, and it took me twenty-two minutes until I had him on the grass. He turned out to be an eleven pounder, but I had had him in my mind eight hours before he was on my hook.

I had no sooner secured him than I got hold of and missed his companion, which I lost owing to being too much in a hurry, and he broke away just as I got him alongside; but I had him before nine o'clock next morning, and he was nearly as big as the other.

Now, don’t let any one suppose that this is egotistically written. I don’t profess to be a great fisherman. I am simply putting in a plea for encouraging prizes for sport under difficulties, against what—I won’t call it ‘pot-hunting;’ that would be ill-natured—many of the

best fishermen call second-rate sport, brought about by artificial means. The very idea of a man sitting down to cut up sixty shillings' worth of worms is not pleasant, to say the least of it. Without being thin-skinned I must give my vote in favour of artificial or dead bait, when practicable.

There is a cry that the Thames fishermen do all in their power to throw difficulties in the way of the bank-anglers. I hope the cry is exaggerated, as no real sportsmen of any kind would like to prevent their poorer neighbours from following an amusement which is dear to so many in England, any more than the gentlemen's eleven in a village—except in cases where a grand match is to be played—would think of monopolising the village green on a Saturday, which is the poor man's only day; my creed being that all sport should be unselfish.

The question now is fairly raised, whether all the best prizes should not be given for the greatest skill in the art, instead of for the heaviest basket or the greatest number of fish.

I will exemplify this. Assuming that a prize was given for the greatest skill under difficulties, I could, I think, put my hand on a probable winner. A friend of mine, who is the king of fishermen, came down to fish a trout stream last July twelvemonth. He only had from 10 A.M. to 1 o'clock P.M. to spare, as he was obliged to go to London. The weather was tropical; the sun was like a bright copper kettle; not a leaf stirred, and not a fish moved. He and I agreed that sport was next door to impossible. However, he had nothing else to do, so he lit a pipe, put his rod together, and prospected the river, in which he had never fished before. To add to the difficulties, there were a good many weeds, and he could only fish with one fly, as a dropper would catch the weeds. He made up his mind that there were only four spots where there was a chance, and all these were where there was a little bush at each place, which gave a ghost of shade, with a curling ripple close to it. He had to keep himself out of view, and to throw right across the river, and at each place the likely spot under the bush was not three feet in diameter. By downright perseverance and skill, he caught two brace of good trout, and I don't know another man in England who would have done it. No doubt there is such a man, but he never came my way. Here is a case of a well-earned prize for skill.

On another occasion I met a gentleman at Ringwood, who despised all extraneous aid. He was a bank-fisherman, and always went out alone. He fished for pike only, and caught some very large ones. His sole stock-in-trade was a spinning rod and a strong light line, with about four yards of salmon gut, and for bait a small piece of sheet iron, about as thick as a halfpenny and from three to four inches long and about an inch across, much in the shape of a long Z, or like a streak of forked lightning, polished like silver on one side and dark on the other, a large light creel, and a very light gaff. He intended the bait, which was invented by himself, for the

representation of a small eel. He told me that he had never asked a question about the river in his life, but trusted entirely to his own observation. Sometimes he was there for a day or two and caught nothing, but he said, 'I do about fifteen to twenty miles' walking, perhaps; and when I do get a fish he is often a very big one—as I always fish every inch of the deep heavy water—and he is all my own.' This is real fishing for the sport.

There, Mr. Baily, I will criticise my only article, and, *me judice*—considering my excitable temperament—I believe that I have touched on this very debatable question without any ebullition of temper, and without saying a word to offend any one, especially my old friends 'the Piscatorials,' leaving all to go their own way to work as they please; for, after all, these things are simply a matter of opinion.

F. G.

Mitcham, August 1877.

THE HORSE THAT JONES REJECTED.

THERE is nothing more strange than the fluctuations that take place in the value of hunters—or, we should rather say, the money for which they are sold at different times; for although it is asserted, and it may be justly, the value of a thing is exactly what it will fetch, there cannot possibly be such a change as is often effected in a very short time in the price of hunters. One remarkable instance we give in the late Sir Charles Slingsby's celebrated horse Saltfish, the cause of the sad accident on the Ure. He was bought at a very little money, and in a short time sold at a rattling figure to Sir Charles, with another, the deal taking place on a Good Friday, hence the horses were named Saltfish and Egg Sauce. We remember another instance: being at Tattersall's a few years ago, one autumn, a fine, slapping bay hunter was knocked down at thirty-eight guineas, or thereabout, when Mr. Pain, who was selling, remarked, 'I sold that same horse in the so-and-so stud for three hundred in the 'spring.' The horse was all right, and had been well summered, yet there was all that difference in price, we presume, because the first time he came out of a well-known stable, and afterwards nobody knew where he came from, and very few, if any, recognised the horse again. He was, however, only disposed of in the autumn on account of the owner being obliged, through ill-health, to winter in a milder climate.

There is an old saying, 'So many hounds so many kinds, so many men so many minds;' and truly in nothing do men differ more than in their estimation of horses. Hence perhaps the variation that is seen in the price of the same animal at various times. What is one man's meat is another's poison, in horseflesh; and it is amusing to see the fierce battles that are fought amongst connoisseurs, or would-be connoisseurs, over the merits of horses that are exhibited

at the public shows, as well as how different sets of judges will ring the changes on them. In fact, we knew one man who, having attended all the shows for some years, had so fathomed the ideas of those men who judge often, that when well-known horses were exhibited, as soon as he saw who was on the bench, could pretty well tell what horses would be the winners, and his predictions generally came off right. We propose now to relate an instance of the difference of opinion of two well-known hunting men concerning the same horse.

At the stables of a large dealer, in Raspershire, might have been seen not a hundred years ago, a young gentleman, whom we will call Jones, in deep conversation with the owner thereof. The subject of their discourse was a fine, upstanding, blood-like chestnut gelding, full of quality, with fine action, beautifully oblique shoulders, but not very deep back ribs. This horse Jones had purchased of the dealer, and was now endeavouring to effect his return, as he said he was a bad brute, and no use. The dealer made but little demur, and, laconically observing, 'If he does not suit you, I dare say he will somebody else,' closed the transaction. It so happened that before very long another man took a fancy to the chestnut, and, as it happened, he did suit him. He was not an easy man to carry, either, across such a country as Raspershire, for where the hounds went he went; and in that favoured locality, the fields are often a hundred acres of grass, so that hounds do go a pace—and it takes something pretty good to carry a man who sits fourteen stone in his saddle over the obstacles that separate one field from another; there the farmers graze beasts, and rear strong barriers to keep them within bounds; they also dig deep ditches—eleven feet, we believe, has been measured—and have a reprehensible habit of placing strong rails, not only in a weak place or gap in the fence, but also a yard or two beyond, in order that the bullocks may not tear it with their horns. Until we have a national breed of polled cattle, and there is a prohibitory law against keeping anything with horns—which time may Providence in its mercy hasten—Raspershire will not be an easy country to ride straight to hounds over.

On a fine January morning, not many months after the conversation with the dealer we have above recorded, the Pitch Plaister hounds were to meet at Flatt, their crack fixture. It was a very great day indeed, for the *élite* of at least three hunts were there to do battle for their respective country, each and all determined to 'cut those other fellows down.' There were the Tadpolites from Farborough, and the Othershire men, and representatives of the Duncowshire and the North Duncowshire. Not all in their war paint—especially the Tadpolites, because they will not mount pink to honour a neighbouring hunt; with them it is not the correct thing; and if a man does not do the correct thing, he is a lost member of their society: so several came in black and other sad colours, but you may take your oath they were one and all on their best horses. The Othershire and Duncowshire men of both hunts were not so particular, but came for the most part in full war paint—a fact which,

however, did not hinder their going quite as well as the Tadpolites for that matter.

It was a beautiful morning; but little wind, and that inclining eastwards; a crisp feel in the air that just made your fingers tingle, and brought a glow into your cheeks as you trotted along to covert. The glass was rising gradually, and the ground moist enough to hold a scent, without being so deep as to interfere with the going. What a crowd there was at the meet! for besides those we have mentioned, a large contingent had come from town and other places by train. One gentleman had a capital run with the Queen's Staghounds on the previous day to tell of. Another, the latest Paris news, for he had dined in that queen of cities the night before, and having breakfasted very near the middle of England that morning, turned up as fresh at the meet as if his paternal acres lay in the county. There must have been at least six hundred on horseback, for the Pitch Plaister hounds are all the rage on their Wednesday side of the country—too much so, many men said, who neither wanted to ride over any one else, or be ridden over themselves, and who like to see hounds have room to work, which they scarcely can do when there is, as we have seen, at one and the same time, forty or fifty horsemen, a herd of bullocks, and a flock of sheep between them and their fox. However, things on the occasion we write of were better, for the Prime Minister of the Pitch Plaister country had been altered, and being a man who knew how the thing should be done did it, and kept order in the field, so that on the other side of the country, where such crowds did not congregate, men said the sport was much better. So it really was on the Wednesday when a fox would go; but with a ringing brute, what could even the Great Duke himself have done with six hundred, nearly half of whom, coming from other parts, cared very little whether they obeyed him or not?

We must, also, by no means leave out carriage and infantry contingents, which form a very material element in the calculations of sport in Raspershire; for one party, those on wheels, are given to head foxes in their endeavours to nick in and see sport, and the other, although pretty well-behaved on the whole and wonderfully keen sportsmen to a man, will holloa at inopportune moments and so do mischief; while we fear a few Boeotians, who are for the most part diggers and delvers and not sons of St. Crispin—like most who hunt on foot—will give mendacious information at a check, with a view of diverting the chase from the line of a piece of wheat or swedes. But already the hounds are moving off and trotting across the hill to the famous Flatt covert, a line of horsemen, like a regiment of cavalry, extending for a mile or more, skirmishers out on each side, a running escort of voltigeurs and carriages to block up the gateways, and represent artillery. The latter and the infantry, happily, for the most part stop on the hill, and ere long the cavalry is drawn in a compact phalanx under the covert-side—for our chief in command suffers not stragglers or skirterers. It is a little place,

nearly or quite square, but thick and amply sufficient to hold a fox, and on this occasion it does hold one, and a right good one. A note or two and a view holloa! is followed by the rush of the six hundred; but they are too fast. One over-eager man leaps a fence right in the fox's face, and sends him short back into covert; a hundred others have not seen this, but rush on their mad career, riding against and after each other, until one comes down a cracker over some rails two fields beyond where the fox was headed, when they pull up, and, with bewildered looks, ask, 'Where are the hounds?'

The query is soon answered by the dulcet notes that come from the covert; and one and all hurry back, just in time to see the pack get well away on the far side, without a chance of their overriding them. There is a rare scent, and Will Whistler, fond as he is of getting his head up at the sound of a holloa, and worse luck his hounds' heads also, has no chance to interfere with them. Nay, although the horse he is on can gallop, jump and stay, and he is a glutton at timber, he must ride his hardest to hold his own for the first ten minutes, a thick bullfinch and one or two nasty doubles, the widest ditch being of course on the far side, and some strong binders between—showing that Raspershire is not to be trifled with. Ten minutes have come and gone when the hounds first make a fling and flourish, and those with their eyes on them can just afford to take a pull and ease their horses for two-score yards; but the field has become terribly select, and a lane to the right is full to overflowing. There are two or three hard-bitten ones from Farborough, a welter and light-weight from the north of the Duncowshire country—perhaps the heaviest and lightest men in the field; at least four captains who have earned their laurels between the flags; some ladies, one of whom rides to hunt as certainly as another hunts to ride; a few cramming, jamming farmers, for the most part Pitch Plaister men, though one comes from the Tadpole country, and a capital man he is, rides first-class, breeds some good blood stock, and occasionally judges at shows—and the tale is pretty well told, always, of course, excepting the real hard-bitten ones of the Pitch Plaister Hunt—who have been well holding their own. A capital nick, think those in the lane as they see the foremost men bending towards them. But, alas, they are deceived. A hare tan bitch feathers under a fence, throws her tongue, and, before all except the very foremost have had the semblance of a pull, they are away again at racing pace, undulating pastures and moderate fences luring on the unwary to their own destruction. Not so with our friends in the lane; they know better than to be cajoled into that line, for they know that a mile ahead runs one of the worst brooks in the country, rotten as to its banks, uncertain in depth, but very certain as regards width, which, on an average, rather exceeds eighteen feet than falls short of it. However, led by a local geographer, they gallop with a will, and arrive at a bridge in time to see the first flight swing over in their stride, and witness the total discomfiture of those who, not having decision enough to make up their minds either to ride or let it alone,

go pottering on in other people's tracks, over gaps and easy places, until some such obstacle puts them quite out of court; and never having seen a hound during the run, they find, when the fun becomes fast and furious, that they are quite out of it. Another length of pasture leads to a big boundary fence, bank, double ditch and rails, also known to our local geographer, and which he and his followers avoid with the same skill as they did the brook, and arrive beyond it soon enough to see the first-flighters come over it as best they can; and then the hounds bending in their favour, thrusters and shirkers are joined, and as merry a spin as man need wish to witness ensues over a magnificent line of grass, with plenty of gates, of which all are fain to make use—for the best of them begin to be a little bit baked by this time. The hounds run with raised hackles, as if knowing their fox must sink before them, while he turns and twists in a manner that shows he has almost had enough: in fact, half an hour at the pace—and they have been at him that time—is no joke for any one. Gradually the hounds steal away from the horses, who one after another drop from the front rank, and men begin to cast wistful and longing eyes for those second horsemen, who do not appear. The cry is like Richard's, at Bosworth, 'A horse! a horse!—my kingdom for a horse!'—but, alas, they come not. A covert is before them, and the blown ones look for respite when it is reached; but the fox is too beaten himself to enter: he turns to the right, runs a few small inclosures, and then Tom, the first whip—who appears to have the faculty of dropping from the clouds on the precise spot on which he can be of the greatest service—is seen galloping down a ditch-side towards us, screaming, with his cap off, and the pack, rushing in like waters bursting from a reservoir, get their well-earned blood, just as Will's horse comes an imperial crowner into the field from catching his knees in a binder. However, no harm is done; and he soon stands jubilant with the fox held high in air and his baying pack around him, after as fine a forty minutes over the grass as Raspershire has ever shown, great and glorious as are its annals in the sporting world.

It is a select party there to see the finish—those of the hard-riding division whose nags were stout and clever enough to pull them through—those of the shirkers, who were content to take no half-measures, but boldly trust to their knowledge of country and the run of the game as well as their horses' speed and endurance to make up for a bad turn, should fate prove adverse to them. But it was, even then, a small band compared with the six hundred who showed so gallantly at the covert-side in the morning. Where were the rest? we may say—and echo answers, 'Where?' Some pumped-out and beaten to a stand-still; others, picking up the pieces from falls, extricating themselves and horses from ditches—seeking a comforter for the inward man, or dry clothes for the outward after immersion in the brook, at the house of some hospitable farmer, and so forth; while half of them are riding about bewildered, asking which way the hounds are gone, and proving that in such a country as this it is

no use to halt between two opinions, or resort to half measures ; that if you have money, horses, health, and nerve, you may ride and enjoy yourself and see all the fun ; but that unless you have horses—the best of horses—and nerve to ride them, it is no use to go pottering after other people, but that you had better decline the encounter, and see what a knowledge of country, the run of foxes and so forth will do for you. In fact you must be, as the Yorkshiremen say, ‘ either ‘ a man or a mouse.’

In the meantime all are asking who went best through the run ; and, jealousy aside, they cannot help awarding the honour to the tall man on the chestnut, our Prime Minister—General, Master, in fact. And the chestnut ? Well, he is the brute that was no use—to tell truth, the very horse that Jones rejected.

T. CANNON.

THE series of portraits of famous jockeys published in this magazine would be incomplete without that of Thomas Cannon, or ‘ Tom ’ Cannon, as he is invariably called by his personal acquaintances, and by the much larger body who only know him by reputation as a most successful and finished horseman. This reputation he is likely to preserve for a long time. He is still a young man, having been born at Eton in the April of 1846, and is of a build and habit of body so favourable to his vocation that there is little probability of his being compelled to relinquish the racing saddle at a time when judgment and nerve are as yet unimpaired. This has befallen some of his contemporaries, but Nature, aided by his own careful habits, has afforded Tom Cannon the chance of a long career as a jockey. Seventeen years ago, when his weight was but three stone twelve, he rode his first race. This was in the Saltram Handicap at Plymouth, and his mount was a four-year-old filly called Mavourneen, who fell in running. It was not long, however, before he earned his spurs, as, later in the same week, he rode Lord Portsmouth’s My Uncle in a heat race and won, the second being a dead heat between Cannon’s horse and Lisp, whilst Tom won the final heat by a head only. Truly there was no want of excitement or variety in his first week’s experience of race-riding. It is not necessary to trace closely the career of the subject of this brief sketch. His ability was soon recognised, and procured him plenty of employment, Mr. Brayley’s stable furnishing him with abundance of riding, whilst one of the earliest to appreciate his horsemanship was his future father-in-law, Mr. John Day. From the Danebury and Woodyeates stables have come some of his best mounts, and although we never heard him dilate at much length on the merits of any in particular of the many good ones he has ridden, it is probable that he shares John Day’s belief, that when thoroughly well, The Duke was a wonderful horse. Like Fordham, whose extraordinary talent as

a jockey has no truer admirer than Tom Cannon, he has never won either Derby or St. Leger, but the Oaks has twice fallen to his share, each time by the aid of a very good filly, viz., Brigantine and Marie Stuart. A couple of Grand Prix rides—on Ceylon and Trent—were also successful, and he has bestridden the winners of hosts of minor races. Few men have had such singular runs of good fortune as occasionally fall to Tom's lot; in proof of which it may be mentioned that he once rode the winners of twelve races in a single week, and another time thirteen! Without undue praise, it may be stated that he has no superior in his business. Patience, judgment of pace, coolness, and fine hands are the belongings of a first-class jockey, and Cannon has them all. So many of his brilliant finishes can be recalled, that it is not easy to make choice of one in particular where the above attributes were specially shown. Good judges who saw his admirable handling of Farnsfield in the Two-year-old Sweepstakes at Doncaster in 1873, noted it as a 'bit' to be remembered; and nothing could be better than his jockeyship on Sir Amyas at Stockbridge a few years back, when he just got rid of Highland Fling. Quite as artistic, although less obvious to the million, was the style in which he recently rode Petrarch for the Ascot Cup; and a masterpiece, in its way, was shown this spring on Bishop Burton at Lincoln. Tom is no mean judge of young thoroughbred stock, and is not often missing from the ring-side at an important yearling sale. There, ash stick in hand, and wideawake stuck a little on one side, he will stand with gravely critical air until some lot that takes his fancy seems to be going well within its value, when his nod not unfrequently causes a useful youngster to travel from the sale paddock to Houghton, a recent instance of this being Lady Palmer II. He has generally a few horses in training, and although none of these have won a stake of much importance, they often carry their owner's scarlet and white hoops first past the post. This year Fortune has befriended him, and besides Lady Palmer, the useful three-year-old, Strudwicke, picked up several nice stakes, before he was disposed of on advantageous terms to Lord Alington.

GETTING OUT OF A SCREW, OR A DEAL WITH ONE OF THE 'UNCO GUDE.'

It is not so very long ago that, in giving some incidents in the life of a hunter, we exposed a little sharp practice, if we may so term it, on the part of a dealer. That those whose transactions are professionally amongst horses do not have all the fun to themselves in this way is a truth which cannot be controverted, although it may not perhaps be so generally known as it ought to be. In fact, we take it that the man who would not stick a screw into his dearest friend is a much honester specimen of his kind than is to be run up against every ten yards in

a crowded street, and even the 'unco gude' are not above letting their friends in for a bad bargain occasionally. We have seldom heard of a neater do, however, than the one we are now about to record, which took place some years ago in a town in the South of England. The principal characters have all passed away, but for the sake of those they have left behind we have so altered names, that it is impossible any should recognise to whom we refer.

In the town of which we spoke lived many years ago a citizen who was quite a man of mark amongst his fellow-townsmen. We do not suppose he had a very long pedigree, and perhaps it would have troubled him to have given any satisfactory answer as to who his grandfather was, and he never alluded in any very precise terms as to what part of the country his family was supposed to have originated in. However, he was a very successful man of business, of that there was no doubt; his whole energy being devoted to making money, and his spare time to what he thought, or affected to think, was religion. Hence he was a man of mark in the place. There is nothing like money and religion—the first covered by an affectation of poverty, which as much as says, I am so rich that I can afford to pretend to be poor; and the latter ostentatiously displayed for getting a man respect among his fellows; and this our old friend Amos Snuggs, as we will call him, well knew. A stricter and, as the old women term it, 'better living man' than Amos could not be found in the county. But even Amos had his secret faults—like others, he was not quite perfect—and one of these faults, of which the world knew nothing, for he was very careful with regard to its indulgence, was a passion for high play. On no inducement whatever would he have touched a card before strangers, but there was a certain set, into which it was exceedingly difficult to get the *entrée*, who, several nights in the week—some people said they occasionally extended to seven—met at one or other of their houses and made a night of it. Amongst these was a young man named Freeport, a nephew and ward of one of Mr. Snuggs's cronies, who, being early left an orphan with a very good property which accumulated until he was of age, found himself at one-and-twenty in possession of a large income, besides a good round sum in ready cash. Of course he had no difficulty in getting into the precious set presided over by Amos, for these sanctimonious gamblers had as keen a scent for a pigeon as the veriest rook who ever haunted a hell or gambling house, and Freeport's brains were by no means on the same extended scale as his wealth. Through this means he soon became intimate with old Snuggs. Before he had known him many months the hunting season came on, and Freeport, although he had never mounted a horse in his life until of age, must of course have a hunter or two. It so chanced that, although the strict principles of old Snuggs prevented his having anything to do with hunters or hunting, he was just at this time, greatly to his own disgust, in possession of an animal which he considered might figure (in another man's possession of course) to advantage in the chase. This is how

- such a strange inmate found its way into his stable. Amos, amongst his other avocations, had no disinclination to lend money when he thought he could see good security and the interest was high, and he had some few commercial transactions with a trainer who, for a time, honoured the town of which we have spoken with his presence. Over and above these transactions, he had, by the trainer's advice and through him, put down the pieces pretty freely on a good thing or two and landed the odds; but an evil day came at last; he embarked a heavier stake than usual on the greatest certainty ever known, only to find that just before the race, a pay or play one, the horse was scratched, and that the trainer in whom he trusted, and who no doubt had used the pail pretty freely, had thought proper to change the scene of his operations. Many were the inquiries for him after the race by those who should have received from him, but did not, though he took good care to get in, through his confederates, all the spoil that accrued from the transaction. He stripped the place where he had lived, paid no one, and was lost to those parts for ever. There was one steed, however, which he did not think worth the trouble of taking away, an old chestnut named Peter—a bad race-horse even over hurdles, a worse hack, and not strong enough for a hunter, besides being about as unsound all round as a horse well could be, though well shaped and handsome. On this precious bargain Amos pounced in his wrath as some compensation for the losses he had endured, and very soon after wished he had been at the bottom of the sea before he had ever entered his stable, for he could not ride him, and his son, who knew a little more about horses than the old gentleman gave him credit for, would not. Consequently he determined, wisely enough, to sell him to Freeport.

Not long after he had arrived at this laudable resolution, Freeport was spending a quiet afternoon at his house, when he chanced to say that he must look out for some hunters, but scarcely knew who was the best man to go to. Amos answered that if he really wanted something good to begin with, there was a horse in his stable that he would not mind parting with, though he hated dealing; he had bought him for his boy, but he did not like him; and as the horse was no use to him he must go, and it was a pity such a good animal should fall into bad hands.

‘I should like to see the horse if you really mean to part with him.’

‘Well, if you will excuse me a moment I will ask John, my groom, when you can do so, and arrange with him as to the price; I leave it entirely in his hands.’

‘You can see the horse as soon as you like,’ said Amos, again entering the room. ‘By-the-way, you may as well dine with us this evening. You will perhaps excuse me while you are looking at the horse.’

Freeport was no horseman, neither was he a judge in any shape or way, but from consorting with men who owned horses, and rode and drove them, he had acquired, or fancied he had acquired, which was the same thing, a little knowledge. Had he been about to buy a

horse of a dealer he would have distrusted his own judgment, but Snuggs he was certain knew nothing about horses, and his man John he presumed knew little more than his master. But keener men than Freeport have fallen into worse mistakes than he did in underestimating this pair. True Snuggs was not a judge of a horse, but he was a most astute judge of men, and like all those who are fond of money, knew better than to sell anything too cheap. John had at least sense enough to act up to his master's instructions, and if truth must be added, had he been half the fool he looked would not long have enjoyed the situation he held.

'Well, John,' remarked Freeport, 'I hear you have got a horse for sale.'

'Yessir, I s'pose our chesnut is to be sold.'

'What is the matter with him?'

'Well you know, sir, master's no horseman, and I reckon he is rather too good a man for him.'

'What, he can't ride him, eh?' rejoined his questioner, slipping five shillings into his hand.

'There, I may as well tell you, he kicked the old gentleman off one day, and the young lady—she's master you know—won't let him ride him since. But lor bless you, sir, he's as quiet as a lamb with any one who can ride. How he would carry you to be sure!'

'Is he a hunter?'

'A hunter! I should think he was; why, Lord love ye, this is Peter the Hermit, as won no end of hurdle-races and steeple-chases. Many a crown I've won on him, only 'twon't do to let the govnor know. You know how 'tis indoors about them things.'

'Bought him of some racing man, did he not?'

'Took him for debt; stands him in a lot of money, but in a good man's hands he's worth it all. Bill at the Black Bear says as how he'll win races yet.'

'Why does not young Mr. Snuggs have him?'

'Because, like other young ones, he will have his own way, and won't be told by them as knows.'

'Well, let me see the horse,' said Freeport, and he was introduced to a weedy chestnut thoroughbred with a white face and thin switch tail, who showed more hair and bone than flesh and muscle.

Freeport, of course, went through all the ceremony of looking him over, and feeling him in every possible part, and on running his hand down the horse's fore-legs, which had been heavily fired, wanted to know what was the matter with them.

'Oh, you see,' said John, 'he's Irish bred, and they always fires their colts there to strengthen their legs; if ever you sees a hoss fired like that it's always a good sign.'

'He looks poor and rough.'

'Yes, master keeps bad, but he'd soon mend in good hands. Shall I put on the saddle for you?'

This was a master-stroke of John's, for he at once stopped any

further examination, which perhaps might have revealed more than was desirable even to such a judge as Freeport, and moreover he knew Peter was just the nag to suit a bad horseman. In fact, he was, like most well-shaped thoroughbreds, a delightful horse to sit upon, and as quiet as a lamb so long as he was not struck behind the saddle; infirmity in the feet also disposed him always to canter rather than trot, and the same cause made him bear upon the bit quite enough to allow a bad horseman to hold on by the reins when ridden in a plain snaffle. At the same time his naturally fine mouth rendered him easy to stop or turn. On this horse Freeport was now put and led to a large pasture outside the town, surrounded by small fences, and with a few hurdles dividing a portion of it. Here he walked, cantered, and trotted, and after a time ventured to ride at the hurdles, which Peter took with all the nonchalance of an old hand at the business. His leaning on the bit just suited his rider, and kept him steady in his short stirrups and 'wash-ball seat,' so that he felt great confidence, and charged successively almost all the fences in the neighbourhood; but when he returned after a quick gallop, 'What a noise he makes,' remarked he to John.

'Aye, sir, that's just the best of him.'

'How do you mean?'

'Why, sir, some hosses, you know, goes broken-winded. Now that hoss is a roarer, and will never go broken-winded as long as he lives.'

'But a roarer is not sound.'

'Not sound; why how could he win races if he wasn't sound?'

'That don't hurt him, it's nothing but the noise.'

'Well, John, what is the price?'

'He stood master in more than a hundred.'

'A hundred guineas?'

'Yes, he did, and young Captain Crasher, what looked at him last week, bid me a hundred and ten; but he is a bad master, and I have orders only to let him go to some one who would take care of him; but then it's no use for me to look after that, and I must sell him to the man who gives the best price. He very badly wanted him, and offered me ten pounds for myself if I would sell him; but I wasn't in a hurry, as he will be here again next week.'

This was a poser. Freeport liked the horse, and meant if possible to have him, but had not expected to be asked such a high figure. But what could he say? Snuggs knew nothing about horses, and John was right to get all he could for his master's property. Crasher, he knew, was a good judge, and if he liked him, why he could not be much too dear. He would take another canter on the strength of it. Peter went better than ever this time, the soft ground suited him, and his previous gallop had warmed him up. He flew the hurdles, and went so resolutely at the fences that Freeport was almost afraid. But then he stopped so easily that there could be no harm in him.

‘Well, John,’ said he, ‘I like him better and better, but I think I will just give him a trot on the road.’

‘Better not do that to-day, sir, his shoes is rather thin; I meant to have had him shod this mornin’, but as Smudge was so busy he asked me to put it off a day. So I agreed, not thinking it was likely any one would come to look at him.

Freeport, however, was particularly anxious to know if he was quiet, and would go without shying, or anything of that sort; so, greatly to John’s disgust, persisted in having his trot on the road. Luck here, however, favoured the faithful servant, for Peter’s gallop had so far warmed him up that he went much safer than usual on the hard ground. As to a few trips and stumbles the thin shoes explained them, and he was of far too sedate a character to shy, so Freeport came back much better pleased than John expected.

‘Well, John,’ said he, ‘you want a good home for Peter, so you must let me have him at the price Captain Crasher offered, one hundred and ten, and you shall have fifteen pounds for yourself. Is it a bargain?’

‘It is not enough, sir; but I knows you will be a good master, so I suppose you must have him, if it’s only because Mr. Crasher should not. Poor old fellow, I am very glad he’s gone into good hands. You know, sir, I allays took a fancy for that ere hoss, and I wished as how our young squire would have had un. But ’twas no use, do all I may, he’d hear nothing about it.’

‘Shall I pay Mr. Snuggs, or yourself, John?’

‘Oh, perhaps you’d better let me have the money, and don’t say how much it was, sir, or I shall get into the wrong with Captain Crasher; and you needn’t mention as how you give me anything.’

‘All right about that, John; but of course I must tell Mr. Snuggs what I gave for his horse.’

‘Oh yes, of course, of course, sir. I didn’t mean that; but any one else, you know. Confounded fool,’ muttered John to himself, ‘what need he tell the gov’nor what he gives for the hoss. I might have had the odd tenner myself, and sure old black-chaps would have done well then. He never cost more’n five-and-twenty to begin with. Well, he can’t do less than give me a fiver for selling him, or I’ll blow on him, hang me if I don’t. But what a fool that Freeport is, to be sure. Lucky I thought to stick one into him about Captain Crasher wanting him, or I don’t think he’d have come so kind. Well, it’s a good pair, at any rate. Peter ain’t worth a screw, and t’other won’t be long less he looks better out than this. Here Sal,’ said he, calling out a pale, sallow woman, ‘“the Lord hath been very merciful to us,” as old Cranky says. Run down to the Posts and fetch us a quartern of gin, my lass. We’ll wet this job, at any rate. We shall have an extra ten minutes in the hall to-night, and I shan’t get through without some lotion to keep me up. Quick, lass, ’tis a good day’s work, I tell ye.’

CRICKET.

LAST month we were unable to give any details of the Inter-University match, owing to the fact that it had hardly been concluded before the July number of 'Baily' was in the press. The result only tended to prove how utterly fallacious is the line so often taken from the form shown by the two elevens at home. Cambridge had certainly shown themselves, on their own ground, to be all round above the average, and apparently superior to the eleven that had borne the Light Blue colours to victory in 1876. Oxford, on the other hand, had (under unfavourable circumstances in some cases, it is true) made generally a very poor show; and though in London comparison of the cricket shown by the two Universities was all in favour of Oxford, yet the belief in Cambridge never wavered, and up to the last it was generally voted that the Dark Blues had not the ghost of a chance.

The very commencement of the match was destined to give a rude shock to those who had pinned their faith to the Light Blues, to the hundreds who swore by Alfred Lyttelton and Lucas, and Patterson and Steel. The Cambridge captain made an excellent commencement in winning the toss, a point which might have been sufficient to turn the scale had anything like a score been made. As it was, at the outset it became evident that the Oxford bowling was by no means so despicable as had been imagined, and steadily the odds that had been wagered on Cambridge became fine by degrees and beautifully less. Mr. Jellicoe, the slow left-hand bowler of Oxford—who, by-the-way, is a native of Southampton, and should be of service to Hampshire—pegged steadily away at the sticks, and none of the Cambridge batsmen could do anything with the bowling of Mr. Tylecote, once a fast bowler, but now converted into one of medium pace. As at the Oval the Light Blues had been anything but at home with Barratt and Southerton, so in this match they appeared to be utterly beaten by the medium-pace bowlers. Mr. Lucas played, as he always does, the perfection of cricket, though a trifle too steadily in the opinion of some; but the Hon. A. Lyttelton, of whom great things had been expected, was bowled by Mr. Tylecote for four. Mr. Steel, who has of late become more addicted to hitting, certainly not to the improvement of his cricket, put one neatly to point after getting 9; and all the crack batsmen of Cambridge, with one exception, were utter failures. Mr. Lucas went in first, and was the last wicket down, for 54, and the only other double figures were Mr. Patterson (20), not a good innings, and Mr. Schultz, who, though played solely for his bowling, showed very promising cricket, more than had been expected of him, for 18. When Cambridge were out for 134 there was much shaking of heads, and certainly the speculations of the sapient critics had received a check. Oxford, though, began badly enough to reassure those who had stuck unflinchingly to their

opponents. Mr. A. J. Webbe, the Oxford captain, on whom so much depended, was bowled by one of the good ones Mr. Luddington manages to send in occasionally; and his brother, Mr. H. R. Webbe, who had the previous week gained eminence in another field by taking a first class in the mathematical list at Oxford, made a great miscalculation in running out wildly at a short-pitched one from Mr. Patterson, and being easily stumped. Mr. Heath was bowled by the simplest possible one from Mr. Patterson, the only ball he had; and when Mr. Savory had been bowled by Mr. Luddington for the hateful duck's-egg, six Oxford wickets were down for 31. Up to this time the Cambridge bowling had been successful, solely from the fact that, with the exception of Mr. Wallington, who had played very steadily and well for 15, no one had shown the ability necessary to stop a good ball. Then came Mr. Tylecote to meet Mr. Buckland, who had begun with the same commendable patience that marked his batting under similar circumstances in the first innings of the match of 1876, and the two batsmen soon gave a very different tone to the aspect of affairs. Mr. Tylecote played the right game, content to keep up his wicket in the hope of breaking the Cambridge bowling, in which he was singularly successful. Mr. Luddington, who is as a rule only dangerous for a few overs, was soon collared, and though Mr. Patterson kept on bravely, with very few to hit, it was soon evident that Cambridge were getting demoralised. Their fielding, which had not in London been up to the form shown at Cambridge, grew slack, the throwing was wild, and generally there was an air of apathy pervading the eleven, only excepting the Hon. A. Lyttelton, whose wicket-keeping was much superior to anything that has ever been witnessed in an Inter-University match, his accuracy in taking balls on the leg side from the fast bowler being wonderful. The weakness of the Cambridge bowling soon became more apparent, and Mr. Jarvis's lobs, never of the best, were as futile as the bowling of Mr. Schultz, whom Mr. Buckland punished very heavily, to the ultimate extent of 40 runs from nine overs. Mr. Lucas bowled slow round fairly, but without success. Mr. Pigg's two overs were not assuring, and Mr. Bury, who, we should fancy, was played for little else but his bowling, was never bowled at all. Messrs. Tylecote and Buckland put on 142 runs, of which number Mr. Tylecote had been content to contribute only 39, though his defence, it is only fair to say, chiefly helped to turn the scale in favour of Oxford. At the end of the first day Oxford were 78 runs ahead of Cambridge, with one wicket still in hand; but Mr. Jellicoe is not a batsman difficult to dislodge, and Mr. Buckland took out his bat for 117 out of 214, or more than one-half of the entire total. How far his batting influenced the result is easily estimated, and at the same time nothing but unqualified praise can be bestowed on his innings. He went in when three of the best wickets were drawn for 13, and he only made one mistake during the two hours and fifty minutes that he was in, and that when he had got more than 60. He ought to have been

caught at cover point from Mr. Patterson by Mr. Steel, but the latter slipped as he was about to start for the ball, and so made an easy catch difficult. Mr. Buckland's 117 has only been beaten once in Oxford and Cambridge matches by Mr. Yardley's 130 for Cambridge against Oxford, in 1872; but his brilliant play, his splendid drives from the fast bowling, his smart cutting, and his excellent defence would alone make the match of 1877 memorable. This advantage of 80 runs to Oxford on the first innings altogether turned the tables, though even then there were some enthusiastic enough to believe in a turn up for Cambridge. Rain fell steadily on Tuesday morning, and though it was hardly sufficient to give the bowlers any very great advantage, it was still certainly rather in their favour than in that of Cambridge. Oxford had by this time nettled up, with the not very remote prospect of victory before them, and their fielding all round was very smart and clean—a decided contrast to that of Cambridge. A fine catch at short leg from a hard hit gave Oxford their first success, in getting rid of that dangerous batsman the Hon. A. Lyttelton again for 6 runs. Mr. Lucas failed this time to stop a not very difficult one from Mr. Tylecote; and when Mr. Jellicoe succeeded in bowling Mr. Patterson, and three of the best Cambridge batsmen were out for 30, the end was generally foreseen. Of course it was within the bounds of possibility for a stand to be made, as there had been by Messrs. Buckland and Tylecote, and had Mr. Steel only been allowed the chance of getting set, he might have put a new complexion on the course of events. Messrs. Jarvis and Steel did for a short time raise the hopes of Cambridge, but after adding 41, Mr. Steel was caught at the wicket, and, barring accidents, the match was over. Two very fine catches by Mr. Greene, one at long off, which disposed of Mr. Pigg, the other at square leg, from which Mr. Bury was caught, helped to expedite the result; and it was only the brief respite of a few hits by Mr. Luddington that prevented the match being over soon after five o'clock. Before the commencement, a notion that Cambridge could be dismissed for such totals as 134 and 126 would have been scouted as ridiculous, but they were none the less; and just after five o'clock Oxford were in the enviable position of only wanting 47 runs to win. Without any great responsibility, the Oxford captain, Mr. A. J. Webbe, and his brother batted freely and in their true form, and the Cambridge bowling got severely treated, as it ought to have been at the commencement of the first innings. Mr. Luddington's six overs cost 24 runs, Mr. Schultz's fourteen balls, 13 runs; and the rate of scoring was so fast, that 47 runs were got in thirty-two minutes, Mr. A. J. Webbe getting 27, his brother 19. So ended a match that was at the beginning of the season voted to be the greatest certainty for Cambridge. The victory of Oxford by ten wickets was, perhaps, more decisive than would be the case had the match to be played over again, but none the less we believe that the better eleven won. The batting of Cambridge was a little disappointing; and Oxford did well to get rid of the Hon. A. Lyttelton for a small score each time. Collectively, though the Light Blues

were not so strong with the bat as had been represented, and however much they might have been at home with fast bowling, the Oxford captain did wisely in keeping on the medium-paced bowlers, whom the Cambridge batsmen certainly could not play. Oxford deserved its victory thoroughly, as the match was pulled out of the fire in the first innings, and the whole eleven worked thoroughly well and zealously in the field. Mr. Tylecote bowled well and with great judgment, without being changed either innings; and Mr. Buckland's analysis was excellent, as he bowled thirty-seven overs for 52 runs and seven wickets. Without in any way detracting from the general merits of the eleven, the victory of Oxford was mainly due to the efforts of Messrs. Buckland and Tylecote; and in the records of the Inter-University matches Mr. Buckland should be honoured with a shrine, *monumentum aere perennius*. How else would Oxford have won the deciding cast which has now placed it with twenty-one victories against twenty of Cambridge?

Turning to cricket of the professional order, there has been abundance of county and divisional meetings to record. The annual match at Prince's in aid of the Cricketer's Fund, concluded on June 2nd, was altogether spoiled by the weakness of the North in bowling. Of course there was the absence of the Australian team to account, in a slight measure, for this, and the match between Derbyshire and Lancashire at Manchester prevented the attendance of Watson, William McIntyre, and Mycroft. Morley, Clayton, Tye, Oscroft, Eastwood, and E. Lockwood were the Northern bowlers, and they afforded Mr. W. G. Grace an opportunity of making a long score of 261, perhaps the best innings that he has ever played. How far he would have reached had the weather remained fine and the wicket as easy as on the first day must be mere surmise, but rain spoiled his chances on the second morning, and a high wind bothered him very much. The Northerners have not yet learnt the secret of playing slow bowling, for Messrs. W. G. Grace and Gilbert puzzled them completely, and their defeat by an innings and 164 runs was somewhat inglorious, considering that the South was not very well represented. At the same time Lancashire defeated Derbyshire by ten wickets, but the former had all the luck in winning the toss, and Derbyshire had little chance against William McIntyre and Watson after heavy rain. Mr. Hornby's 63 was the chief item in the Lancashire score of 215, and indeed, considering the state of the wicket, and that McIntyre and Watson are almost unplayable with the ground at all untrue, Derbyshire did fairly to make 110 and 114 in their two attempts. In the following week Middlesex lost perhaps the best chance it has had of defeating Yorkshire at Lord's. With the exception of the absence of Mr. Hadow, Middlesex had as good an eleven as it could well have collected, while Yorkshire had as many as six colts in its eleven—rather an excessive proportion. Some good scoring was done on both sides, as four innings produced 789 runs, and there was no lack of excitement throughout, as the game was very even from first to last, and

Yorkshire only managed to pull through by 35 runs. The Yorkshiremen, as usual, were utterly unequal to the task of playing a slow, and Mr. I. D. Walker with lobs had five of their wickets for 65 runs in the first innings. Eastwood, who got 68 in the second innings, alone played slows with any dash, and had not the Middlesex fielding been disgracefully bad, victory would never have rested with Yorkshire. On the same days Kent was gaining its first success of 1877 over Hampshire at Southampton. A sprained wrist deprived Kent of the services of Lord Harris, and Messrs. Longman and Duncan were both absent from the Hampshire eleven, but some long scores were made, and Kent completed its victory by seven wickets in torrents of rain. Mr. F. Penn, who last year strangely did little for his county with the bat, on this occasion proved himself a good man and true with two very useful scores of 55 and 48, not out, while Mr. Booth, the Captain (5 and 73), and his trusty henchman, Mr. A. W. Ridley (39 and 62), were the only ones who did any execution for Hampshire. Of the bowling on either side there was little to be said, though Hearne did fairly for Kent, with seven wickets at a cost of 77 runs. Surrey, at the end of the same week, met with its first reverse in a County match at the Oval at the hands of certainly not the best eleven of Gloucestershire. Neither Jupp nor Southerton had apparently recovered from the effects of their recent sea voyage, and Surrey had to depend mainly on the bowling of Barratt. Mr. Game (53 and 81, not out) made precisely one-half of the runs from the bat in the first, and more than one-half of the total of 160 in the second, so that from this admission an idea of the Surrey batting can be gathered. Mr. W. G. Grace had to be content with 48, and Mr. J. A. Bush (53) enjoyed the novel sensation of being the chief scorer for his county. Gloucestershire won its first match easily enough by nine wickets; but it had a tougher task to dispose of Sussex at Brighton the following week. Indeed, but for the rain on the first night, Sussex might have won immortal renown by a victory over the western champions. The run-getting was not particularly high, as Mr. Cotterill's 60 in the first innings of Sussex was the largest score, and Mr. W. G. Grace's 50 in the second of Gloucestershire the next in importance. Sussex were within 12 runs of Gloucestershire at the end of the first day with only half their wickets down, and though they had a good chance at the finish, when they went in to get 171 runs, they collapsed utterly, and lost by 84 runs, Mr. W. G. Grace taking seven of their wickets for 46 runs. Lancashire, whose eleven had in the previous week been beaten by 144 runs by the Marylebone Club and Ground at Lord's, followed this up with an extraordinary match at Nottingham against Notts. The home county had the opportunity of making an innings of 155 before the rain came, and this stood the eleven in good stead. Notts had an advantage of 43 runs in the first innings, but the wicket suited Mr. Patterson's

high delivery on the third day, and the second innings of Nottingham only produced 48 runs. It was a task not beyond their power for Lancashire to get the 92 runs wanted to win, but Morley was, as he sometimes is, unplayable, and Mr. Patterson (24) alone got double figures. After all, Lancashire was defeated by 45 runs, and for this triumph Notts was chiefly indebted to the bowling of Morley, who took seven wickets for 20 runs. The same days were memorable for Surrey's first victory in 1877 over its old foemen and neighbours of Middlesex. Neither side was fully represented, and the match was somewhat noteworthy for the fact that Surrey only played three professionals, Jupp, Barratt, and Jones. All round, the scoring was fairly good, as Middlesex made 149 and 181, and Surrey 237 and 94 for six wickets. Mr. Strachan's bowling secured nine wickets for 76 runs, and it was to his effective hitting, in conjunction with the good defence of Mr. Lucas, who got 40 and 26, not out, that Surrey owed its victory by four wickets. The end of the same week saw Kent beaten by Notts at Canterbury, with a good margin of 239 runs in hand. Kent did well to get the northern eleven out in its first attempt for 157, but its weakness in bowling told in the second, and eight of the eleven scored freely in the second, Barnes making as many as 109, not out. Kent would have a powerful eleven if it had only one really good bowler, but at present it is in the very uncertain position of an eleven strong in batting, but little to be relied upon with the ball. The victory of Surrey over Yorkshire at Sheffield on the following Wednesday was a feather in the cap of the southern county, and now that its amateurs are beginning to exert themselves, there should be some good cricket in Surrey. Hill was unable to play for Yorkshire, and his bowling was no doubt missed, but the victory was none the less a creditable one for Surrey, as it was won by good play and hard work throughout. Southerton bowled well for Surrey, with sixty-six overs for 52 runs and eight wickets, and Armitage appeared as a slow round-arm bowler for Yorkshire, in which capacity he took seven wickets in the second innings of Surrey; but otherwise there was little noteworthy, unless exception be made in favour of a very well played first score of 48 by Mr. S. H. Akroyd for Surrey. Kent, after its defeat from Nottinghamshire, found its way to Derby, and there ill success greeted it as well, though Derbyshire only just pulled through by one wicket. Lord Harris made 80 in the first innings of Kent, and the feature of the Derbyshire was a fine not-out score of 54 by Foster, whose hitting must have been severe, to judge by his figures, which contained twelve 4's and only four singles. Mycroft's bowling for Derbyshire, and Hearne's for Kent, oddly cost the same number of runs (130), but the best of the comparison was on the side of Hearne, who was credited with fourteen wickets, Mycroft with only twelve. The end of the same week was spent by the Kentish eleven at Manchester, and there they were more fortunate, as Lancashire was not well represented, and Mr.

Hornby, on whom Lancashire has been used so long to rely for runs, only got 6 in his two innings. Rain made the cricket unreliable throughout, and it was again chiefly Hearne's bowling that enabled Kent to make a good show, as Lancashire only scored 120 and 111, and Hearne's analysis gave fifty-two overs for 75 runs and twelve wickets. Kent made a good first score of 197, but it cost them six batsmen to get 37 runs in the first innings, and at one time the victory they ultimately gained by four wickets seemed anything but secure. The match between North and South at the Oval was played at a very inconvenient date, the three last days of the week preceding the Inter-University meeting. Hence, none of the University players would risk a game, and the match was only remarkable for a very exciting finish, as the South just landed by a wicket. Jupp came out quite in his old colours, with a thoroughly well played first score of 73, not out, and at the end of the second day 607 runs had been made for thirty-three wickets. The North had only 95 runs to win, but Messrs. W. G. Grace, Monkland, Cotterell, G. F. Grace, Gilbert, and Jupp were all out for 44, and it was only a steady not-out innings of 20 by Humphrey that enabled the South to prove the victors, after a sensational finish, by one wicket. While the Universities were settling the question of superiority at Lord's, a match of quite as great importance was being decided on the Trent Bridge. For years the rivalry between Notts and Yorkshire has given rise to some of the best cricket of the season, and the last match was no exception to the rule. Notts had to play without Alfred Shaw, who has been suffering from bronchitis since his return from Australia; and they were also at almost a still greater disadvantage owing to the absence of Wild, who had injured his hand so badly as to be unable to play. Yorkshire had such an opportunity as it is not likely to have again, with Alfred Shaw and Wild absent, and with a wicket-keeper against them unable to take the easiest chances; but even with all these appliances and aids to boot, the Yorkshiremen could not win. Excepting Shrewsbury, Oscroft, and Daft, the Nottingham batting was not formidable; and in the second innings the last six wickets only put on 29 runs. It seemed slight odds on Yorkshire when they went in with only 144 runs to win; but the two first batsmen could not resist the temptation of a fast run; and though Lockwood and Armitage and Robinson tried hard to stem the tide, Notts won, with a bare margin of 21 runs in hand. Of the three matches between Gentlemen and Players, only two, those at the Oval and at Lord's, were fairly representative contests; so that we shall not enter into any details of the third, which was, as last year, played at Prince's. Into the circumstances which combined to ruin that fixture, from a cricket point of view, it is not our intention to enter. Most of the leading amateurs had set their faces against the contest, and the arrangement of a meeting between Nottinghamshire and Lancashire on the same days proved conclusively that little respect

had been paid to the match announced by the Messrs. Prince. The two matches at the Oval were both sensational in their way. The elevens at the two grounds were much the same; and, indeed, the only difference was, that at the Oval Messrs. Gilbert and Strachan played for the Gentlemen in place of Lord Harris and Mr. Ridley, and that for the Players at Lord's Watson and Barlow were substituted for Barratt and Selby. Taken altogether the sides were exceptionally strong, though perhaps on this year's form those at the Oval were really the more thoroughly representative. The wicket at the Oval was as perfect as it could be, and it was as well that the Players won the toss, as with the immense batting strength of the Gentlemen they might otherwise have not fared so well after a long outing in the field. An eleven that can place Messrs. I. D. Walker and Strachan the two last in the order of going in must be somewhat difficult to dislodge; and had the Gentlemen won the toss the Players would probably have had a sorry chance. The amateurs have of late trusted entirely to slow bowling; and in this instance they had Messrs. W. G. Grace, Patterson, Gilbert, Strachan, and Lucas. On both sides the scoring was very high, as Lockwood and Shrewsbury made 166 runs for the first wicket of the Players, and their total of 405 was the largest that they have made in this match for many years. The innings of the Gentlemen was even more remarkable, as Mr. Hornby, after a few overs, began to hit away furiously, and he fairly knocked the bowling to pieces, scoring from Mycroft, Ulyett, Emmett, and Morley with especial freedom, until he was at last settled for 144. That the Gentlemen should have got such a total as 427 was not altogether unexpected; but the second innings of the Players was a genuine surprise; as this time, thanks to a bad light, Messrs. W. G. Grace and Patterson did not need to be changed, and the eleven were all out for 119. The result was a drawn game, though the Gentlemen may fairly be said to have had a moral victory, as they would have had to go in, had time permitted, to make only 98 runs to win. The match at Lord's presented an aspect altogether dissimilar, though it produced the most glorious finish that we have had for many a year. The Players, with the exception of Daft (64), were unable to do much with the bowling of Mr. Patterson, who, with a wicket a little soft to help him, was able to get seven wickets at a cost of only 58 runs. Mr. W. G. Grace was all abroad with Watson's bowling, and, indeed, the only batsmen who could make any stand were Messrs. J. M. Cotterill, a cricketer who ought to have been played years before, and the Hon. A. Lyttelton, who together scored 124, out of 198 runs, Mr. Cotterill's share of the number being 92, the highest score of the match. The second innings of the Players was only noticeable for the bowling of Mr. Lucas, who went on just at a time when the wicket was kicking, and was singularly successful to the extent of four wickets for 12 runs. The Gentlemen had all the worst of the wicket when they went in to make 143 runs, and Mr.

W. G. Grace's 41 would have been worth a hundred under circumstances ordinarily favourable. Messrs. G. F. Grace and Patterson had a nice task before them, with 46 runs still to get and none else to follow, but luck favoured Mr. Patterson, whose stumps were several times just shaved by Mycroft, and it was only Mr. Fred. Grace's very plucky and judicious play that gave the Gentlemen the victory by one wicket. There has been a superabundance of county cricket during the latter part of the month, far more than we have space to enumerate. Notts, on a very rough wicket at Manchester, was easily beaten by Lancashire by 191 runs, and on as true a ground at Huddersfield the Lancastrians gained quite as decisive a victory over Yorkshire by nine wickets. Kent has twice signally defeated Sussex, and, indeed, the latter county seems likely to have a poor time of it this season, more especially if the rumour be true that Mr. J. M. Cotterill is not to be available again this year. Surrey and Notts have played two very even matches with honours divided, as Surrey, who lost after a hard fight at Trent Bridge by 18 runs, won the return by three wickets. Notts gave Middlesex, whose eleven has not won one match as yet this year, a decisive drubbing by nine wickets; and Derbyshire, after being beaten by Yorkshire, also by nine wickets, a second time vanquished Kent by a small majority, winning at Tunbridge Wells by three wickets. The Eton and Harrow match was altogether as great a surprise as had been that between Oxford and Cambridge only a few weeks before. The Etonians had achieved a very hollow victory over Winchester, and from all sides came rumours of the extraordinary strength of their eleven. That the Light Blues were strong was indisputable, but, on the other hand, little or nothing had been heard of Harrow, except that Meek, the Captain of 1876, was there with one or two others of no great account. The first innings were singularly equal, as Harrow, who won the toss, made 157, and Eton 163, so that the long odds laid on Eton had been, up to this point, in no way justified. Harrow, indeed, proved to possess a team all round much superior to what had been expected. The fielding was brilliant, far more so, indeed, than is the case even with a public school team; and the eleven had two slow round bowlers, Henery and Lawson, both of whom showed decided promise and are likely to be most useful next year. Eton had apparently the stronger batting team all through, but Harrow produced one left-handed batsman, F. C. Rowe, who played as good cricket as has been shown in this match for some years. Meek's hitting was very telling for Harrow; and Whitfeld's 63, not out, in the first innings of Eton was as steady and defensive an innings as one could wish to see. There was every chance of an exciting tussle when rain ultimately stopped play, as Eton had got 78 of 188 runs wanted to win, with only one wicket down, and with two batsmen, J. E. K. Studd and H. Whitfeld, well in. Probably, had the rain held off, the Etonians would have made the runs, but this is a mere personal opinion, and the

unanimous verdict will be a very evenly drawn game. We have purposely refrained from entering on any topic in connection with this match which does not actually touch on the cricket itself. We have intentionally ignored the rumours that are afloat with regard to the continuance of the fixture itself, as the matter is *sub judice*. It has been known for some time that a movement has been on foot to defer the match, after this year, until August, when the London season is at an end, and it has been assumed that the matter has been conclusively settled.

Indeed, there has been so much misapprehension with regard to the part taken by the Governors of Harrow School on the subject that we are happy to be enabled to lay before the readers of 'Baily' a correct version of the facts.

This annual match dates back as far as the year 1805, and for half a century was played at the commencement of the summer holidays. In 1856 the Eton authorities placed their veto upon the match being played, but after an interval of two years they relented so far as to allow it to be played during the school-time, and this alteration of the time was to be tried as an experiment. The Governors of Harrow School, having lately agreed amongst themselves that it was desirable to return to the old time, communicated their resolution to the Chairman of the Eton Governing Body, in order that the matter might be considered by them, and we believe that the result will be a meeting of the two bodies, when a final decision on the subject will no doubt be arrived at.

It is not our intention to discuss the arguments which have been urged for or against the present system as regards school studies and discipline, but in a cricket point of view the objections to playing the match in the middle of the London fashionable season are palpable. Amongst other things the ground at Lord's, at all times not over large, is so far contracted by the crowd of spectators and carriages as to render it impossible to place the field properly for long hits. Runs have to be allowed for all hits to the boundaries, however little deserving, and so far as judging and running runs, and quickness in returning the ball from long distances are concerned, those points in the game have to be given up. Previous to the year 1855 every match had been played out, but of the twenty contests that have taken place under the present system, seven have been won by each school, whilst six have been unfinished. Most of these drawn games were upon occasions when the elevens were very even, and the chances of winning equally balanced. There is nothing that genuine cricketers detest so much as a match not being played out. If the match were to be played at the end of July, or beginning of August, there would still be plenty of spectators as in days gone by, but they would be the friends of the schools and the lovers of cricket, and it would once more become a cricket match and not a picnic.

AQUATICS.

OUR last month's notes on yachting were—owing to the exigencies of composers and going to press—‘inevitably postponed;’ and as ‘Baily’ cannot revert to events so far past, the postponement must be *sine die*. During the last few weeks there has been next to nothing doing on the Thames, the more enterprising yacht-owners being engaged in visiting country regattas, where plenty of sport has been offered them, while others have had a rest, and await the doings round the Isle of Wight, which, judging from the greatly increased support of yachting, will be more numerous attended than ever.

A short time ago we referred to the split between Trickett, who came here and beat Sadler, and his supporter and quondam *fidus Achates*, Mr. Punch, which culminated in Punch backing another aspirant, one Rush, against Trickett for 200*l.* a side. The affair only served to show Trickett's undoubted superiority, as after a mile he had his man settled. This makes us more than ever anxious that Trickett should revisit England and try the mettle of Boyd or Blackman, who, in the opinion of their friends, are equal to anything.

The Maidenhead Regatta, being this year fixed for the day after Henley, attracted some fair entries, though the attendance appeared somewhat meagre. The executive acted in a somewhat eccentric manner in the open pair-oared race, for in the final heat they allowed a pair to start who had not arrived in time for their trial heat. This did not, indeed, affect the result, as Eyre and Hastie beat them easily enough, as might have been expected, but the concession was very properly protested against on principle, though without avail. Grove, who had rowed respectably for the Diamonds against Edwardes-Moss, won the sculls pretty easily; and the Kingston Wyfold crew upset a great pot in the Fours, for which the Thames men were strongly fancied, but Kingston won all the way, and the watermanship of the Putney men being faulty, they were beaten easily at the finish, though they turned the tables on the Surbiton men in the Eight-oared race. The Kingston Club have since scored another provincial victory in the Eights, at Reading, for a handsome prize given by Mr. Carleton Blyth; and altogether the Club, which has been rather out of form lately, appears to have revived under Mr. Heatley's captaincy.

The Metropolitan Regatta, managed by the London Rowing Club, being this season fixed within ten days of Henley, got together nearer approximations to trained crews than is the case when it comes later in the season, and several who are practically substitutes perforce fill seats in most of the boats. Henley form was upheld in most cases. London won the Eights and the Fours, though in the latter race they by no means made an exhibition of their competitors as at Henley—indeed, at Putney the Thames men pushed them very hard, and were ahead at about half the distance. The same may be said of the Pairs, as Eyre and Hastie, though they won, did not out down their opponents, Smith and Playford, as they had at Henley, and both steering indifferently, there was a good race for some distance. In the Sculls, Grove showed to advantage on his own water, beating Frere and Trower with ease; and the London Club once more landed the Junior Eights: so that their eight-oared teams have been uniformly successful in public this year. The attendance of visitors was, as usual, but small, which, considering the amount and quality of the sport provided, seems unaccountable, as the arrangements both as regards punctuality, and attention to the comforts of spectators, are unimpeachable. The Staines Regatta Committee this year made what is, we fancy,

a step in the wrong direction in returning to their up-river course to London Stone, in preference to the down-stream one finishing at Truss's Island. We believe there was some difficulty in getting the field on the towing-path; but for the rowing the down-stream course was generally preferred, while picnic parties had ample space on Truss's Island. This year the attendance was rather below the average, but recent unsettled weather had no doubt deterred many from making up their minds, though the day itself was perfect. Kingston won the Eights, an achievement in which they were vastly assisted by their coxswain, F. Walton, who, since the continuous supply of Westons has at last ceased, is *facile princeps* as a specimen of light weight and judgment combined in the stern-sheets. Payne of Molesey, who was one of the numerous entries for this year's Diamonds, landed the Sculls after a good race with Bucknill, both steering erratically.

When it was known that F. L. Playford, the present amateur champion, would not row for the Diamond Sculls at Henley, the race was considered a very open one. Edwardes-Moss of Oxford, however, soon showed his marked superiority to the rest, so much so, indeed, that his meeting with Playford in the Wingfield was watched with a deal of interest. In the trial heat the Oxonian had to meet Groves of the L. R. C., and Bucknill of the Royal Engineers, both of whom had directly or indirectly succumbed to him at Henley; and as every one anticipated, he won again, though Grove pushed him hard for about a mile, but in no way fulfilled the fond expectations of his friends, that he would outstay the ex-Etonian, who won as he liked for the rest of the way, Bucknill being outpaced throughout. In the final heat the excitement was far better sustained; Playford, from the Middlesex station, got decidedly the best of the start, and at the Star and Garter led by a good half-length, which he kept past the boathouses; but a little farther on Moss, who had more tide under him (as both men were too near the Middlesex shore), lessened the gap, and rowing, as he had throughout done, at a faster stroke than Playford, drew level just below Craven Cottage Grounds. Rounding the Point, Moss held a lead of a few feet, but Playford, without perceptibly quickening, came up, and in turn showed in front by a trifle, here steering a truer course than his opponent, who was piloted by Jack Clasper of Oxford, Mr. Gulston showing up Playford. Moss, however, was not to be denied, and a little higher up resumed the lead, getting half a length to the good, until commencing the shoot, when the Londoner got on terms with his man, and just above the Crab Tree was nearly half a length ahead. Moss now went across too suddenly, and above the Soap Works Playford led by over half a length, now sheering in too close to Moss's water, but the latter making an effort, he had to go out again until near the bridge, when he had about a clear half-length advantage, and took Moss's water with a gap of a third of a length. Had Moss now been able to spurt up to him, the Oxonian must have won, but Playford was palpably equal to all his opponent's efforts, and went under the bridge about a length clear, in the splendid time of 9 min. 4 secs. He now increased his advantage, and as they encountered lumpy water in Corney Reach, Moss fell farther astern, Playford being five lengths away past Chiswick Eyot. This was increased on rounding towards Barnes, where there was quite a sea on, and Playford making better weather of it in crossing, was sculling comfortably along the Middlesex shore before Moss—who came over more gradually—had got halfway across. Nearer Barnes Bridge, Playford greatly increased the gap, and quickening a trifle for a final effort, reached the Ship just as Moss was off the Brewery, where he stopped. The winner's time was 24 min. 41 secs., which, considering that

they had lumpy water and a strong foul wind nearly all the distance, was very good. Anyhow, it was within a second of the fastest on record for this race, and the time to Hammermith has seldom been beaten in crack professional races. As this makes the winner's third year as champion, and he is now but just twenty-two, he bids fair to rival, if not surpass, the exploits of the late Mr. Casamajor, who first won the prize when about twenty-one, and held it six years, taking it without opposition after the first time. He died in 1861, aged twenty-eight, and since then only Long and Dicker have managed to hold the title two years running. We may well wish Playford longer life than was the lot of Casamajor, though the present champion can scarcely hope to surpass him as a sculler and waterman, and judging from the recent plethora of entries for the Diamond Sculls, is not likely, however superior he may prove himself to all rivals, to be indulged in as many walks-over as his skilful predecessor.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—July Jottings and Jivialities.

How often have we had in these pages to sing the praises of the July? Our readers are weary of them, we fear, but yet once again must we raise the strain. For the last July was one of price, above all other Julys that have preceded it. Some of us indeed found the price excessive, but this of course has nothing to do with the Meeting. If men and women will indulge in the reprehensible practice of betting—so very reprehensible, that is, when they lose—this must not be allowed to interfere with the enjoyment of our July. Neither will we allow the moderate character of our two-year-olds (a lamentable circumstance over which there has been already much inkshedding) to come between us and our joys. What is Childeric to us, or we to Childeric, that we should weep over him, winner though he be? Our youngsters may be all together—probably are—but what of that? Let us put the racing, for a moment or two, aside. We want to enjoy our July.

And we will enjoy it in this wise. Having well breakfasted on Tuesday morning at the Rutland after the arrival of the London special, we will find in the courtyard of that excellent hostelry one of Mr. King's well-horsed broughams, and into it Wilson, the ubiquitous head waiter, shall put a small luncheon basket—modestly furnished with, it may be, the half of a chicken and a bottle of sherry—and into it we will also put ourselves. We will have a roan in the shafts. He generally has the honour of taking two distinguished members of the press to the course, and is an object of envy and admiration to 'contemporaries.' He can give 'Bell' two stone, 'The Sportsman' is not in the same field with him, he leaves 'The Post' standing still, and 'The Gazette' isn't in it at all. There is a rumour that the distinguished members above mentioned are to be deprived of his services on this occasion, and that royalty is to have him. But he is a little too much for royalty, who subsides into a pair of browns, and so we take the roan. At a pace as brisk as the crowd of vehicles, which the Newmarket police allow to accumulate in front of the Rooms, will permit, the quick-trotting roan proceeds up the High Street. People look at the roan. First a pair of dark eyes lurking in a bow-window, near the top of the town; then the well-known face and active figure of one who had a place in 'Baily's' gallery a few months back; he, together with a Viceregal Master of the Horse, take stock of the roan.

Both the latter are good judges, and so no doubt are the brown eyes. But these are trivialities. We are approaching 'the classic ground,' and ought to be as serious and businesslike as the bright July day will allow us to be. And, by-the-way, how extraordinary is the use of that word 'classic' as applied to sporting places and things. What does it mean, and what do those mean who use it? If we could induce the roan to stop we would write an article on the spot on the base uses to which the term has been put; but he is tearing at his bit and flying past broughams and shandrydan, his goal the Bunbury Mile. Past the stumbling-block to the touts that 'Sir John' has caused to be set up near the Ditch, and we enter on that broad vista of greensward and leafy plantation than which there is nothing prettier in England. The roan ceases from his labours opposite Mr. Clark's box, and in close and convenient proximity to one of Messrs. Bertram and Roberts' refreshment marquees, a spot much resorted to during the afternoon; for the temperature is sultry, and that thirst which sets in with the approach of Ascot still is strong within us. Curiously enough, it is strongest apparently in the broughams of the Fourth Estate, one or all of which are generally to be found very near to the marquee in question; but this may be accounted for by their arduous duties. Time was when the July was a very light affair—about half-a-dozen races, and small fields—and we have heard from aged members that then their chief duties were eating strawberries, admiring the beauties of Cambridgeshire, and taking an occasional stroll in the plantations. What halcyon days!

But, as we have said before, we will enjoy our July, though we must not dwell on Cambridgeshire beauty, and assuredly we have no time for the plantation. The beauty, by-the-way, is hardly native, but comes from afar—and very striking are the specimens of ladies who not only are fair, but 'have the gift to know it,' and who, shining constellations, revolve round a royal Jupiter. For beauty is, and ever was, loyal; and so, wherever our Prince's pony is to be seen, there are two or three of the constellations. It is very pleasant. Some of the restraints and etiquette of the Court, when the Court is on the other side of the Ditch, are dispensed with. Men and women lay aside their buckram—at least those who wear it—and put on the frail humanity, as common folk. The weather helped to the general enjoyment of gentle and simple, and, bar a thunder-storm—which after all only gave a fair Diana or two an excuse for a gallop—was everything that could be wished. The sport was, perhaps, hardly up to the mark of late years, for which the moderate character of our two-year-olds may be responsible. Some of the racing was disastrous, especially on the first day, to backers, who 'missed the tip' on all the events except two, beginning by laying odds on the wrong mare in the match between Beauharnais and Briglia, the former giving 10 lbs. This was thought good enough to lay 5 to 2 on Mr. Alexander's mare, who never could make Beauharnais gallop. They were more lucky with Breechloader, in the Selling Stakes; but again were brought to grief in the First Welter, over Caramel, Ambergis and Orthos, the only three backed for it. Caramel we should think has had nearly enough of it; but the race was such a runaway one, that what was second or second best is immaterial. Vril, who was very favourably handicapped, took such a lead before half the distance had been accomplished that he almost came in alone, Ambergis being eight lengths behind him. Mr. Acton has probably got a smart daughter, of Favonius and Reaction in the well-named Equinox, for she beat a fairish field very cleverly in the Two-year-old Stakes; and Rosemary, whom she defeated at Newmarket, here won two races, in one of which she carried a penalty. Why it was that the stable did not much fancy Strathfleet for the July Stakes, we cannot say. Disappointed at Ascot,

she had won the Mottusfont at Stockbridge, cleverly, as we thought at the time, though it was only by a head she beat Catherine Seton. Here, however, in the July she was allowed to run almost loose, a tenner representing the outlay of her trainer—and that, it was said, was not all his. Unsupported by her stable, of course she was not supported by the public, a chosen few only of that band who do *not* follow the money backing her. The coin was on the good-looking Polestar, and the rather backward Spark, Pacific being also intrusted with a trifle, while Insulaire, a French colt of whom there was a good report, was friendless—but then, he too was on the big side. It is sufficient to say here that Strathfleet, when she came to the front at the corner of the Plantation, had the speed of everything there; and though Polestar made a race of it, the Duke of Westminster's filly won like a stayer, we thought. The Spark ran fast for half a mile, and Industry did not do as much as that; while Insulaire has to be waited for. That was about all worth recording on the first day, if we except a terrible winding-up in the result of the last two events, the match between Last of the Mohicans and Messman, and the match between La Sautouse and Wanderer in the Cheveley Stakes, in both of which odds were laid on the wrong one. This sent us home in a cheerful frame of mind.

There was a very big card for the second day, but it hardly kept its promise, dwindling down into a lot of uninteresting matches—foregone conclusions—on which if you cared to lay 9 to 4, why, you were sure to win. But then the great majority of us don't see the fun of laying 9 to 4—or, for that matter, taking it either. Laying odds and taking 6 to 4 are fast becoming, so it seems to us, the amusements of the rising generation—noble sportsmen who have a temporary command of money, and a sublime indifference as to how long it will last. As Ascot was a good place for these young gentlemen, so was the second day of the July. They could not well make a mistake. Some of them missed Rosemary in the only good race of the day, it is true, but then they had to thank themselves for it. All the rest was plain sailing. Laying odds on Thunderstone, Dunmow, Redwing, and Springfield was simply coining money, at an expensive rate, it is true—but still a sure one. The only error was backing Vril for the Second Welter, a horse who, unless he has a stone in hand, can't win a saddle—and selecting the worst of the bad ones, The Callant and Corona in the Private Sweepstakes. It says much for the good feeling of the bookmakers that they only asked 2 to 1 on the Thunderstone and Dunmow matches, when it was in reality ten times that amount. The way in which Springfield settled Trappist and Ecossais in the July Cup was a marvel, and made us all follow the great son of St. Albans with admiring eyes as he cantered in in front of Lollypop. A marvel indeed; and pity that such a horse should come under the hands of a handicapper. Perhaps the same thought occurred to others besides ourselves that day—'Why should not Springfield stay?' He has won A. F., beating, it is true, nothing—but still he won. Why should he not be a Cup horse, not a July or Stockbridge one, but the winner of an Ascot, Goodwood, or Doncaster trophy? He wins his races in such an extraordinary manner, beating, too, what we know to be very good horses, that we should much like to see him over a distance of ground. But we suppose Mr. Houldsworth knows best.

Thursday's was a much more satisfactory afternoon's racing, and we saw something of a better class perhaps in the Chesterfield than has yet been out. We say 'perhaps' because we should be sorry to absolutely affirm that such is the case. Childerice may be a Derby horse—the Derby horse indeed—but

we want further confirmation of that, more than his very close finish with the Emily filly, before we decide. Cups, or rather Cup courses, are not popular, we fear, at headquarters; and if not there, where a good example should be set, where should they be? The Summer Cup could only bring out three such animals as Norwich, Leopold, and First Spring, Mr. Craufurd's horse making most of the running and winning very easily. The Third Welter was a good thing for Mavis, who showed she had not lost her last year's form as she cantered in in front of Blankney, Woodbridge, Pluton, Leveret, &c. Titania II. found half a mile much more to her taste than the T. Y. C., as she effectually turned the tables on The Captain, who had beaten her on the first day. She won easily, and was bought in for 365 guineas—too useful a mare to let go just yet. It is extraordinary how public form is overlooked sometimes, and very difficult to account for the judgment that puts on one side a winner that has been seen, within twenty-four hours, to be in good form, and takes up with some dark reputation at 11 to 10. Such was the case in the Maiden Stakes this afternoon, when every one was full of Ultimius, a dark colt, the property of Sir R. Sutton, who had done something, it must be presumed, to very much please Dover, or else 11 to 10 would not have been eagerly accepted about him. Rosemary—who on Wednesday had won a Maiden Plate, beating a good field—here was nearly friendless. It is true she carried a 5 lbs. penalty, but that ought not to have sent her to 8 to 1. But, as we have just said, we were all bewitched with Ultimius, and had the satisfaction of seeing him the first beaten, and Rosemary win very easily, beating the Fancy colt by a length.

The race of the afternoon now came on for decision; but as we had all been told the absolute winner ever since the breakfast hour, our interest in it had somewhat abated. Still, of course every one was anxious to see this Childeric, who had, at least, a Derby name, which is something—a son of Scottish Chief and Gertrude, asserted to be the pick of the Heath House stable, and therefore worthy of all respect. A very good-looking horse indeed, but with that backward look which, with few exceptions, we have seen on every two-year-old this season. He had done something very satisfactory at home, and Mat, with a sparkle in his eye, said it was about the very best thing he had known for some time. No wonder, then, that there was such a rush on Lord Falmouth's colt; so great a one that all the even money was speedily swallowed up, and bookmakers asked for 7 to 4 and got it before the flag fell—an event almost unprecedented. Odds have been laid on public performers—Cremorne and Ecossais to wit—but we do not remember a dark colt being so honoured. There was but a feeble support to the others; the Emily filly was second favourite, but her stable did not much fancy her, and the Spark and Bellicent were only backed for very small amounts. There was not much in it until the lot reached the brow of the hill, where everything was beaten but Childeric and the Emily filly, the two running a most exciting race home. Victory hung in the balance, and the scales were certainly at one time in favour of the Emily filly, but Archer calling resolutely on Childeric just won in the last stride by a head. A very fine race it was, and though Archer stands in small need of praise (he is fortunate indeed if he has not been spoilt by it), yet we must award him a large measure for the way in which he rode. 'The Demon' in his best days never finished in a more determined way. It was artistic, and showed us Archer as something a good deal higher than 'the lucky jockey' who has good mounts and knows how to get off in a good place and keep it. If this is to be looked upon as Childeric's best performance we can hardly call him a Derby horse; and assuredly it was not the good thing the betting fore-

shadowed. But Childeric can be made better perhaps than he was that day. He is a game horse, no doubt, for gameness in answer to Archer's call brought him home, though only by the skin of his teeth. Ambergris won the July Handicap, in which the Ghost ran very badly, and Correggio beat Parchment very cleverly in the Summer Handicap; so backers had not a bad time, though there was some money dropped over Jollification in the 10 sovs. Sweepstakes.

On Friday Newmarket was honoured by the presence of the Princess of Wales, who paid it her first visit on the occasion of the first appearance of her royal husband's colours. Her arrival created a certain sensation, and while there there was no attempt at intrusion on the private nature of the visit, yet Newmarket was on the *qui vive*, and much curiosity was evinced to get a look at her Royal Highness. We wish the object of the visit had been a worthier one, but, sooth to say, the royal Arab and the one matched against him were sorry animals that could not have won a saddle where an English plater was concerned; and the match, so called, turned out a failure. It was a pity, because if possible the royal colours should have been not only the winning ones, but, at least, worthily worn, and not carried by a brute who did not look worth eighteenpence, and who had done racing when he had done pulling. The scarlet, purple and gold worn by Jones was somehow out of place, finishing ingloriously in the rear of Lord Strathnairn's grey; and that our Princess should have halted on her journey to London for such a sorry sight was regrettable. However, she saw a pretty course, and enjoyed the racing as much, we hope, as she did at Sandown Park—where last summer her Royal Highness went from post to paddock, and from paddock to weighing-room, and made herself acquainted with the details of racing after a fashion she could not do at Ascot or Goodwood. And we trust this match may have had one good effect, and that we have heard and seen the last of the Arabs. We have long got out of these sons and daughters of the Desert all the good that we are likely to get, and their appearance on the racing scene is simply a ridiculous exhibition. By-the-way, there was a story current on the course that the noble owner of Avowal (the winner, and a cripple into the bargain) was found during the time the match was being run, at the end of the Ditch In at the top of the town earnestly scanning the horizon with his glass! Informed by a passer-by that 'they don't finish 'there,' his Lordship curtly remarked that he knew the course, and would not trouble the gentleman for any information on the subject. The story goes on to say that, after waiting some time, the idea occurred to him that Avowal had broken down, and so he took a special to town.

The sales were of course the great feature of the meeting, and Mr. Tattersall had his hands very agreeably full. Newmarket is an excellent place, no doubt, for disposing of blood stock, and the paddocks are everything that can be desired for showing off oldsters and youngsters. But it seems to us that the thing is getting a little overdone. Everybody who has anything to sell jumps at the July week, and the consequence is that sellers cut each other's throats, or something very like it. Then in one instance there was a great suspicion, or rather something more than a suspicion, that the sale was a 'bogus' one, and that lots were offered on which there was a very extravagant reserve. Of course these tactics defeated themselves, and the lesson the seller gained will probably prevent him from repeating it. Captain Ray's, Lord Rosslyn's, and Mr. Daniel Cooper's were the principal lots of the first day, Captain Ray's comprising the last of the Gladiateurs. They did not evoke any enthusiasm, these fatherless ones; but then Gladiateur—one of the

best horses ever foaled—turned out a failure at the stud, and there was nothing in the appearance of the last we shall ever see of his produce to warrant much money being given for them. One or two of the Easton yearlings fetched a fair price, but only nine out of the long string sent up were sold. Great expectations were formed about Mr. Gee's young ones, offered on the Wednesday morning, and the expectations were in some degree realised; but as Mr. Gee had fixed a reserve on two or three of the lots (knocked down all the same) the effect of the sale was considerably marred. Every man is supposed to know his own business best, but we should hardly think this to be a paying one. To explain our meaning we extract the following paragraph from a report of the sale that appeared in 'The Field':—'The following sales were also ostensibly effected, viz.:—A bay colt, by Scottish Chief—Violet, to Mr. Blackman, for 1,650 guineas; a bay filly (sister to Levant), by Adventurer—Repulse, to Mr. Humphreys, for 1,350 guineas; and a bay filly, by Scottish Chief—Violet, to Mr. Best, for 300 guineas. These animals, however, probably remain the property of Mr. Gee.' We don't think we need add anything to this.

Mr. Henry Waring carried away the honours of the week, if the highest average means this. The sum of 576 guineas must be considered a very grand one indeed, Lord Hardwicke helping to swell it to this amount when he gave 245 guineas for a colt by Adventurer—Atonement, which goes to Danebury; and most sincerely do we trust, for owner and trainer both, that he will turn out worth the money. The Duke of Westminster was also a purchaser, and took two King of the Forests at 650 and 700 guineas respectively, Colonel Forester, Mr. Jardine, and Major Stapylton being among the other buyers. The Mentmore yearlings were the chief attraction of the Thursday morning, and were brought into the sale ring reflecting the greatest credit on Mr. —, the Stud Manager. There were one or two very good-looking among the ten sold, notably Labrador, a son of Mandrake and Tourmalin (as handsome a yearling as was sold during the week); Melon, a brown colt by Mandrake—Tomato; and Danby, a colt by King Tom—Boy Rosalind. There was a son of Restitution and a Parmesan mare, very promising, and he was one of the cheapest lots sold, the ten realising 4,150 guineas, or an average of 415 apiece, a wonderfully good one, though not so large as Mr. Waring's. The Bonehill yearlings were not quite so successful, though there were one or two very racing-like lots among them: one, a colt by Musket—Monaco, well worth the 920 guineas John Dawson gave for him. The racing stud of Lord Dupplin, and some horses of Mr. A. Baltazzi, were disposed of on the Friday, and with this Mr. Tattersall's grateful labours closed. John Day went, we think, a very dear bargain to Count Jararzewski, for 2,650 guineas, and we shall be surprised if his new owner sees his money again. Mr. Paget bought Cœruleus for 1,050 guineas, and this was a cheap horse, if ever there was one. Of Lord Dupplin's horses, Kaleidoscope fetched 700 guineas, probably quite as much as he is worth, and the others went at low figures.

It seemed a terrible waste of time to spend two or three days in smoky, grimy Liverpool, in the delicious July weather we were having, to drive out to Aintree through the singularly hideous streets and the singularly uninteresting country that lies between the Royal Hotel and the course, to get choked with the black dust which was rampant, to sleep in stuffy bedrooms, and share the hospitality of the city along with the agricultural mind holding high festival at Neasham Park. To abandon London and its delights for all this deserved, surely, better reward than we received. When we come to Liverpool in March or November, there is a

fitness in the state of things we find there. Mud and rain, or frost and snow, become the busy, hard-working, money-getting place, as they also become Aintree. But Liverpool in the dog-days—it is really too much; and we wish the Messrs. Topham would listen to a word of counsel and leave the July to its fate, instead of bestowing on it the labour and the money they this year did. One thousand guineas added to the Cup, five hundred to this stake, four hundred to that, and two hundreds to nearly everything else on the programme, ought to have brought together good horses and large fields. Instead of this, there were not so many horses there as would have run at some gate-money meeting near London where but little money is given away, and the meeting, with the exception of the race for the Cup, resulted in something very like a collapse. We regret much, for the sake of the young and spirited lessees, that such was the response to their liberality, and on personal grounds we also regret much that we were called upon to assist at such a wearisome failure. The grimy dust, the stuffy bedrooms, the overcrowded hotels, &c., might all have been put up with if we had had some good racing and backed a few winners. But to swelter in the Liverpool streets, and think of the Row, Hurlingham, and Orleans, to know that there was sunshine, air, and gaiety, here stuffiness and vexation of spirit, was hard. All for nothing, too. To be sure we had a good race for the Cup, but to travel two or three hundred miles to see Petrarch beaten was a game hardly worth the candle. The gamblers had a good time, Captain Machell's stable a rare one. The first two days they well-nigh swept the board. It was buying money, to be sure, but then it was certain. The Duke of Hamilton, too, had a successful week, both on Aintree and in the show-yard at Neasham, where, we believe, he took three prizes. Every one was glad to see the French grey and cerise carried to the front, for his Grace is one who deserves success. Captain Machell is fond of Liverpool, we think—lays himself out for it, and generally reaps a good reward. Lord Lonsdale was the principal winner, but Lord Calthorpe and Captain Prime come in for a share. The stable had a terrible facer on the last day in the defeat of Petrarch, but still that could not have taken all the winnings of the two previous ones. Many people suffered by the handsome son of Lord Clifden, whom it had been quite a solemn obligation to back. The men who had taken 4 to 1 about him looked down upon unfortunates who wanted to take 7 to 4 and could not get it, as from a lofty pinnacle of superior judgment. 'I took 4 to 1 soon after the weights came out,' said Captain Shysheer to us, with a superior air, on the morning of the race, Petrarch then having slight odds laid on him. It was riling, certainly, and not having backed him ourselves, we hated the Captain. And yet some of the so-called 'sharps' declared that Petrarch would not win, but that his stable companion Kino would. There had been a great disposition to back this horse all along, and people who professed to know declared that 'the Captain' would give one of his fingers to see him win. It was said that he was dissatisfied with the price he had been obliged to take about Petrarch, and that he had backed Kino, who would run on his merits, to win him a large stake, all of which was, we believe true. Kino was more than a fair two-year-old last year, and of course, with 5 st. 8 lb., and that improving boy Lemaire on him, had a chance—that is, if anything would beat the big horse, which seemed very doubtful. 'Six to one bar one' was the cry of the fielders, and six to one meant Snail, who looked uncommonly well, better than he did at Chester, with a bloom on him that we did not remember seeing before. Many good judges thought that this easy mile and a half would suit him better than two miles, and the result would seem to show that speed is his

forte, and not stamina. It was a wonderfully exciting race. Petrarch always held a good position, waiting on Advance and Snail until Custance saw his opportunity, and came through with him about a quarter of a mile from home. He easily disposed of Advance, but when Snail challenged directly afterwards the big horse began to go queerly. Some people said he 'put his foot 'in a hole,' some that he 'pecked' opposite the Stand, others that he 'crossed 'his legs.' All these excuses, together with a general desire to find fault with Custance, were brought forward as reasons for Petrarch's defeat—for defeated he was, as we take leave to think he always will be when anything gets to his head, and he is called on to make a struggle. About 'the hole,' the 'pecking,' and the 'leg crossing' we offer no opinion. The Messrs. Topham laughed 'the hole' story to scorn; and if Petrarch 'pecked' or 'crossed his legs' he probably did it from fatigue. Those who saw the Leger run should have hesitated before they so unjustly blamed Custance. When Wild Tommy came thundering after Petrarch from the Stand that day, the latter was rapidly compounding, and it must have been a great relief to his backers when Goater just succeeded in getting him home. Here on Aintree he did compound, and when gameness was most required he failed. In the Ascot Cup he had it all his own way, and there was nothing to trouble him, so he won easily enough. We do not wish to detract from Petrarch's merits, but he was asked to do a great thing at Liverpool when giving Snail 19 lb. He is a grand horse over his own distance, and he is possessed of grand speed, but no one except those wilfully blind would call him a game one. His backers were savage after his defeat—there is no other word to express the state of their feelings. It was such a certainty, and some of them had taken such a price, that we suppose their feelings must be excused. They would not listen to reason, or rather they would listen to any reason except the right one. Money is a terrible blind to the judgment. However, they have cooled down we hope by this time, and Custance can well afford to laugh at the angry things that were said about him, as the lessees laughed at the story of 'the hole.'

Racing always languishes before Goodwood; and as Liverpool, with all its added money, was a failure, we could hardly expect Sandown to give us anything very special in the way of sport. And yet there was plenty of money, and two very enjoyable days' racing—and if we cannot enjoy racing at Sandown, where can we do so? The course was in perfect order from two days' previous rain; the lawn was at its prettiest, the flowers at their brightest; the ladies—no, not at their loveliest, but still fair to look upon. We have seen a greater display of beauty in the Club Inclosure, and we missed some charming faces, absentees from most regrettable causes; but, however, we made the most of what we had. The unfortunate illness of her eldest son kept away our Princess; but our Prince was there, and though he wore a rather *distrain* look (he too seemed to miss some familiar faces), we trust he enjoyed himself. The first day the weather was threatening in the morning, and kept many away, but on the Wednesday the Club Stand and lawn were full. The sport was not very much; but there was a good field for the Kingston Two-year-old Stakes, for which Boniface, a dark colt in Blanton's stable, was an immense favourite, and performed as badly as dark favourites very often do; the winner being a filly, the property of Tom Cannon, Lady Palmer II., who is afflicted with a sort of rheumatic lameness that does not impress you on her preliminary, but which wears off when she gets warm—and this enabled Tom to land a nice little stake with her now, for she started, thanks to her lameness, at the remunerative price of 100 to 8. It was a good race, however, between her and Ambus-

cade, but the former ran the gamest and won by a neck. Ambuscade was backed for a good deal of money, and what between her and the outlays on Boniface and Sir Joseph, backers had rather a bad time. Sir Wroth Lethbridge's handsome filly, Tribute, took the Surbiton Handicap easily; and Bugle Horn won the Victoria Cup, but the field for the latter was a poor one. These were the principal events for the first day; and on the Wednesday, though there were plenty of horses running, they were of a certain class, as will be gathered from an animal like Moonstone beating a field of eight for the High Weight Plate. Ambuscade won the Warren Nursery after a good set-to with Folle Avoine; but the Gold Cup was a failure, for Tribute had only to beat Windfall, which of course she did without being asked to canter.

We were too busy to make one of the company who journeyed down on the following day (the 19th) to Lambourne, and enjoyed a few delightful hours on Weathercock Hill and the lawn at Russley. Those passed on the lawn, by all accounts, must have been very enjoyable indeed, for there did Robert Peck play the rôle of a genial and courteous host to squires and dames of high degree, as well as to a large number of racing friends and acquaintance; and where, in a spacious marquee, everything was to be had for the asking, from peaches to pines (none of your West India platers, but English trained), and where the liquor was pronounced more than on a par with the food. Russley is such a charming abode, and so green are the memories that gather round Weathercock Hill, that there is no reason why the revived Lambourne races should not be one of the pleasantest outings in July. The Committee and their good Secretary, Mr. Faith, of course do not aim at too much, and therein they are wise; but there is such stock of home material ready to hand in the stables of Messrs. Peck, Humpherys, Leader and others, that there is no reason why a very good one-day meeting may not be kept up there—that is, if the Committee receive proper local support. We wish it was a little nearer London; but then, in its seclusion lies one of its chief charms.

The second week of July brought round again the annual fair at Cahirmee, the great horse-market of Ireland. Any one who takes a journey to the county of Cork, with the idea of picking up, at Cahirmee, a seasoned horse up to weight, will in all probability come away disappointed. The horses in the South of Ireland have been culled over and over again by the dealers and their men; a good horse has no need to come near the fair at all, for he is sure to be hunted up and disposed of by private bargain before the day comes; added to which, many owners reserve their best horses for the show at Dublin. For these reasons, Cahirmee Fair gets worse and worse every year for good horses of five years old or upwards. Pat tells us that 'they do not breed five-year-olds in Ireland.' Upon the present occasion, the demand for the best sort so far exceeded the supply, that the dealers were obliged to be contented with the next best; and for all animals with anything like shape and make there was a deal of competition. Two really fine five-year-olds—one by Dan O'Connell, from the Killarney district, and the other by Zouave—were snatched up by two of our leading English hunter-dealers, who had to give a lot of money.

Cahirmee Green is so conveniently situated for the breeders of Cork, Limerick, and Kerry, that it is as a fair for three and four-year-old horses that it has such renown. In consequence of the London job-masters, who are the best customers, not having bought so many colts as usual at the fair last year, we fully expected to have seen a greater number than ever of superior young horses upon the Green; but in this we were mistaken.

Some of the principal colt dealers, who buy them up in the country and bring them to the fairs for sale, did not attend. Still there were plenty of nice four-year-olds to pick from, and of those the colts by Victor realised the highest prices. This horse is earning for himself a great name in Ireland. The horse-loving Paddies will tell you that Zouave and Victor are the two best sires that have been in the country since Hercules. Colts by Wild Oats—another favourite sire—were also in great demand, two of his getting 200*l.* and 175*l.* respectively. A Belfast dealer paid a large sum for two colts by Citadel, but people do not appear to fancy the stock of that sire so much as they did last year. A good three-year-old colt by Kidderminster, son of Newminster, was bought for 100*l.* by a gentleman from Meath; and a mare of the same age, by The Drake, somewhat disfigured by an ungainly head—in which respect she takes after her sire—was disposed of for nearly the same price. A gentleman from Yorkshire got hold of a couple of colts that, with common luck, will make him a grand pair of carriage-horses.

The chief business, however, was done amongst the more common sort of horses of all ages. Small cub-hunters had a brisk sale at about 35*l.* apiece; some that were said to be 'terrible good lippers' fetched double that amount. A large number of animals were bought for omnibus work, the Manchester Carriage Company getting thirty tramway horses on the first day of the fair. The military dealers were on the look-out for troopers, but were not likely to find many at the price that our Government allows. The irrepressible foreigners were as busy as ever, buying mares for stud purposes. There was a Frenchman who was ready to give a pony more than any one else for any mare that he fancied; and then people wonder that the French cavalry are better mounted than our own.

Some of our readers may remember the remarks that were made, in 'Our Van' of last month, upon the four-year-old horses exhibited at Islington. The decision of the Judges at that place has since been reversed at the Doncaster Agricultural Show, which stands first on the list of district exhibitions held in Yorkshire, and is only second to the county show. 'The Yorkshire Post' made the following observations upon the subject: 'Only two came forward to try conclusions with Mr. Newton's bay gelding, Sir George, which so far, has been the talk of the season, having carried everything before it wherever it has gone. The two were, Mr. Edward Paddison's brown horse by Snowstorm, dam by Croton Oil, and another of Mr. Andrew Brown's numerous string. The result must be to lower the value of Sir George a trifle, as it had to lower its colours to Mr. Paddison's entry. Doncaster had thus the honour of overthrowing the approved champion at Islington and the Alexandra Park. It was the unanimous opinion of the three judges—an opinion which was generally concurred in, although there were dissentients—that Mr. Paddison's splendid hunter was not only more fitted to carry 15 stone to hounds, but in every respect a better animal. The judging of this class had been watched with close attention, and when the numbers went up, quite a cheer came from the occupants of the Stand.'

A suggestion has emanated from a good friend to, and ardent lover of coaching, that we think will commend itself to most of our readers. The success of the Hunt Servants' Benefit Society, and the good it has done and is doing, are well known in the hunting world. Mr. A. G. Scott pleads for a similar society for the servants of 'the road,' the good coachmen and the cheery guards by whose side we that are fond of the pleasant pastime are glad to sit and listen to their lore. The need of such an institution can

hardly be questioned. Already have such well-known men as Simmons, the guard of the 'Tunbridge Wells' (who broke one of his legs by a fall from the coach); Cracknell, of 'Tantivy' fame; Jack Adams, of 'The York House,' and others, relics of old days, required assistance, and still require it. Many more names might be mentioned, but these will suffice; and as Mr. Scott's proposal, which appeared in 'The Sporting Gazette' of the 14th ult., has already been very favourably received, we trust soon to be enabled to say that his excellent idea has become a reality. Mr. Scott suggests the affiliation of the Road Benefit Society with the Hunt Servants', and appropriately quotes the reply of one who was asked his idea of human happiness—'a coach in summer, and hunting in winter,' as showing the mutual tie between the sport and the pastime. Of course the men whom it is sought to benefit must put their shoulders to the wheel—those, principally, who are well employed and in receipt of good wages; and as huntsmen and whips cordially and unanimously gave their support to the Hunt Servants', we have no doubt coachmen and guards will do the same to the Road. We cordially wish it success, and need scarcely assure Mr. Scott that the columns of 'Our Van' will always be open to any suggestion or hint tending to promote this.

A Chemical Fertilizer has been placed before us, and we are informed that it is in quality fully equal to Peruvian Guano. The preparation is by Mr. A. D. Cohen, the same gentleman who obtained the certificate for disinfecting the Smithfield Cattle Show last year. The price of the Fertilizer is very cheap. It has been tried by experienced farmers, who have pronounced it the most perfect fertilizer they have ever tried; and we hear that by its means they have been able to bring their produce to market much sooner than usual, and they report that it renders their land free from insects.

Theatres suffer in the dog-days, or are supposed to; but such a playgoing age is this, that if there is something worth seeing, we believe the public will brave heat and discomfort to see it. The 'Pink Dominos' still hold undisputed sway, the clever construction of the piece, its hearty fun, and the admirable acting blinding, we suppose, our maids and matrons to the coarseness and indelicacy running through it. By-the-way, we see Lord Hertford has laid his interdict on the original 'Les Dominos Roses' at the French Plays; as remarkable an instance of straining at a gnat after the swallowing of the Criterion camel as we can remember in the history even of Lord Chamberlain's doings. Why is it that Lord Chamberlains are always selected from—but no, we had better drop the subject. 'The Lyons Mail,' too, has run its course, and been filling the Lyceum treasury; and as for 'Our Boys,' when we shall ever see the interior of the Vaudeville again we hardly know. Where do the people come from who nightly fill it? Some houses are not doing much, and we are sorry to see Mr. Righton's venture at the Globe has not taken with the town, however taking the title of 'Stolen Kisses' may be. We expected something light and amusing, perchance slightly improper (we have no conscientious objections to a little impropriety), and were therefore unprepared for a rather lachrymose drama, which was not relieved by the acting or the promiscuous hugging that occurred at intervals. A much duller production we have rarely sat out. Miss Lydia Foote, as a rather forward young woman, with high animal spirits and a proneness to love at first sight, was so unlike the sad heroines we are accustomed to associate with her, that we were bound to admire the artiste's adapting herself to a novel rôle, though we could not help thinking she should have changed places with Miss Ritta, a maiden whose course of true love did not run smooth. Something might have been made of one of the characters, a

broken-down pantomimist, if the actor had had the wit to make it; and there was an utterly impossible lord played by a gentleman we never heard of before, and don't want to hear again. Mr. Leathes was a pleasant lover, but poor Mr. Ryder, who had to be an awful savage in the first two acts, was made to weep piteously in the last. When he and the ex-pantomimist fell on each other's necks, it was with difficulty we restrained our emotions. It was depressing, too, to see the clever lessee in such a terrible burlesque as 'The Lion's Tail,' which not even his clever fooling could make us laugh at. Miss Jecks, however, deserves a word of praise for her charming dancing.

And Mr. Jefferson has succeeded in galvanising into fresh life the little theatre in the Haymarket, which we fear had been in a bad way for some time. His representations of Mr. Golightly and Mr. De Brass have been attentively watched and criticised. The selection of these two rôles by Mr. Jefferson stimulated curiosity. Both characters belonged to the broad farce school, and had been made so to belong by their respective 'creators,' Mr. Buckstone and the late Mr. Robson. Mr. Jefferson has shown us that he can raise 'screaming farces' to the dignity of comedy. There are the farcical situations, but Mr. Jefferson is no *farceur*. He does not wear impossible coats and trowsers, but, dressed in evening costume, he gets through his absurd dilemmas in a quiet, easy fashion, reminding us of a sort of mixture of Mr. Charles Mathews and Mr. Sothorn. We liked him much the best in 'Lend Me Five Shillings.' There he was simply a gentleman placed in a ridiculous position by the want of some loose silver, but his humour, his wonderful facial expression, and yet, withal, his refinement of manner, told upon the audience with great effect. We liked him less in 'A Regular Fix,' and think his make-up had something to do with it. As Mr. Golightly, he was a good-looking young man, but as Mr. De Brass, in a black wig, and without an atom of hair on his face, he looked a terribly old one, much older than he looks off the stage. Both characters are supposed to be young; therefore why the actor should have made such a contrast, we cannot say. That now and then he was 'Rip' was to be expected; an actor cannot play one character, with but comparative brief respite, for twenty years, with impunity. But the whole performance was admirable and well worth seeing. It only makes us regret that Mr. Jefferson had not taken a higher and more dignified line.

First appearances are, as a rule, not very interesting, unless one is interested in the *débutante*; but there was an exception, last month, in a performance of Kate O'Brien in 'Perfection,' at the Globe Theatre, by Miss Constance Owen. There was something noteworthy and of great promise in this young lady's interpretation of the charming Kate, from which we augur favourably; and the very good elocution with which Miss Owen delivered a sparkling little epilogue, written for her by Mr. Berdmore, in which some happy play was made with the title of the little comedy, brought down the house. We hope to see Miss Owen again.

An excellent clergyman of our acquaintance, visiting lately in his parish, was met by an old woman crying bitterly. On being questioned, it appeared that her son had turned out wild, and had, in fact, come to utter grief. 'But after all, sir,' she said, 'it's only what the Bible leads us to expect.' 'How is that?' asked our friend. 'Why, sir,' she replied, 'we are told, "Train up a child," and "away he goes."'

We had our attention called the other day to the Guardian Horse and Vehicle Assurance Association, by which horses can be insured against death by disease or accident, and compensation given for accidental injuries. Vehicles of all kinds can be insured against accidents, collisions, &c., and the rates of pre-

mium do not appear excessive. Such a society supplies a want in these days, especially when London streets and those of other large towns are crowded to a degree dangerous both to man and beast. The offices of the company are at 31 Lombard Street.

The death of Mr. James Hall, the Master of the Holderness, at the age of 78, leaves another gap in the ranks of those hunting worthies of the old generation now rapidly passing away. He took the Mastership of the Holderness in 1843—a long tenure of office, in which he gained the esteem and affection of half Yorkshire. Few gamer men than 'Jem Hall,' as he was familiarly called, ever crossed a horse, and his nerve was good to the last. He was an admirable Master in the field, and had great knowledge of country and of pace. Will Derry was at first his huntsman, and to him succeeded John Backhouse, while the horn has been lately held by George Ash. Mr. Hall, who was, we believe, the oldest Master of Hounds on the roll, will be universally regretted.

And yet another of the old school has joined the majority. To the young generation the name of Mr. Kynaston Gaskell will be probably unknown, and yet some forty or fifty years ago there was no man in Lincolnshire or Leicestershire who went straighter to hounds than did he who has lately died at Brighton, at the good old age of 81. Mr. Gaskell was a great ally of the late Harvey Combe, and in his early days always hunted with him; afterwards for many years with Sir Richard Sutton; and it was said of him that no man saw more hunting in a twelvemonth than did Mr. Gaskell. A heavy-weight, he was a very hard man, and bad to beat. About ten years ago he gave up hunting with the Quorn, and settled at Brighton, where his recollections of bygone days, and the people he had met and associated with, made him the life and soul of the Club.

And if Mr. Kynaston's name was forgotten, so probably had also Mr. Crommelin's been, when his death was announced the other day at Sydney. Few were they who, in St. James's Street or Piccadilly Clubs, could say, 'Ah, poor Tom!' And yet, five-and-twenty or thirty years ago, Tom Crommelin was an institution as well known as the Admiral, alas! was, or as Mr. George Payne is—the gentleman commissioner of the day—popular, knowing everybody, up and down to every move of the game as it was then played, and straight as a die. The days of gentlemen bookmakers departed with Colonel Higgins, Mr. Justice and Mr. Ives, and when Mr. Crommelin went to Australia, some years back, with a good appointment as a Commissioner of Crown Lands, there was no one to succeed him in that other commissionership which he had administered with so much ability. A well-known pen has ably sketched that part of his life in the pages of the 'Field,' and we do not think we can add anything more. As it has been stated, though, elsewhere, that Mr. Crommelin was mixed up with the Ratan or Running Rein affairs, we are able to give an unqualified contradiction to that. He had never anything to do with either in any sort of way. His difference with Lord George Bentinck had reference solely to the Danebury stable—a matter about which it was thought at the time Lord George persecuted him vindictively. However, Lord Palmerston took Mr. Crommelin's part very strongly, and Lord George could never make out a case against him. Mr. Crommelin was, however, something more than a racing and betting man; he was a keen sportsman, and a wonderfully good rider. There are those who will doubtless remember his riding a rare young horse by Manfred, belonging to Captain Lamb, in the Leamington Steeplechase of 1836; it was much talked about at the time. Farther back than that, a valued correspondent tells us, he rode a steeplechase match for one of the Bainbridges

from Hayes to Harrow, and falling at the last fence, was picked up insensible by Nelly Holms, who was then living with him. He hunted a good deal with the Baron's staghounds about thirty years ago or so, and was a very strong and resolute horseman. He had a celebrated horse called Nonsense, and a little mare, Butterfly, and on both of them he was very hard to beat. His later years were passed in honour in the New World, and on his retirement from his magisterial duties, the settlers in his district subscribed 2,500*l.* as a testimonial to him. Old memories have doubtless been evoked in the minds of many—who of late years have never heard his name—at the intelligence of his death, and we feel sure those memories were pleasant ones. Peace to him!

The question of future handicapping has naturally frequently cropped up since the death of the gallant old sailor who devoted the latter portion of his life to the interests of the English turf. Whether any decision on the subject at which the Jockey Club may have arrived is to be considered a final one we know not, but for our own parts we are not among those who jump to the conclusion that, because Admiral Rous has passed away, the entire framing of our future handicaps is to be committed to the Messrs. Weatherby. These gentlemen occupy a most peculiar position, both as regards the Jockey Club and a large proportion of owners of racehorses in the country. They act as bankers certainly, and as such receive a very large remuneration for their trouble, while they avoid *in toto*, or nearly so, the ordinary risks of bad debts to which bankers are subject. But, we must own, we fail to see why their status as bankers should secure for them the position of handicappers of horses, many of which are owned by their own clients, but many also by the outside public, with whom they have no connection. A far more equitable and popular plan would, in our opinion, be that proposed in a recent letter of Mr. Powell Montgomery's in the columns of the 'Sportsman.' It is there suggested that the important handicaps only should be intrusted to three gentlemen (to be appointed by the Jockey Club) of unquestioned integrity and ability; that each of these should send his list of weights to Messrs Weatherby, whose duty it should be to add the three imposts apportioned to each horse together, and, dividing the result by three, then to publish the handicaps so arrived at. There appears to us to be great merit in this suggestion, and by its adoption the 'little men' would be given a fair chance and a larger acceptance obtained. Of course it is always easier to pick holes in handicaps than to frame them, but if the weights for the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood are to be taken as a criterion of Messrs. Weatherby's ability, we shall be much surprised if the owners of the horses therein engaged, or a large majority of them, do not indorse our remarks. The day on which these lines will appear will also show how many of the seventy-nine horses entered are started, 'and backed,' in the face of the glaring blunders which that handicap exhibits.





